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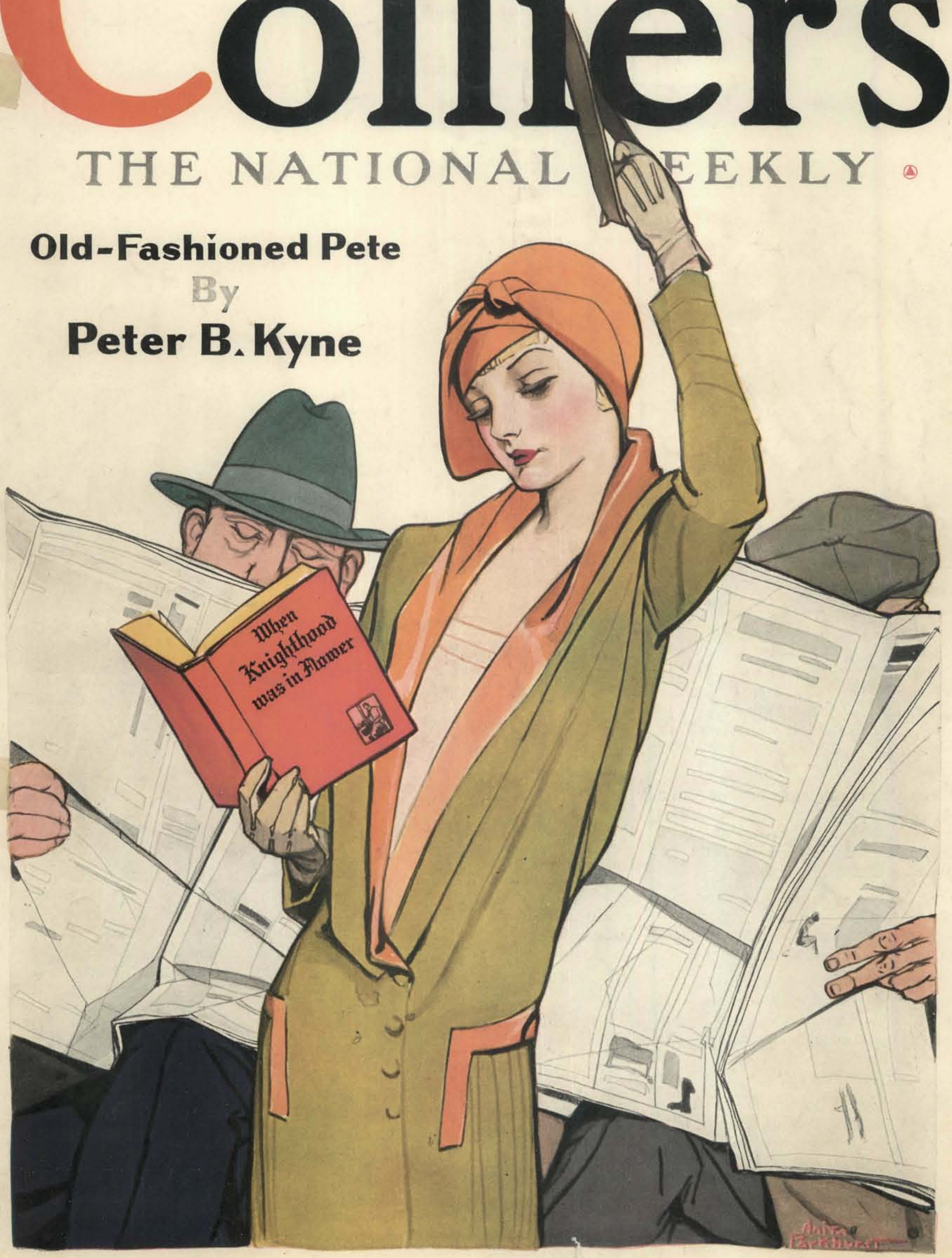
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Old-Fashioned Pete

By

Peter B. Kyne



July 27, 1929

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You wouldn't care to meet Marvin

Money. Charm. Ability. In all New York there was no abler man in his field. Yet people called him "the prince of pariahs."

Men thought him a great fellow—for a little while. Women grew romantic about him—until they *knew*. People welcomed him at first—then dropped him as though he were an outcast.

Poor Marvin, yearning so for companionship and always denied it. Poor Marvin, ignorant of his nickname and ignorant, likewise, of the foundation for it.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

* **Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.**

LISTERINE

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—with the Graham-Paige Four Speed Transmission

Joseph B. Graham
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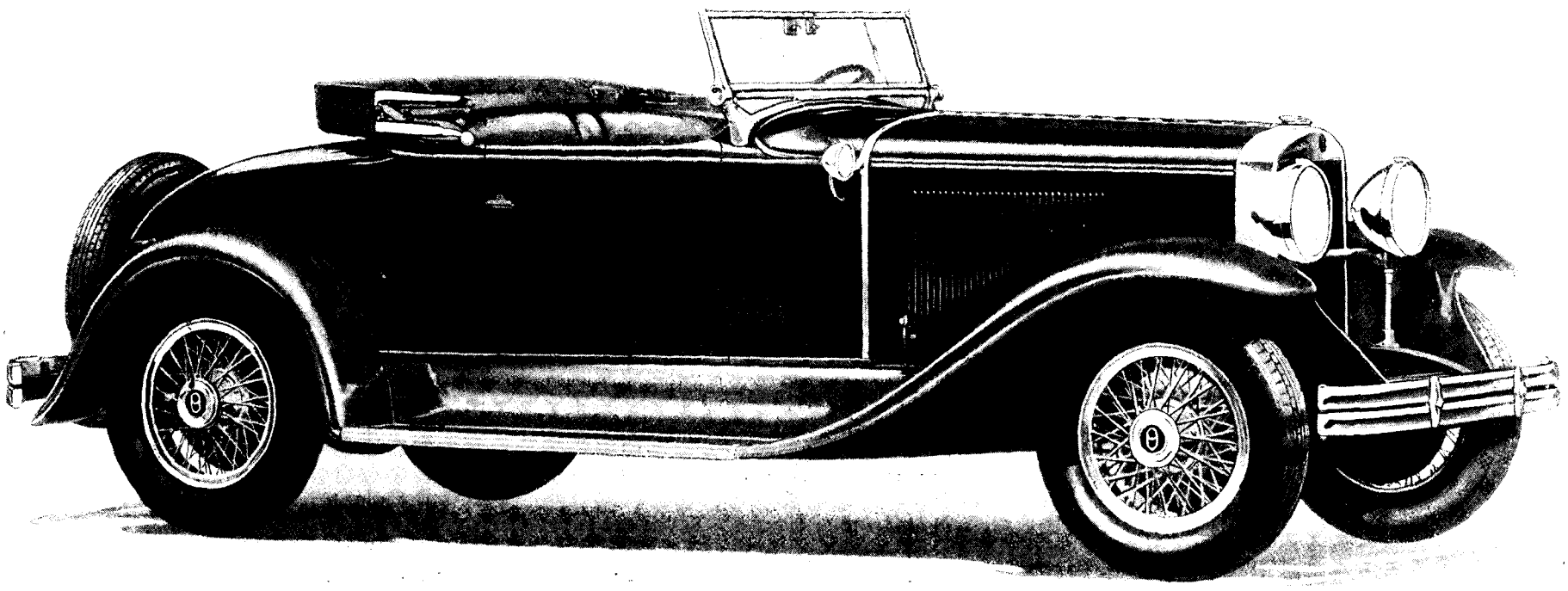
Ray A. Graham



A GRAHAM-PAIGE specially equipped with a Tachometer is ready for you to drive. This instrument enables you to *see* why you enjoy such quiet smoothness in *fourth* (direct drive), why you are so relaxed at the end of a long, hard drive, why wear on moving parts is lessened and car life lengthened. Then try *third* for swift, silent acceleration in traffic and up steep hills—and for a new and safer control of your car. Only by driving a Graham-Paige with four speeds forward can you realize the new comfort and enjoyment that *two* quiet high speeds bring to motoring.

Sixes and Eights—Prices from $855 (Four Speed Models from $1155) to $2495 at factory

Try the *Tachometer* Test

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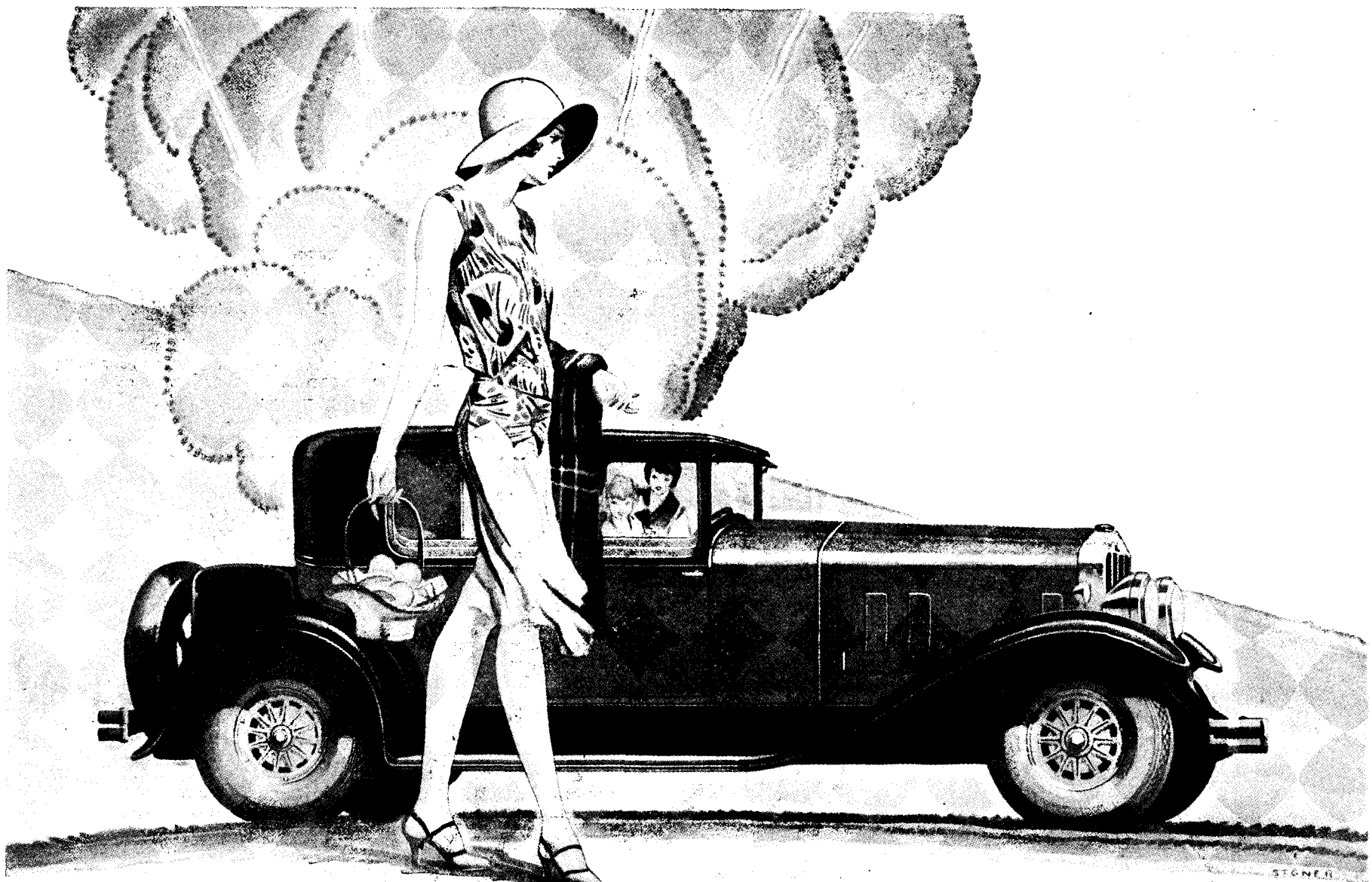

Air-cooled motoring—the only *different* performance *makes Franklin the road champion*

In just *one year* Franklin has conquered every major American road record. Coast-to-coast—New York to Chicago—New York to Miami—San Francisco to Los Angeles—Los Angeles to Phoenix. Desert Derby—Dallas to El Paso—Salt Lake City to Los Angeles—these records and many other speed runs and mountain climbs, have fallen in quick succession before the powerful Franklin—the supreme road conqueror.

Driving this master road car is an entirely *new* motoring experience. Like the wind you swiftly accelerate to 50 miles an hour *in second gear*—and as quietly as in high. Then a short, quick shift to high and you're away—gliding along as smoothly as the flight of a graceful sea gull. Full-elliptic springs and a flexibly designed chassis are a cradle of easy riding comfort.

With Franklin's astonishing performance and comfort, affording the AIRPLANE FEEL—and with low prices, establishing Franklin as the greatest motor-car value today—it's not surprising that *Franklin sales are more than 225% of the same period last year.* Drive this unique car today.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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The One-Thirty, $2180 • • • The One-Thirty-Five, $2485 • • • The One-Thirty-Seven, $2775 • • • Sedan prices f. o. b. factory

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

$2 a year United States and Canada

Collier's
The National Weekly

Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1929, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

$4 a year foreign countries

VOLUME 84 JULY 27, 1929 NUMBER 4

By PETER B. KYNE

When it comes to a woman's heart, a champion's just a good cowboy—but a lover must be a man

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Her name was Marcia Banning and she was as lovely as a royal flush with all the players standing pat

OLD-FASHIONED PETE

THE beginnings of solid friendships frequently are not even suspected by the parties to them. Particularly was this so in the case of Messrs. Peter Ballantyne and Martin Gandy. Some critical observer of human nature has stated that opposites are attracted to each other, but apparently this was not so in the case at hand, for Pete Ballantyne and Mart Gandy, except in certain deeply hidden essentials of character, very much resembled each other—in the matter of stature, weight, complexion and temperament. Also they were cowboys, and on the instant they fastened themselves on the pay roll of the Lazy Z ranch, which is in New Mexico, all men thereon knew them for Californians, albeit there was none so gross as to exhibit sufficient curiosity in the two as to inquire where they came from.

That was quite obvious, because their saddles were of the "swelled" fork variety, with a "center-fire" rig, whereas your Southwestern cowboy is partial to a "swallow" fork and a double rig. Also, the newcomers had coiled on their saddles sixty-foot braided rawhide riatas; the Southwestern cowboy uses a maguey rope and, when he has put it on a steer, ties hard and fast to the pommel, whereas Messrs. Ballantyne and Gandy "threw a dally" for that purpose.

The Lazy Z was branding calves the day Ballantyne and Gandy turned to and met for the first time. Instantly they nodded to each other, for were they not aliens in an alien land? Then Pete reached over and fingered the hondo on Mart's riata.

"OLD Mateo Cordova, of Hillister, California, made that one," he declared.

"No, he didn't. I did—but Mateo taught me how."

"You're a forehanded cuss, ain't you? My name's Mart Gandy. I was raised on the Naciemento."

"I'm Pete Ballantyne. I learned my trade on the Paicines."

"Getting to be a real chore to locate riatas like old Mateo used to make," Mr. Gandy continued. "Got to go to Mexico for 'em now. They cost."

"Yes, it's almost a lost art," Mr. Ballantyne agreed, and added: "I make my own riatas; then I know what I got. This here's my calf rope. Thirty feet."

"Wish I knew where I could get a nice little calf rope," Mr. Gandy complained. "This here riata of mine is too long an' heavy for work in the branding corral."

"I'll give you one. I got a spare over to the bed wagon," Mr. Ballantyne replied cordially, and rode off to get it. Mr. Gandy appraised the gift, saw that the riata was limber and well "worked-in" and thereupon remarked: "Thanks, Pete. I sure do appreciate this."

The riding boss rode up and looked the pair over a little coldly, for were they not aliens and, hence, subject to suspicion? "We'll work two fires," he announced. "Can you two use them rawhide ropes o' yourn good enough to rope a calf by the hind legs an' stretch him for the iron?"

Messrs. Ballantyne and Gandy looked at the man coldly. "Personally," said Mr. Ballantyne, "I never brag. I let my works speak for me."

"*Seguro*," murmured Mr. Gandy, and without further ado they took their places at the respective fires and the branding commenced. In among the calves the cowboys threaded their way, gently dropping their loops over the necks of the calves and dragging them, leaping and bawling, to a point in the immediate proximity of the fires. As the first calves came up, the Californians each made short, easy casts that sent their loops under the bellies of the prancing animals; then a gentle ripple ran down their riatas, the loops turned, leaped up a trifle like live things—and lo, each calf was snagged neatly by both hind legs; then the dallys were thrown over the pommel and the horses backed gently, while the cowboy with his rope around the calf's neck held the calf fast. In a twinkling he was upset and stretched, helpless, while a man ear-marked him and another ran the iron on him.

Pete and Mart looked at each other and with their eyes said: "Let's show these New Mexicans a little real roping." They did. Before the crew knocked off for the mid-day meal, Mr. Ballantyne had roped forty-two calves without a miss and Mr. Gandy had roped forty with one miss. In the afternoon Mart pulled himself together, so to speak, and ran up a perfect score, while Pete missed one calf. They had been engaged for the calf round-up only; because each needed a steady job, they were rejoiced when the foreman told them that night they could stay on regularly if they desired. And when the riding boss put them to work at the same task next day both knew that no man on the Lazy Z could rope as well as they.

NOW, it is the fate of all champions to be challenged, and while Pete and Mart did not deem themselves champions, they did esteem themselves better than average at any task connected

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with their vocation. On a Sunday after the calves had been branded the owner of the Lazy Z held a rodeo, at which men from three counties were invited to participate. More, they were asked to bring their worst outlaws, which they did because the owner of the Lazy Z was a rich city man and could be depended upon to offer fair money prizes for the entertainment of his friends and himself.

At that rodeo Pete Ballantyne won first roping money by two fifths of a second over Mart Gandy. Mart Gandy won the bucking horse contest and Pete Ballantyne was second; Pete Ballantyne won the steer riding contest and Mart Gandy was third, on a hair-line decision; working together they won the wild horse race and the wild cow milking race; then they tied on the bull-dogging and first and second money was split between them. All in all it was a gala day for California, albeit Pete and Mart reversed the California tradition and accepted their honors modestly—in absolute silence, in fact.

That night, as they sat before the bunkhouse, Pete Ballantyne dug down into his overalls pocket and commenced counting his winnings. Mart Gandy did the same. "Sort of seems as if we'd ought to split," said Pete, but neglected to state why.

"I thought so," said Mart, equally reticent. So they added their winnings and divided the total by two.

"Next summer," Mart suggested, "let's try this professional rodeo game. I got a notion, Pete, that us two are good enough to walk away with the big money."

"We are," said Pete with decision. "How'd I suit you for a steady partner?"

"Great!" said Mr. Gandy.

Mr. Ballantyne held out his calloused paw and solemnly Mr. Gandy shook it.

"Pete," said Mr. Gandy, "we'll put our money in a joint account and it takes both our signatures to draw it out."

"How about investments, Mart?"

"If we can't agree on that point, we'll leave it in the bank."

Thereupon Mr. Gandy held out his calloused paw and solemnly Mr. Ballantyne shook it. And that was all of their partnership agreement.

THE first appearance of Mart Gandy and Pete Ballantyne as professional rodeo performers occurred at a Fourth of July celebration in Flagstaff. It was a two-day meet. The first prize in the day money in any one event was only twenty-five dollars, fifteen dollars second and five dollars third; in the finals the first prize was three hundred dollars, second two hundred, third one hundred. Pete and Mart, being still in their early twenties, naturally were optimistic and decided to win first and second money in the riding, roping and bull-dogging events. They did not succeed fully; nevertheless when the dust had settled, the management gave Mart Gandy checks aggregating $765, while Pete collected $535 and a bite from a horse. These sums, added and divided by two, netted them $650 each.

They shipped to the Salinas Rodeo in California and Mart threw out his right shoulder on the first steer he bull-dogged. This injury automatically eliminated him from the bull-dogging and roping events, and he had to be content with winning second final money in the bucking horse and bucking steer contest, while Pete won second day money twice in both events, first final money, fastest time on any one calf, first in the bucking horse and first in the bucking steer contests, first day money each day in the drunken ride, first money each day in trick riding and final money in both of these events. In addition he won a gorgeous saddle for the fastest time on any one calf and a trophy for the fastest time bull-dogging, and was acclaimed champion roper, bull-dogger and bucking horse and bucking steer rider, drunken rider and trick rider of California. They cleaned up approximately $2,500, and Mart Gandy grinned pleasurably as he took his half of the money, practically all of which had been won by his partner.

In an amiable mood they sat down to decide on the safest and most remunerative method of investing their capital.

"I trust no human," Pete announced. "We'll put her in good six per cent bonds of the State of California. I ain't never heard rumors that our native state's liable to go bust."

Mart stood out staunchly for a cattle loan at eight per cent, but finally yielded his opinion in the face of more than usual advance symptoms of a dry year.

THEY moved on to the Pendleton round-up. Mart's shoulder was in good shape by the time they reached Pendleton and Pete's ankle was as well as ever; nevertheless both now took the precaution to tape both ankles thoroughly, for they were a conservative pair and resolved to take no unnecessary chances.

At Pendleton it was discovered that their records had preceded them, and both thrilled pleasurably to the thunderous applause that greeted their first appearance. They had considerable publicity and their pictures in the Portland papers; they were at the top of their form, and although at Pendleton they met the stars of the rodeo world and faced tougher competition than had fallen to their lot at Calgary and Salinas, they managed to emerge from that show, sans broken bones and three thousand odd dollars to the good, with Mart proclaimed the champion roper of Oregon and Pete the champion bull-dogger.

THEY played the round-up at Denver, another at Billings, Mont., another at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and then, late in the fall, moved on to the big show at Madison Square Garden, New York. And their luck held. Sticking to their old specialty of riding, roping and dogging, they were always in the day money and never failed to take first and second final money in the roping and bull-dogging, and they were eighteen thousand dollars to the good, after deducting their expenses and transportation for themselves and horses back to California, where they leased a forty-acre ranch with a cabin on it and went into winter quarters. They invested fifteen thousand dollars additional in six per cent state bonds, and Pete Ballantyne commenced to crow.

"Twenty thousand dollars at six per cent is twelve hundred a year income," he pointed out to Mart Gandy. "That's fifty dollars a month for each of us, whereas a year ago we were wearing the collar of the Lazy Z for forty a month and board."

They purchased a dozen goats, a dozen six-months-old calves and a half a dozen big half-breed Brahma steers to practice on during the closed season, for, as Pete Ballantyne pointed out, practice makes perfect. In the early summer they sold all this livestock at a profit and once more went down the rodeo circuit. They were fairly lucky until Pete broke a leg at Pendleton, so Mart placed him in a hospital and went on alone. They made nine thousand dollars net that year and invested an additional ten thousand dollars in six per cent state bonds before going into winter quarters. The fourth year they made fifteen thousand dollars and had to build a room at their winter quarters to house their accumulated trophies. Then they purchased twelve thousand dollars' worth of six per cent state bonds and again Pete Ballantyne crowed.

"Forty-two thousand dollars at six per cent is $2,520 per annum, Pete," he exulted. "Only $1,260 each."

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"We got income taxes," Mart reminded him morbidly. "Time for an eight per cent cattle loan now, Pete. We got to take up the slack on them taxes."

"Next year," Pete replied. "We're twenty-six years old now and at thirty we'll be all washed up at this game."

"Maybe before that," Mart reminded him. So they took out ten-thousand-dollar life-insurance policies, payable to each other, and the following summer, at Salinas, they met the lady!

Her name was Marcia Banning, her father was a cattleman from the San Joaquin and she was as lovely as a royal flush in a table-stake game with all the players standing pat. She led the big street parade to the rodeo grounds; her saddle was a Visalia tree, of beautifully stamped leather, silver trimmed, with long tapaderos; her bridle and martingale were things of wealth and beauty. And when she roped Mart Gandy as handily and easily as any cowboy ever roped a steer, led him before the grandstand and, through a megaphone, introduced him as the champion roper, bucking horse and bucking steer rider and bull-dogger of North America, Mart's heart flopped in his bosom and he blushed furiously.

When he threw off her riata, she rode out in front of the long line of gaudy-clad contestants, roped Pete Ballantyne and led him forward, to be introduced as the champion roper, bucking horse and bucking steer rider and bull-dogger of California, Oregon and points east. Whereat Mr. Ballantyne blushed, favored her with an admiring sidelong glance and decided that there was something radically wrong with his heart. However, he recovered in time to put one over on Mart Gandy.

Lifting his sombrero to the lady he said: "Miss Marcia, the first steer I bull-dog today will be dedicated to you. As a compliment to you I'm out to bust the world's record on that cow-brute."

THE crowd roared its approval and, back in the line of contestants, Mart Gandy was hating himself for a lack of similar enterprise. Then from out of the crowd somebody yelled:

"Well, Mart, how about it?" Immediately Mr. Gandy rode forward, doffed his sombrero to the lady and announced that no matter how fast others might be, he would dedicate his first steer to the lady and clip not less than a fifth of a second off any opponent's time. Whereat Pete Ballantyne looked at him and noticed that he did not smile.

In deference to his championship, the first steer out of the chute was Mart Gandy's. As it crossed the dead-line Mart slid from his horse, to the steer's back, landing far down the animal's neck and securing a firm grip on each horn. His high heels dug into the turf and the steer stopped fifteen feet over the line for a second; then galloped off with the gaudy elastic band Mart had slipped around his nose with one hand while holding him with the other. Time, four seconds! He had lowered his own North American record by a quarter of a second and the crowd rocked the grandstand with its cheers as he rode down the infield, lifting his hundred-dollar sombrero in graceful acknowledgment.

The second steer was Pete Ballantyne's and in Pete's soul the fires of a high resolve were burning brightly. Ten feet after his steer crossed the dead-line Pete was on his neck; as the animal, decorated, galloped off, the loud-speakers announced the time: three and four-fifths seconds! A moment later Pete was roped by that tremendous girl, dragged to the infield fence and announced to the crowd as "Pete Ballantyne, champion bull-dogger of the world, the man who makes good on his bluffs!"

"Nothing like a little incentive to stimulate competition," Pete announced cordially to Mart, as he rejoined the latter. But Mart only looked at him coldly and did not smile or comment. However, in the afternoon, just before he took on his first steer in the roping events, Pete rode out in front of the grandstand and raised his hand to command attention.

"Again I dedicate a steer to Miss Marcia Banning," he shouted. "The first two steers at this show are the only ones to be roped and hog-tied. My record—the championship record of several states, is eighteen seconds. As a compliment to the lady I will do my best to lower that record."

And he tied his steer in seventeen and one-fifth seconds.

Mart Gandy could not refuse the challenge, nor did he. After announcing to the crowd that he would lower Mr. Ballantyne's record, they turned his steer loose—and he tied him in twenty seconds, which was ordinary.

Crowds are not always generous. Indeed, their predominant impulse is to be cruel. They laughed at Mart Gandy now and when he rode back and joined Pete Ballantyne the latter said with gentle raillery:

"Nothing like a little incentive to stimulate competition, Mart. At that you'll win first day money."

"We're even," Mart half growled. "Now let's forget the show-off stuff and get to work. There's just two people in our firm. Don't forget it."

PETE rode close and laid his hand fraternally on Mart's shoulder, and Mart knew that for the first and last time they had competed with each other in a spirit of genuine rivalry and with no thought of the money involved. "I couldn't help it, Pete," he confessed. "I never seen a girl like her before."

Pete nodded understandingly. "Well, there's one comfort, Mart. This show only lasts four days and we won't see her again after that."

Mart nodded miserably. "We're just a pair of cow waddies to her, Pete."

They did not see her again until they met at the cowboys' ball the night of the last day of the show.

They each danced three times with her that night; (*Continued on page 58*)

Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt

In Pete's soul the fires of high resolve were burning brightly. Ten feet after his steer had crossed the dead-line, Pete was on his neck

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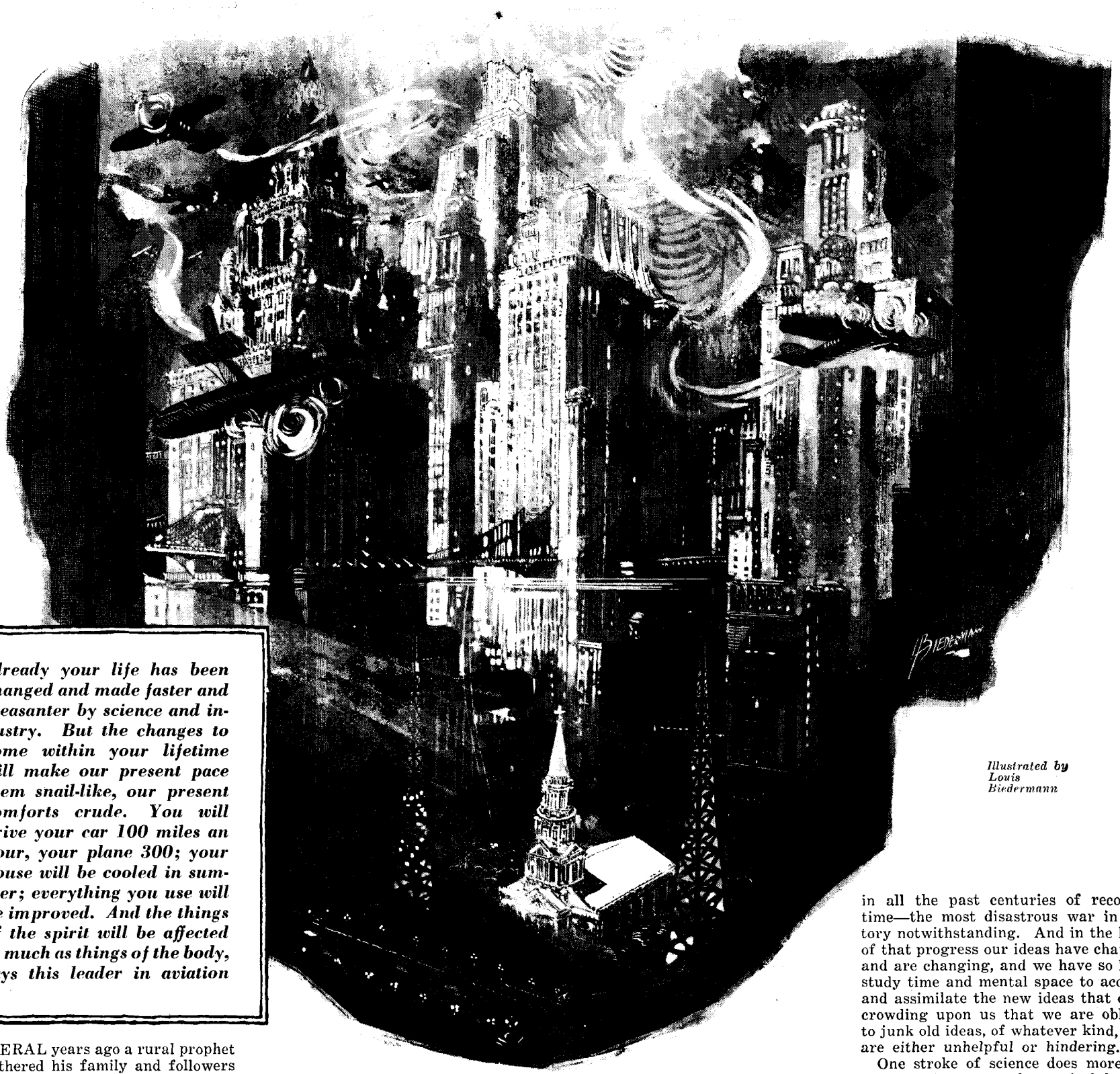
There's a Great Day Coming



Illustrated by Louis Biedermann

Already your life has been changed and made faster and pleasanter by science and industry. But the changes to come within your lifetime will make our present pace seem snail-like, our present comforts crude. You will drive your car 100 miles an hour, your plane 300; your house will be cooled in summer; everything you use will be improved. And the things of the spirit will be affected as much as things of the body, says this leader in aviation

Industry and commerce have become dominant and we build newer and higher temples

SEVERAL years ago a rural prophet gathered his family and followers and ascended a hilltop on Long Island to await the end of the world. He had calculated it to the minute by private revelation. When the world did not end according to schedule, the disappointed prophet and his coterie packed up their toothbrushes and departed, it is presumed, with rain checks for a postponed Last Day. The world had its laugh and the incident was forgotten.

Yet, while this vigil was silly, it was a symbol of the conquest of fact over superstition, of practical reason over spurious religion. In any contest with fiction, no matter how venerable or sacred the fiction may be, fact will win.

From Aristotle to Galileo, from Newton to Edison, fact has progressed like a snowball to overwhelm soothsayers who would halt it by incantation and ritual.

Still, with all we know that past generations did not know, with all we can do that past generations could not do, we are only just over the threshold of facts.

A knowledge of facts is a knowledge of the laws the Creator put in this world for us to use—and it is the use of those facts that is the truth that is making us free.

Instead of stating so dogmatically the gospel of science and industry, perhaps it would be more dramatic if I were to say that within measurable distance of this generation we shall obtain so much more mastery of natural laws, and so much larger a knowledge of facts, that we shall be literally a different race.

No Room for Superstition

Philosophies, systems of ethics, verbal theologies have never been purely constructive, or even definite in constructive work. You cannot remold the mechanical psychology of a man by mere conversation or symbolic ritual. You cannot do the impossible by incantation or necromancy. There is no magic. Witchcraft is gone forever. The so-called supernatural which many worship is, in many aspects, voodooism, a deification of something we do not understand.

From the purely scientific viewpoint there can be nothing supernatural on earth because Nature is the work of the Creator, and beyond that work there is no power. Not to be too abstruse: the more we know the facts of Nature, the more quickly we can perfect our human life in the world with the instruments the Creator, through Nature, has put into our hands, if we but work to find them.

I am attacking no formalized religion, I am seeking to set up no new creed. I point to the undeniable fact that in the past fifty years mankind has made more physical and mental progress than in all the past centuries of recorded time—the most disastrous war in history notwithstanding. And in the light of that progress our ideas have changed and are changing, and we have so little study time and mental space to acquire and assimilate the new ideas that come crowding upon us that we are obliged to junk old ideas, of whatever kind, that are either unhelpful or hindering.

One stroke of science does more for mankind in terms of practical benefit than ages of exhortation and tons of sermons. Human problems have never been solved by preaching and conversation. Our problems have been, will be and must be solved by mechanical means.

That is simple enough to appear silly. But both national and international problems will ultimately be solved, not by diplomats but by superb master mechanics.

Revolution Breeds Revolution

We shall one day have an international language, and that language will be the language of the nation which puts on the best radio programs. The tiny microphone, using the laws of the Creator, will do what all human prophets and leaders cannot do in universalizing speech to effect the brotherhood of man. For thousands of years the fastest speed usable for transportation in this world was that of the horse, and the greatest distance per day of travel

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By William B. Stout as told to John B. Kennedy

Designer of the Ford Monoplane

was measured by the endurance of that most patient beast.

Our fathers not only traveled by horse; they thought horse. Their limits of vision and progress were in proportion.

Now, in one year of time, more facts are discovered and put to work than during the entire lifetime of your fathers and mine. This means that in one year of your life today, if you would be successful, you must do more thinking than your father had to do in his whole lifetime, and more thinking than his ancestors had to do in centuries. It means that if you believe a year from today what you believe today, the world has outdistanced you.

Almost without exception every industry in this country of ours has been revolutionized within the last ten years, and will be revolutionized again within the next five.

Our fathers used to talk about what would be done a hundred years in the future. After the war we listened to prophecies of what would happen in ten years. Today the scientific future is but two years ahead, or five at the most.

An Engineer's Utopia Ahead

Within that time life will be very much reorganized. In the first place, your entire home equipment will be changed. You will have a better heating system and probably a new kind of fuel. You will have a new and better vacuum cleaner and a new and better washing machine; a more advanced system of refrigeration and perhaps a cooling plant for the entire house in summer. The interiors of your homes will be differently arranged, your furniture made of different material, from lighting fixtures to the carpets on the floor and the beds you sleep on. Everything will be improved and bettered.

Our huge cities will gradually vanish. They will have to—at least as places of residence. Even now congestion is so frightful in areas like the Semitic and Italian sections of New York and the Negro districts in that city and Chicago, as well as in all business sections, that we would now have buildings two and three hundred stories high if the elevator companies could build machines safe enough and fast enough to care for traffic.

Our coming city will have a more advanced transportation system. The streets will be wider and the communities farther distributed. Supplementing street-car lines and railroads or bus routes demarking the geographical limits of communities—towns will be congeries of dwellings between airports, business sections and cities will be striped with concrete roads for the swiftest motor traffic—at a speed of one hundred miles an hour and up.

Your city of the future will have roads four and five times the width of the widest we know now. It will be governed differently, for an age of speed will have little patience with politicians, bosses or grafting ward heelers. Our problems have reached an acute stage where we need men of special knowledge, not of special oratorical ability or political jugglery to solve them. Hoover, the engineer, was easily elected over one of the most astute and attractive politicians ever to command mass enthusiasm. In the future, engineers, specialists, will rule because the people will learn to vote on facts, not emotions.

I could go through every item of present-day living and demonstrate how it will be changed. We shall reach the time, with speedier work and greater leisure, when millions will follow the annual migrations of the birds from harsh to balmy climates.

In the horse days, when there was not enough industry to create wealth, the average man was physically and mentally stagnant. He always, and we, to some degree, confused wealth with money. Our ideals of riches have been completely revised in the past ten years. Wealth is goods produced.

In the old days and by the old economics, saving was the foundation of progress—and thrift was saving for the accumulation of wealth. The pious people of Cologne denied and saved to build their magnificent cathedral. They went without butter for four hundred years—and ruined the local dairy industry. The greatest Gothic cathedral in the new world—St. Patrick's Cathedral on New York's Fifth Avenue—was built by the largest butter eaters in the world in twelve months and they never missed the money. The purest Gothic structure in America is the Tribune Tower in Chicago erected by commerce.

Saving is not the foundation of progress in wealth; earning capacity is. It is ten times more important that you increase your earning capacity and that we as a country increase our industry, than it is that we cut down a budget and save.

The New Gospel of Progress

I remember Henry Ford saying one day that he and his son had only one job, and that that job, which dominated every thought and every move in their business, was the creation of more jobs for more men at more money. I have seen this job of Ford's in action. It works.

That statement of Ford's is the forerunning gospel of this religion of industrial progress, which is elevating the standard of living and the standard of thinking. Inspired industry, instead of trying to preach a man out of the gutter—removes the gutter.

Facts developed by industry and materialized through courage and the inside and outside sweating of talented brows have given the average American workingman, especially in our western cities, a life richer and fuller than that of kings and millionaires of a generation ago.

Consider a man of the type we regard, or, at least, our daughters would regard, as a dumb-bell. In the old horse era—and that reached well into our own days—this chap would have lived in a low neighborhood, with poor sanitation, if any, many families crowded into wretchedly ventilated tenements. He would slave ten to fourteen hours a day—no pleasure and little relaxation. If religion meant anything to him it was emotionalism for which he paid from his scant resources.

Take this somber picture and step it up to newer days in industry when the chain-line method of production replaced the harder grind of manual work and we really began to need men for American industry.

Our dumb-bell, usually foreign-born, applied at a factory producing automobiles on a chain line. Demand being great, work was plentiful, men scarce, and even the dumb-bell got a job. The foreman gave him a wrench and explained that all the dumb-bell had to do was to wait until the car came along on the chain opposite to where he stood, then reach and put on a certain nut with his wrench, give the nut five turns, stop, pick up another nut and put that on the next car as it came up on the chain. The poor fellow could just about count to five and so he did his job, hour by hour.

Then finally a bolt came along that had slipped through inspection. It was a little too long. Our hero put the nut on as usual, gave it five turns, and away went the car. The nut remained loose, but he had turned it five times, as told. Another car came along with a short bolt: he applied the nut, gave it five turns, stripped a thread—and along went that car.

Why blame the dumb-bell? His environment for a thousand years had allowed him no thinking. You can't suddenly make a racing automobile out of a steam-roller.

In the old course of events, complaints would come back about these cars. The trouble would be traced and the man fired. But in this industrial era a man of whatever training has become valuable, and foremen must produce their daily quota. So the modern missionary, if you will, in the person of this dumb-bell's foreman, takes the wrench and studies the problem over a week-end, and then, on the Monday morning, hands the wrench back to the dumb-bell with a spring in it. Now he can't do it wrong!

That spring in the wrench is the visualization of the gospel of modern industry—for the dumb-bell can now make no mistake in his work: the spring regulates the tension of each grip and turn of the wrench. He has become a useful citizen actually earning his $6 a day. He moves into a good home with grass and trees. He gets a modest car, a piano, a radio. His children have schooling—his sons may work their way through college. They grow up well-nourished, upstanding, educated.

Industry has put the spring in the wrench for every one of us in some way. It has given us a typewriter, an adding machine, a telephone, a truck, a subway, a railroad—some mechanical detail that has vastly multiplied our value to civilization, some boon to free men from some sort of slavery.

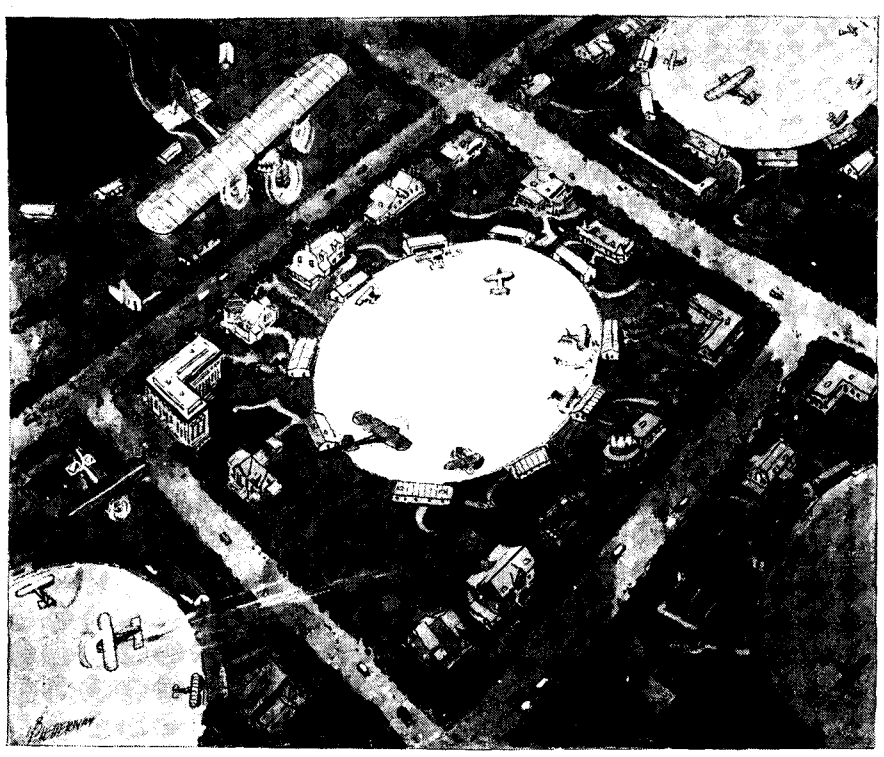
Industry—the New Moral Force

And this same mechanical release from labor will eventually solve social, political and even religious problems.

Industry has given a new meaning to moral conduct. We used to be good because we were told to be good. We were told very definitely, by those who did not know, just what was good and what was bad. Today industry developed on a tremendous scale demands standardized ethics and a mode of conduct so that industry can depend on the human units which are instruments to achieve this progress. In this way credit bureaus, bonding houses, insurance companies, etc., are demanding of each individual reliable conduct. In order to earn and enjoy the comforts of life, the individual must conform. You may say the dollar sign is a poor moral reason for good behavior; but it is a more respectable reason than fear.

Industry is forcing higher ideals of life, higher standards of conduct than the church and religion have been able to enforce. Real education is being taken over by industry. Today, schools give the preliminaries. Industry is, however, spending millions in educating the public, changing their ideas from the old standard to the new and better development. We are getting out of ruts by removing the ruts.

Let's consider our most aggravated social problem—booze. Not many reasoning people (*Continued on page 39*)



Towns of the future will be congeries of dwellings between airports

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Sound Business

By Jerome Beatty

One was a wolf. And one was a lamb. And one was a Hollywood beauty

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Harrigan and his lawyer went into a mumbling huddle in one corner of the room while Lucy

BILL LANE, of the New England Lanes, walked down Hollywood Boulevard with his head in the air.

Back in Bill's home village, somewhere along the route of Paul Revere's effective attempt to qualify as a fight announcer, they say A Long Lane Has No Turning. Bill was six-feet-two and trying to turn him was as ineffective as a mayor of Miami's struggle to urge a Florida hurricane over toward Havana with a palm leaf fan.

When he announced that he was going to take his $332 and go to Hollywood to become a scenario writer he went, just as his Grandmother McCarthy, of the Boston McCarthys—whoever they were—predicted. His father and all the aunts, uncles and cousins, Lanes, Lowells, Lawrences and Lathans combined could do nothing but plump down all out of breath and gasp that it was totally beyond their comprehension. It seemed to Grandmother McCarthy as if they were continually plumping down all out of breath about Bill.

"Let the poor boy go," she scolded. "It will do him good to get out some place where folks are not forever tripping over monuments." Mentally, she meant, as well as physically.

Bill's mother, a McCarthy, had died when he was quite young and Grandmother McCarthy was the only member of the family who really understood him. She and Bill liked to go to the movies together. Once they had stolen away to a Sunday matinee because Grandmother McCarthy just couldn't stand it if she missed John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in Love.

THAT excursion into the depths of iniquity was their dark secret. If the Lanes ever had learned that any of the family had gone to a Sunday movie—well, nobody knows what would have happened, for the Lanes never had been called upon to face such a crisis. A Lane did not go to Sunday shows, just as a Lane did not rob banks, nor elope with the chauffeur, nor give out the list of dinner-party guests to the local weekly, nor shoot husbands.

When Bill emerged from the tomb called college and announced that he was going to write a novel, the Lanes were very much pleased. When it turned out to be a novel about an unmarried mother, they were horrified.

"Pish, tush!" said Grandmother McCarthy. "One of your New England boys named Hawthorne wrote a book called The Scarlet Letter, didn't he? What was that about, if it wasn't an unmarried mother?

"And anyway," Grandmother McCarthy added, "Bill's novel is terrible and nobody ever will publish it."

Alone with Bill, as the Hollywood idea was evolving, she told him that even though publishers had rejected it, his novel would make a marvelous movie. She pointed a commanding finger at him. "But take your old Grandmother's advice, Billy, and change that name. That isn't what the movie folks want." Bill had called the novel Betty's Inspiration. Her eyes twinkled at him as if she were being quite indiscreet and didn't give a darn. "Call it Betty's Sin or something-or-other that's exciting. You know, Billy. You know what."

Bill kissed her on the forehead.

"I know, Grandmother, that you're the most wonderful, brightest, snappiest little flapper in the world," he said. "You'll be smoking cigarettes, the first thing you know."

"Pish, tush!" She pretended that she did not like it. "That's the blarney in you."

When Bill packed his bags and phoned for a taxicab the Lanes sat around in the old-fashioned chairs and on the hair-cloth sofa in the parlor as if waiting for the undertaker to come and get a body.

He shook hands solemnly with the men and respectfully kissed the women, leaving Grandmother McCarthy until the last.

"Good luck, Billy," she beamed. Then she pulled his head down and whispered: "If you really love me, send me an autographed photograph of Jack Gilbert."

"A carload," he promised and kissed her again and was gone.

Bill soon found that Hollywood's welcome to scenario writers was similar to that afforded to fiddlers by the citizens of Rome after Nero's fire.

The silent drama was as out of date as a buggy whip and frantic producers were trying to build a new art with no artists to be had.

Any person who knew, or said he knew, how to get sound on wax or celluloid and get it off again was snapped up and paid an enormous salary.

Talking pictures that cost $50,000 to manufacture were grossing a million. Actors that were drawing $100 a week asked for $1,000 and took $500 when talking tests showed that their voices recorded well. Dramatists were selling plays for unheard-of prices.

FOR the asking at the studio, Bill had received an autographed photograph of Jack Gilbert which he forwarded to Grandmother McCarthy with a long cheerful letter, telling all.

She told the family that she had heard from Bill and that he was getting along fine—which satisfied their curiosity, since they thought that the less said about Bill the better.

A month passed and the scenario departments seemed to be getting along all right without him and he walked down Hollywood Boulevard with his head in the air. The reason his head was in the air was that he wanted to find a certain well-known club, and he was looking for the sign. There it was: the Cinema Pressing and Cleaning Club.

Sol Minifsky, president of the club and chairman of the membership committee, was in one corner of the smelly room pushing down the pedal of a pressing machine.

"You advertised for a—for a pants presser," said Bill.

"Yeah," said Mr. Minifsky. "Twenty a week."

"Sold," said Bill and he hung up his coat.

Bill saw no particular future in the pants pressing business but it promised temporarily a more comfortable living than the job of being a perpetual pedestrian with no place to go. He was immediately placed in charge of the department of going and getting and taking back. It was not Bill's nature to sniff at anything in which he had an important part and he set out to be the best of his kind and he pressed pants with the same care that he had ironed out sentences and paragraphs and he went and got and took back as though each trip was a Crusade.

ONE morning Mr. Minifsky came down and found Bill putting two new signs in the windows. They were noble signs, considering the fact that Bill had lettered them himself on cardboard found in the back room.

Mr. Minifsky looked from one to the other. The first announced:

CINEMA CLEANING HITS THE SPOT

The other informed Mr. Minifsky's prospects:

CINEMA SERVICE KNOCKS THE SPOTS CLEAN OFF YOUR CLOTHES

Mr. Minifsky scowled. "You ain't got nothing on there about Sol Minifsky, Prop."

"Prop?"

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Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

kissed Bill and Minifsky shook his hand and Swenson asked gloomily if there wasn't going to be any trouble after all

"Yeah, Prop." He pointed across the street to a sign reading, "The Sunshine Restaurant, Henry Johnson, Prop."

"Oh, sure enough, Mr. Minifsky. I'll put that on. How do you like them, otherwise?"

"They won't do no harm."

Mr. Minifsky repaired to the back room to work on his books.

BILL had put two suits through the machine when the door opened and he looked up. A beautiful sight met his eyes. He felt a gorgeous glow, a sudden realization of the discovery of something superb.

Like a beam of sunlight bursting into a dungeon, Lucy Martin came in the door. She was some kid.

"I saw your sign," she said, "and I wish you would send up for a dress. It's got spots on it."

Bill's fingers trembled as he took down the name and address. "I'll call for it myself," he promised.

Minifsky came in from the back room.

"Hello, Mr. Minifsky," she said.

"Hello," he said bluntly. "Working?"

"Not now. Had a voice test—singing, too—yesterday. Maybe—" She shrugged her shoulders.

Minifsky spread open his hands with a shrug of his own.

"That's all I hear now—maybe— All the actors—maybe I get a job, maybe my voice test comes out, maybe I get fired, maybe I pay my bill. Movies are getting to be nothing but a maybe business. Maybe they'll all blow up."

Miss Martin said she guessed not and went out. Minifsky started to work on the other machine.

"Who is she?" Bill demanded.

"Her? Movie actress. She's Jack Harrigan's girl."

Bill said, "Oh," and went back to his machine. "Who's Jack Harrigan?" he asked presently.

"Movie director. Makes quickies. Can turn out a state-righter in a week for ten, fifteen thousand dollars. I went in on a deal with him once. He's a gyp."

"Are *you* interested in the movies, Mr. Minifsky?" Bill exclaimed.

"Now and then I take a flyer."

"Would you be interested in reading a story of mine called Betty's Ins—, that is, I mean to say Betty's Indiscretion?"

"Fooey," said Mr. Minifsky, and he inspected closely the coat on which he was working and reached for the bottle of cleaning fluid.

After a long silence, broken only by the hissing of the machines, Bill offered: "I wonder if you would object if I had some cards printed calling myself advertising manager of this establishment."

Minifsky grunted tolerantly.

"I don't care what you call yourself. Anything you like. Call yourself Douglas Fairbanks or Jesse Lasky. I should care what you call yourself."

A FEW days later Lucy Martin phoned Mr. Minifsky and asked him to send for a coat.

Four and three quarter minutes had passed when a maid brought a card to Lucy.

"Gentleman to see you."

Lucy read the card:

WILLIAM LANE
Vice President in Charge of Advertising and Merchandising
Cinema Pressing and Cleaning Club
Hollywood, Calif.
Sol Minifsky, *Prop.*

It indicated something of importance. Lucy asked the maid to show Mr. Lane into the sitting-room and arranged her hair, put on a little more lipstick and hurried down.

Bill was waiting nervously. "I came for the clothes," he said.

"But—," Lucy looked at the card and back at Bill.

"That's me," he said proudly.

"You are vice president," she read, "in charge of merchandising and advertising—and you came for the clothes?"

Bill nodded enthusiastically.

"It's a great honor," she twinkled. "Just what are you advertising and merchandising today?"

"Well," Bill hesitated, "not much today. Mostly, I guess mostly me."

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Vice President," she smiled. She rather liked this tall youngster. He was a relief, different, some way, from movie people.

BILL was lonely, eager to talk to someone besides pants pressers and office boys. The Jack Harrigan thing did not stop him.

Within five minutes they were old friends. They found a common bond in their battles with Hollywood and were as chummy as though each had had an appendicitis operation and took cold showers in the morning.

Lucy's experience coppered all the sure-fire rules for success that are laid down by great men, after they have become great. Her story made Benjamin Franklin's proverbs look like the work of Baron Munchausen.

Hard work, perseverance, honesty, sincerity, were all just a lot of silly words. Jobs as an extra girl, now and then, and infrequent work as a substitute in a church choir barely kept her alive.

Then, one day, Jack Harrigan noticed her on the lot and invited her to lunch. After that, to the Cocoanut Grove. He was fair game and she was hungry.

Now she was going to play the lead in his next picture—a talkie. Her voice test had been good. It would be a great chance and might give her a real start.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she murmured.

"Umm," said Bill, low in mind. He glanced at her ringless left hand. "You're, er—engaged to him?"

"Engaged? Don't be silly. He's a terrible, terrible man. But he's so conceited that he'd tell the devil how to stoke a furnace. That's his weak spot. That's why I can handle him—I tell him how wonderful he is."

Bill had never heard of anything just like this.

"It's always open season on men like Jack Harrigan," she said. "He's my last chance and I'm going to take him—take him for a ride."

Bill told her about his novel, even recited the plot—the story of an opera singer who loved a famous violinist, and of her downfall in Venice at the hands of a rich broker who promised her stardom.

"It's a marvelous story," she said, her eyes gleaming. "It's just the kind of a part I would like to play. It would give me a chance to sing. Maybe—I wonder—it might be the story that Harrigan is looking for! Perhaps you could sell it to him! I'll get him up here tonight and you bring it."

So Lucy introduced him to Harrigan.

The movie director was huge and solidly built, like a wrestler. His bright blue suit had tiny red stripes in it and his sport shirt was unbuttoned at the throat and a red tie hung loosely around his thick neck.

Harrigan extended a hard hand and Bill winced in pain as his bones cracked from the wrench that Harrigan gave them.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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April Escapade

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By Kathleen Norris

The Story Thus Far:

MARY KATE O'HARA, beautiful, young, spirited, is confidential secretary to Gordon Rountree, wealthy, sixty years old. She is deeply mystified when, without any preliminaries, her employer introduces a young man—Christopher Steynes, handsome, well garbed, obviously rich—and asks her, with some embarrassment, if she will do them a great favor.

The nature of the "favor," Rountree does not divulge; he warns Mary Kate, however, that, should she do it, she must not tell her mother; must keep it a profound secret—at least, until it's all over.

The girl's family is poor. There's her mother, a hard-working widow; Tom, still in high school; sweet little seven-year-old Pat; Regina and Tess, her tiny sisters; and Martin, her 22-year-old brother, who is eager to go to Germany to study medicine—and making both ends meet is hard. But Mary declines to discuss the "favor," although she realizes she'd be well paid for her services.

At home, with her fiancé—Cass Keating, a sturdy young real estate salesman—she thinks the strange request over. After all, why not at least discuss it, learn more about it? It might enable Martin to realize his dream. It might—well, why not?

II

MRS. O'HARA and her two younger daughters returned to the kitchen at twenty minutes to ten. She beheld, with some little surprise, that Mary Kate and the Keating boy were still there.

She sat down, sighing heavily; her rosy, full face was spattered with rain, and her rich black hair pressed down by her bonnet. The bonnet she immediately removed, holding it in her hand and glancing at it speculatively from time to time.

"Go to bed now, girls, before you get settled down here," she said.

"Come on, Regina," said Tess.

Regina had cast herself into a chair at the table, upon which she had stretched her slim arms, laying her fair head upon them.

"I'm dead!" she said, in the tone of a child who means, lightly and playfully, to be troublesome.

"Oh, come on!" Tess repeated.

"Go on, Regina, and get to bed now, otherwise it's a poor reward I'd have, takin' you to the movies at all," Mrs. O'Hara said briskly, but absently. One had to take this tone hourly with the children.

"I tell you I *can't!*" Regina protested, laughing, but not stirring.

"She wants me to turn down the bed and open the window and everything," Tess said accusingly.

"Jump up and run along, darling. It's nearly ten o'clock!"

"Come *on*, Regina."

And then Mary Kate: "Go on, now, Regina, stop pretending you're going to sleep there—go on, now."

"Looka the way Pat went right to bed, lovey."

"I tell you I *can't*, Mother!"

"HERE now, enough's enough!" Mrs. O'Hara said decisively. She rose, and gripped the small girl's shoulder. "Go on up to bed now, with Tess," she commanded.

Regina knew this tone. She burst into tears.

"I was only fooling, and if Pat had done it you'd all think he was funny!" she shrilled, crossing the kitchen in a single streak, like a cat, and tearing upstairs on a stream of sobbing protest, the sympathetic and virtuous Tess behind her. "I hate you all—and you're all mean," shrieked Regina from the unseen spaces beyond the kitchen.

The door swung shut; there was peace.

"That's the way she always is when she goes to the movies, Mother."

"She's tired—" Mrs. O'Hara said mildly. "Aren't you two going to the dance, Mary Kate?"

"Maybe later, Ma."

Mary Kate had left her perch on Cass' knee. She was standing at the sink now, opening a bottle of ginger ale.

"You'd wonder where they get the silly plots they do," the older woman said dreamily. "This girl—her father was a Wall Street stockbroker, and he give her a coming-out party. They had a sort of canal through the parlor, and colyums and lantherns, and some Turkish priests, or I don't know whatever they were, were rowing aroun' in those little canoes that look like gravy boats. One of these fellers was a prince, it appears, that was only a little boy at the time of the war—and he give the girl a necklace that whoever wore it would be kidnapped by the head of this clan.

"I couldn't keep it straight, once they all got into the Chinaman's headquarters," she added, simply.

"Mother, did you see what I was doing when you came in?" Mary Kate asked.

Her mother's quick, suspicious eye grew glassy.

"What were you doin', then?"

"I was sitting on Cass Keating's lap!" Mary Kate reminded her, with a joyous flash of laughter.

"Well, I wouldn't publish that in the paper," Mrs. O'Hara said darkly and disapprovingly.

"But, Mother darling, doesn't that mean anything to you?"

Another scornful and suspicious look. Cass began to look acutely uncomfortable, and Mary Kate, flushing, reflected resentfully that Ma always acted in this stiff, offended way when anything was sprung on her.

"In these days," the older women began with dignity, after a short pause, "you'd not know that anything meant anything the way they go on!"

This obscure statement stung Cass Keating into sudden protest.

"Not with a girl like Mary Kate!" he said loyally.

"Mary Kate and the rest—unless she's fuller of inthrigue and nonsense than the run of them!" persisted the mother sternly.

"Cass and I are engaged, Ma!" the girl burst out, indignantly, with signs of tears.

Then there was a pause. Cass watched his prospective mother-in-law eagerly, expectantly, ready to meet halfway any demonstration of pleasure or affection. Mary Kate stood haughtily at the sink, her glass in her hand, her blue eyes fixed angrily, yet the black silky lashes wet.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. O'Hara politely. She inclined her head with a majestic nod of recognition.

Another pause. Cass cleared his throat.

"I hope you don't mind my—my—wanting to marry Mary Kate?" he said awkwardly.

TO TERESA O'HARA the moment was heavy with agony. Her little girl ripe for wifehood and motherhood—oh, no, it couldn't be true. It couldn't be true that the baby girl, who only yesterday was wearing a caped coat, and toddling along a sunny Sunday block with her little hand in her father's guiding hand, was ready to think of having a little girl baby of her own!

Sweet and pure and young and untouched—ah, it was all very well to talk of intrigue and nonsense! But this girl was really a girl, illusioned, ignorant, innocent in her dreams as little Tess might be. What did she know of wifehood, reserved, dignified Mary Kate, who had always saved her kisses for her mother and her brothers?

A pang of jealous anguish smote the mother, as she thought of Mary Kate, young and fragrant and bewildered, in this dark boy's eager arms, and she sat rigid and unfriendly and affronted, refusing to share his easy excitement and triumph.

"Well, Mother, aren't you going to say anything?" demanded Mary Kate, as proud as she.

"There's a great deal more to it than that," Mrs. O'Hara volunteered primly, after a silence in which she had merely said, "H'm!"

"More to *what* than *what*, Mother?" the girl demanded impatiently.

The older woman sighed, her look opaque and unsympathetic.

"Marriage," she observed oracularly, "isn't any joke. There's triles and cares come with marriage that you'd little think.

"Kissin' and goin' to dances, and runnin' around to beauty parlors; that's not matrimony!" she added darkly.

Mary Kate was now furious. She

Illustrated by Charles Lassell

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spoke with icy calm: "Nobody ever supposed it was, Mother."

"There's many that never marry at all, and maybe will be happier in the latter end," the older woman said, remotely.

The conversation hung fire. Mary Kate looked utter exasperation at Cass; her mother looked loftily into space. The young man rose to his feet.

"I'm sorry if you feel I'm not the right man for Mary Kate," he said, miserably hesitant near the door.

"I didn't say that. There'll be a good deal of water runs under the bridges," Mrs. O'Hara stated distantly, "before anything would come to anything."

"Well, nothing will ever keep me from loving her," Cass said stubbornly.

"Oh, love, is it?" Mrs. O'Hara dismissed it lightly. "It's not all love!" she repeated. "There's rent and clothes and dentists, and maybe illness."

MARY KATE made an impatient and scornful sound with her tongue and teeth.

"Tut at me if you will," her mother said, glancing dispassionately at her, "but I know, and you don't."

"I'll take my leave," Cass suggested stonily, at the door now, with his hat and overcoat ready. His face was pale with anger, hurt and bewilderment.

With a challenging, defiant glance for her mother, Mary Kate went to him, and put her hands on his shoulders, and raised her face to his.

"Kiss me good night, dear," she said, gently, in the tone of a woman who makes a deliberate choice of loyalties.

Instantly, hungrily, he seized her; there was passionate gratitude in his boyish, distressed kiss.

"Listen," he began, his eyes moving over her shoulder to the stern, unrelenting face of her mother. "I didn't mean to—here's the thing—"

"Oh, don't mind Mother!" Mary Kate said wearily.

"Then you're not going to the dance?" Mrs. O'Hara asked conversationally, agreeably, in the silence.

"Not now," said Mary Kate, on a dry sob.

She went with Cass to the door, returned to the kitchen, and began certain preparations for the night. In her blue taffeta gown she stepped to the pantry, secured four empty clean milk bottles by inserting her fingers firmly into them, placed them, clattering, on the laundry tubs in a sort of passage adjoining the kitchen. She took down the alarm clock, and wound it; she brought a bag of sugar from the closet, and coasted a white river of it into the almost-empty sugar bowl. An iron silence meanwhile spread between herself and her mother like a cold, enveloping, rising tide.

Mrs. O'Hara's glance, automatically following the movements of her daughter, became slightly apprehensive, faintly uneasy.

"What's Cass Keating makin' now?" she asked, with a trace of apology, a certain mollifying mildness, in her voice.

"I don't know that it makes any difference, Mother, if you want all your children to be nuns!" she said distantly. Her hostile tone aroused a corresponding hostility in her mother.

"They might do worse," she suggested calmly.

"*You* married!" Mary Kate reminded her.

"And a poor man, too," the other woman supplemented promptly.

"Well, you and Papa were happy, and you loved each other!"

"Poverty's poor food for happiness and love, Mary Kate," said her mother. There was a pause and Mrs. O'Hara's eyes were suddenly sad and misty, looking back on years of struggle.

"Why don't you like Cass?" Mary Kate demanded, on a new tack.

"Cass?" her mother asked dreamily.

"Oh, Mother, don't go off into a coma, like that! Cass Keating, that I'm engaged to!"

The fine, piercing eye pivoted about; Mrs. O'Hara looked through the fibers of her daughter's very being.

"Since when?" she demanded blankly.

"You make me crazy!" Mary Kate gritted, through set teeth. She looked into space; spoke levelly.

"Well, upon my word this is the first I've heard of that!" the older woman said freshly.

"Perhaps you want the fire department to come and tell you," the girl suggested sullenly.

"I have no objections to the young man at all, but as for you marryin' him, there'll be no talk of that until he's able to offer you something more than dishes and didies!" Mrs. O'Hara summarized it firmly.

"Good night!" the daughter said abruptly.

Mrs. O'Hara made no sign, and the girl watched her for a moment, irresolute. Then, apparently changing her mind about leaving the kitchen, Mary Kate walked across to one of the windows down which soft rain was still twisting and shining in the black night outside. Her mother sat on, at the table, the dingy bonnet with its dangling veil still balanced on one big hand. Her tired, kind eyes were absent, filled with dreams.

THERE was a long silence. Then Martin came in, spattered with rain, tired and disheveled and dirty, his eyes deep in shadowy circles.

Mary Kate went to the pantry, cut him a great double slice of bread, and buttered it lavishly. Placing it before him, she also placed on the table a soup-plate of honey in which crumbs and bits of butter were lodged.

"Tea, Mart?"

"Oh, Lord, no! This is grand." His eyes went alertly from his sister's flushed, troubled face to his mother's sphinxlike one. "Didn't you go to the dance, Mary Kate?"

"If you'd seen what I saw, when I come back from the pitchers with the girls—" Mrs. O'Hara began, in a high, emotionless voice.

"Petting?" Mart surmised, with a bright, amused look for his sister.

"And kissin', and talk of marryin'," the mother completed it sternly.

"Marrying!" Mart echoed, thunderstruck. He (*Continued on page 54*)

Martin's look moved through puzzlement to amusement and finally became businesslike. "What have you got against him, Ma?" he asked

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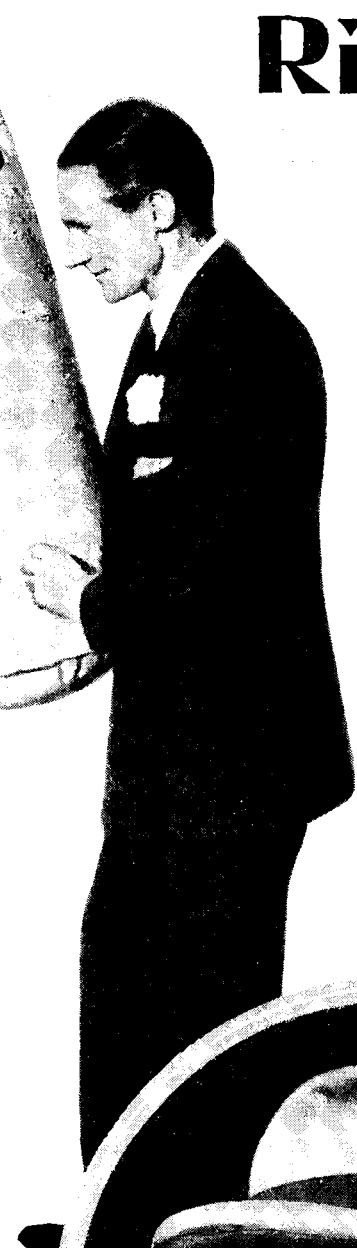
Rich Men's Toys

By Grantland Rice

The check book of the moneyed magnate is proving more effective than the checked suit of the old shoestring promoter in this serious business of managing professionals

Anthony Drexel Biddle, jr., wealthy Philadelphia sportsman, with his Belgian protégé, René Devos

Keystone



U. & U.

William Wrigley, jr., Chicago's millionaire baseball patron

NOT so many years ago two young fellows happened to meet out West and form a partnership. One was an ex-fighter who had been managing a few second-raters without much luck. The other was an ex-hobo who hadn't any luck at all.

Neither was getting anywhere until their trails crossed. One was a born showman, a natural promoter, stocked up with nerve and all the essence of the ballyhoo. The other had a pair of iron maulers and the greatest ring spirit of his game. Neither had found himself. Neither was making any headway going it alone. Starting together from nowhere they ran their combined talents into $4,000,000 worth of gate receipts before the break came.

It was in this fashion that Jack Kearns took over the pugilistic destiny of Jack Dempsey. And that fashion has been until lately the fashion of the game. Those who did the managing had to collect their share from the fighter's two fists.

The old order has begun to shift. On a certain big-fight night there was a young fellow by the name of Wallace swinging leather in the facial direction of a hard-boiled opponent.

Among those at ringside cheering Wallace on was the man who owned his contract and paid the bills. He was as much excited about the matter as if his closest friend had been under fire. But it wasn't because he happened to need the money that Wallace might collect.

He is head of one of the largest brokerage firms in the world. He is a director of more than a few of the nation's largest and most successful corporations.

He likes to play golf and he likes to sail his yacht but he gets his real kick out of watching Wallace and other fighters that he owns take and give in the dust of the ring. His name is Edward F. Hutton, and he is merely one of several millionaires who have gone into boxing for the thrill it brings.

A few years ago, with about the same urge, Mr. Hutton would have gone in for horse racing. He would have followed the Whitneys, the Belmonts and other millionaires who like to develop a winning horse. Many of these have put millions into the racing game, being always satisfied with an even financial break.

But the millionaires of today are getting more versatile. There is still a long parade of these who own racing stables. With their advent in the boxing game several of them decided to switch from horses to human beings, and to look for another Dempsey.

Quick Action

One of the first of the modern millionaires to take his fling at part ownership in the game of Flying Leather was Walter F. Chrysler. Mr. Chrysler heard that a certain six-footer with a whang in either fin was in certain managerial troubles, so he put up part of the cash to give this fighter his chance. His name was Knute Hansen, and Billy Gibson, who managed Leonard and Tunney, was picked to handle his affairs. But they found Mr. Chrysler different from the old stockholders in pugilistic flesh. He wanted action.

He knew that Hansen had been around for some time without getting anywhere. He had weight, speed, punching power and experience. He had stopped Phil Scott in a round, but otherwise had been making no progress.

It was Mr. Chrysler's idea to toss Hansen into action against some standard product who could deliver some testimony worth looking at. But as a warm-up for big deeds later on they tossed Hansen into the pit with a large, burly iron worker from Akron, Ohio, named Knockout Christner.

At the end of about seven rounds Mr. Hansen went to sleep on the directorate and failed to wake up until several more than ten had been counted over his prostrate form.

The owners and directors of Madison Square Garden felt that something had to be done with the managerial situation. The Dempsey-Kearns mix-up kept Dempsey out of the game for over two years. Which was like taking two million a year out of action.

After Señor Paolino Uzcudun had been in this country for a few months he had enough managers to handle a war. A large flock of managers and owners each had a piece of the Lion of the Pyrénées, leaving him only his claws to fight with.

Herr Schmeling, the German, had been over here only a short time before he was in a deep conflict with his old manager.

It will be different when millionaires enter the managing game, for they can still eat if their fighter takes it on the chin.

Consider the case of Anthony Biddle, jr., who purchased the fighting frame of René Devos, the crack Belgian. Mr. Biddle was smart enough to turn his fighter over to Jimmy Bronson, who helped to bring Tunney into fame and fortune, just as Mr. Hutton placed his stable under the care of Walter Monahan, another shrewd and able handler of pugilistic wares.

The New Order

Shortly after Mr. Biddle took over Devos, his fighter was matched with Ace Hudkins, the Nebraska Wildcat. Here was proof enough that Mr. Biddle was not attempting to pick any set-ups for the purpose of collecting a few dollars.

In the battle that followed Devos lost the decision, but that did not prevent Mr. Biddle from tossing off a big party at the Ritz after the mêlée. Several hundred guests, including many of the socially élite, mingled with Messrs. Hudkins and Devos and a first-class time was had by all involved.

Mr. Wrigley of Chicago has gotten his fun out of spending $6,000,000 to date attempting to get a pennant for his native city through the Cubs. Jake Ruppert, another multimillionaire, did the same for New York.

Big money has begun to get its kick out of sport, out of other sports than racing, which will always have its following. A few years ago Mr. Henry Raft of Cincinnati found that in some way he had become owner of the Chicago Cubs. The Cubs at that time had a few such stragglers and stray players as Frank Chance, Johnny Evers, Joe Tinker, Harry Steinfeldt, Orvie Overall, Miner Brown and Johnny Kling, but they meant little to Mr. Raft. He told Charles Webb Murphy to name his own price and take them away.

There is Al Lasker, a high mogul in the Shipping Board, one of the big business men of his day who gets his fun out of building one of the greatest golf courses in the world just outside Chicago.

But, as Mr. Edward F. Hutton says, "You can get a great thrill out of this fight game. They are nice boys and they are giving all they have to give. I expect to keep on until I get a champion. I get a great kick in seeing how much they improve and how fast they are coming along."

Those now interested in professional sport have been and still are highly successful business men. But they want freedom and recreation and they are finding it today in horses, fighters, ball players and hockey players. The old order of the "shoestring" promoter is on its way out.

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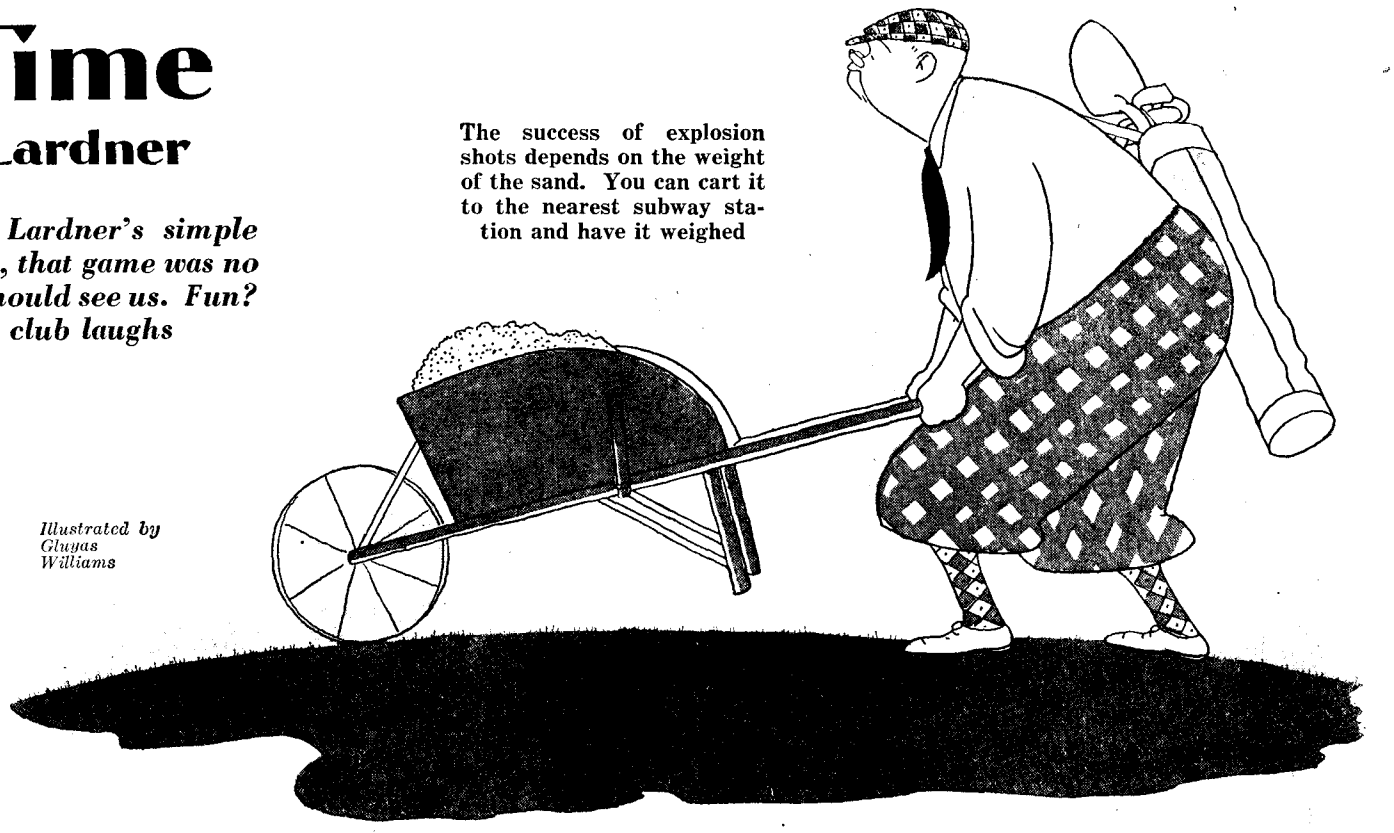
Tee Time

By Ring Lardner

Before reading Mr. Lardner's simple rules for playing golf, that game was no fun at all. Now you should see us. Fun? Why the whole club laughs



The success of explosion shots depends on the weight of the sand. You can cart it to the nearest subway station and have it weighed

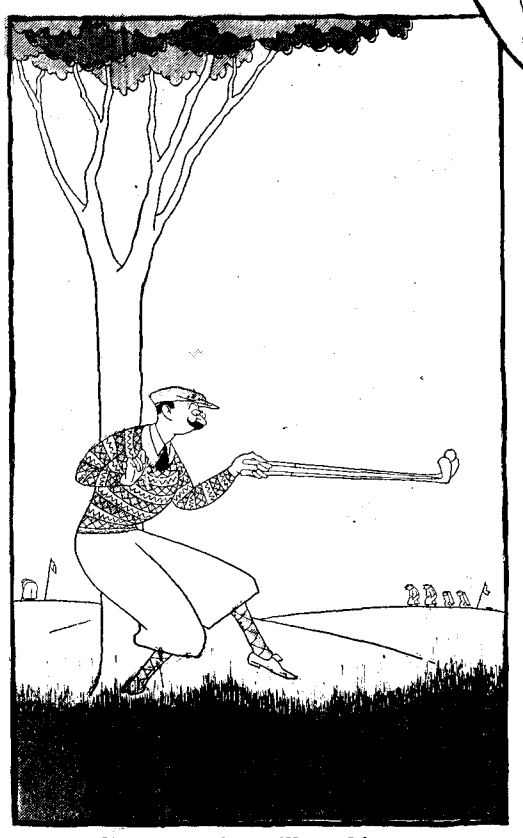
Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

THE few devotees of golf who are not entirely unhinged realize that lessons, regular or occasional, from a competent instructor will improve their game. Even Bobby Jones, I am told, seeks advice and comfort from his old teacher when trouble with one or two clubs is making it impossible for him to get below 66 on an ordinary championship course. And the lesser lights are dissatisfied with themselves often enough to keep all our professionals busy from dawn till dark, from March till December and beyond.

Unfortunately, the trouble with the majority of golfers is not confined to one club or two but is limited only by the number of clubs they have in their bag. The average pro pays no attention to this and insists on attempting to correct your midiron faults or your driving eccentricities, to the exclusion of everything else. And more unfortunately still, the average pro fancies himself as a raconteur and when you pay ten dollars presumably for a half-hour golf lesson, what you get is a five-minute golf lesson and twenty-five minutes of funny things MacGregor and MacPherson did at St. Andrews.

In this lecture, which costs you five cents, I will try to cover as many phases of the ancient "sport" as my space allotment will allow, promising to lay off of any reference to twa Scotchmen till I can no longer resist. Let it be understood that I do not claim to have originated all the bits of advice and hints herein set down; some of them I have picked up from other experts and used with slight changes for the better.

I could only skim through the article while sorting out the laundry



A little practice will enable you to handle two clubs like a pair of tongs

As a game of golf usually begins on the first tee and as the first hole at most courses is at least a par four, I will start out with a few words about the drive. In a recent issue of The American Golfer, Miss Collett had an article titled How Far Can a Woman Drive? I could only skim it through while sorting the laundry, but the gist seemed to be that there was no limit if she would remember to stop once in a while at a filling station. I have suggested to The American Golfer's editor, a southern boy, that a still more interesting article could be written not by a member of Miss Collett's sex on How Far Can a Woman Drive a Man? However that is apart from our topic.

The initial tee shot is made with a driver provided the people ahead of you are fifty yards or more away from the tee. If they are less than fifty yards, it is better to use a mashie or niblick and attempt to shoot over their heads instead of between them.

A mashie isn't a bad bet anyway, especially if your ball remains on the tee after you have driven. If you hit a ball with a mashie it will sometimes go farther than if you miss it with a driver.

The All-Important Balance

The essential of good driving is balance, and when the word balance is employed in reference to golf, it is obvious that physical balance is meant. Your weight should be evenly distributed and that often takes years because the average person with a fat stomach usually has narrow legs and the matter of transferring part of the tonnage from one site to another can only be accomplished by studying evenings. Balance is important in other sports as well; in baseball for example. Babe Ruth has a whopping torso and ankles like a flea's. But for this uneven apportionment of weight he might develop a balance that would enable him to meet a ball squarely instead of half topping it.

Assuming that the reader is not a novice and can get off the tee in two strokes, I will take up the third shot which is generally puzzling on account of the ball being in a field of timothy or a moat or lolling against the foot of a tree.

It you haven't time to wait for the harvest or a drought or the felling of the tree, remember there is no rule forbidding the use of two clubs at once and a little practice will enable you to handle a driving iron and a putting cleek as if they were a pair of tongs. In this manner the ball may be placed in a more favorable lie or filliped onto the fairway, and from there you ought to reach the trap nearest the green with two brassies and a jigger.

Quoting again from The American Golfer, Chick Evans says the real shot to learn (for getting out of a trap) is the explosion shot, but "sand, because of rain and dew, has different weights, and the weight of the sand has much to do with the distance," meaning the distance you should hit behind the ball.

It is almost impossible these days to find a caddy who will carry a set of scales besides your clubs, umbrella, books, picnic lunch, spare tire and overnight bag, but most modern locker-rooms are equipped with steelyards; if yours is not, a penny or nickel weighing machine will usually be found in the nearest railroad or subway station and enough sand may be carted there in a wheelbarrow to give you an idea how much length and strength to put into your stroke. Personally I have made a majority of my explosion shots on the fairway and with not very good results, owing, no doubt, to an unwillingness to hold up the game while the grass was being weighed.

How often we hear it said of an otherwise fine golfer that he is lamentably weak on short putts! I have never had one and so am hardly competent to instruct others how to overcome the weakness, but it seems logical to me that the player thus afflicted can get round the difficulty by not sending his approaches so near the hole.

Putting on a smooth, level green is comparatively simple and almost anybody ought to be able in three putts to get close enough so that the opponent will concede.

A different problem is presented on an uneven, rolling, tricky green, but I believe that our best golfers employ wrong methods in dealing with same. I have observed Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen and other so-called stars waste precious moments walking around, behind the ball and in front of it, to different positions from which to study the contour of the ground, thinking their eyes can be trusted to tell them how much to allow for this mound or that depression.

Resorting to Strategy

The practical way is to let the ball decide matters for itself; in other words, putt two or three times to see what happens before you go for the hole. If your first or second putt drops into the cup so much the better; if not, you at least know what the trouble was.

The golfer who finds himself in a battle with an opponent who is mechanically his superior may often win a match by the use of strategy.

For example, suppose it is your shot and the other guy's ball is ahead of yours, on the green, in the rough, or on fairway. You say to him, "Please move your ball," being careful to kind of mumble your words.

The instant (*Continued on page 53*)

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All Clear!

By Mark Barr

Beams from mighty searchlights scraped the midnight skies over London. Shrapnel and shells raked the clouds. Young English dare-devils in battle planes scurried across the heavens. And still the giant shadows that were Zeppelins dropped their bombs with terrible effect and slid away to safety. England needed a bullet that would ignite the gas in the great balloons. She turned to her men of science. But an obscure little bicycle mechanic produced it. This dramatic story until now has reposed in the secret archives of the British Admiralty

International Newsreel

John Pomeroy, inventor of the incendiary bullet bearing his name, with his daughter. (In circle) Scene during a Zeppelin raid on London

THERE is a quiet chap smoking his pipe as he putters in his Surrey garden, who smiles as he remembers his great triumph in science. He is still as obscure and little known as he was before his incredible experiment—but not so poor, because England was grateful and generous. He is not one of those Practical People who like to believe that professional workers in science fail because of their solemn theories while imagined poets of practice, knowing very little, succeed. His smile is not a sneer: it is like the smile of a winner of the Calcutta Sweepstake of 100,000 pounds sterling at odds of 16,000 to one against him. Indeed, the odds against this man were heavier than that.

You remember the Zeppelin raids on London, of course. Far from Ypres and Arras, feeling safe in her apparent isolation and in the recorded history of two thousand years free from hostile arms, London, astonished, suddenly found herself in the thick of action.

It grew to be a war within a war—the Zeppelins against London, with Herr Kapitän-leutnant Mathy, the villain, against an unknown hero who was slow in appearing—a quiet chap, Pomeroy by name. But he never received great acclaim. He was not placed where people could see him.

Londoners looked up at night to see young English dare-devils skittling across skies latticed by defensive searchlights, and the defenders fly dangerously near our own bursting antiaircraft shells, in mad attempts to scotch Mathy. But to see the hero Pomeroy, if at all, one would have to peer into an obscure bicycle shop away out on the Edgware Road; and Mathy, the Zeppelin ace, never heard Pomeroy's name.

In 1914, on Christmas Eve, the one day in the year when people can least bear to think of war, the first bomb dropped on England. On Christmas Day another Zeppelin came, but was driven off at the mouth of the Thames. Then a New Year's visit, and this time there was death in England: a man and a woman were killed in the village lane at King's Lynn. And now we knew it was only a matter of days before London itself would be struck.

London's Defense Inadequate

Mathy was learning the lay of the English countryside by rote. He learned it so well that later, when not a light glimmered in all England at night, he could follow the dull silver ribbon of the Thames; and he knew exactly where he was, even to calling off the prominent buildings of London-town at this and that bend.

This was the manner of enemy we had; and his companion aces, Hirsch and Becker and the others, were almost as clever, certainly as brave. So London set desperately about the work of defense. The means at hand were inadequate: gallant lads spinning into the air in mechanical boxkites, ground gunners hurling one-pounders and five-pounders and shrapnel into the night skies more hopefully than accurately. What a bedlam those earnest guns raised during the first raids! To Pomeroy and the rest of us, the furious uproar spread terror and comfort, mixed together; to the enemy it no doubt communicated caution, compelling the tentative nature and negligible results of the primary attacks.

Ships that Scorned Bullets

All London, all Londoners, jumped to the task of home defense. Men and women toiled twenty hours a day to put a ring of searchlights forty miles in diameter around London. Nor was this all; our airplanes crossed the Channel and bombed the Zeppelin sheds—when they could.

Young Lieutenant Warneford was the first to do this. Though he had a hard time of it, using the ammunition of those early days, he downed a great ship—not by firing uselessly into the bag, but by zooming in the face of its machine guns and mowing down the officers at their gondola controls.

Warneford got the Victoria Cross; but in the next week he was killed.

Usually it was possible only to send machine-gun bullets into the airship gas bags from above—if the Zeppelin was low enough. But two thousand bullet holes failed to bring down the airship. The ship finished its mission and sailed home, where its officers counted the bullet holes and chuckled snugly; for were there not twenty balloonettes, or inflated compartments, within the outer skin? The leakage was almost negligible.

We needed a bullet that would ignite the Zeppelin gas. But we did not have one. Tracer bullets were used in machine guns, but they would not do; if their puny flames lived through the time of flight to the Zeppelin, they were too weak to ignite the hydrogen at the surface of the bag where it could mix with oxygen.

An Elusive Target

But the flame-bullets slipped through the bag and were snuffed out by the enclosed hydrogen. The ground guns used one- and five-pound shells—time percussion things, set to explode within the gas bags—if they hit, or by concussion, if they struck a girder of the Zeppelin framework. All this was merest chance. The ground guns used shrapnel too—for what it was worth.

And what of the ground *gunners?* Where was the vaunted superiority of modern gunnery? Baffled by Mathy and his men, who sailed at 10,000 feet and knew they were comparatively safe, we were confronted with a new problem in range-finding. It is one thing to spot targets on land or sea, where you've only two dimensions, but quite another matter when you're cocking your eyes out at a free-floating object two miles in the air; sailing in three dimensions, not only to the left and to the right, but also up and down.

To fire accurately at a Zeppelin would require a mile-long base for observations of sight angles—left, right, up, down—and instantaneous calculations by gun-sighters. We set to work upon *this* problem in science, and solved it—after the war was over.

The big problem remained—a satisfactory incendiary machine-gun bullet.

The first bomb dropped in Wellington Street, near the office of the Morning Post. Then others fell—at the Royal Court of Justice, at Lincoln's Inn, Chancery Lane. Many were killed. And Mathy and his crowd went scot free; zigzagging in the searchlight's glare, thus avoiding the ground gunnery.

The results of the bombs varied greatly. The worst effect was that of a 700-pound charge of nitroglycerine dropped in Warrington Crescent at Paddington. Many houses were reduced to splinters, and no less than four hundred dwellings suffered damage.

There was a year of this sort of thing. Casualties and destruction grew worse. Something must be done. Every mind in the Kingdom tackled the problem as if in one great (*Continued on page 48*)

Keystone

Destruction from the skies. This picture shows part of the havoc wrought by a single bomb dropped by a Zeppelin air raider

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Tim raised his hat in respectful salute. Ethel Quickenden smiled. "May I hire you to go for a ride in the Park?" she inquired

A Song that Anna Held Sang

By Paul Deresco Augsburg

Skyscrapers can't shut out Romance. Nor can adversity change the heart of a valiant gentleman

NO ODOR was so abhorrent to Tim as the fumes of gasoline. No sight seemed quite so depressing as that offered now by Fifth Avenue from the Park to Washington Square. Seated high behind his hansom cab, swaying to the movement of its passage, he was like a ghost of another age still haunting the scenes it had lived in.

He called his horse Ward McAllister; and unfeeling young moderns, had this once-so-famous name meant aught to them at all, would have said that the author of New York's "400" had stood godfather to the animal when he was a very young man. For Ward McAllister, the horse, like the social leader for whom it was named, seemed not only to be of the nineteenth century but to have done most of its eating then. To be sure, this was only seeming. Tim would have gone without food himself before denying his horse its fodder. Sometimes, in fact, he did.

Of an age with Ward McAllister were the remains of Tim's silk hat. Frayed, and in spots even threadbare, it sat his head with a certain despairing defiance. Picture it bobbing down the Avenue, a crown surmounting that shabby hansom, with Tim clutching the reins beneath it. His whip would wave like an impotent scepter, powerless to stay the endless stream of motor cars passing by.

There was a day when Tim used to burst into song as he drove through the streets of the town. But that mood had died many years ago, fading with the tunes of vanished years when gasoline was to clean with.

Sometimes, of course, he would curse a taxi driver who cut too close to Ward McAllister. Sometimes he would address remarks to his horse, but the mumble was lost in the traffic sounds of a wholly mechanized city.

"Look at that, would you! A store! William Vanderbilt's place a store! More'n once I druv up in front there and set down a fare on the carriage block that would make people stare, I can tell you."

THEN they'd be passing Madison Square, and Tim would fetch a sigh: "Mac, you should've seen it. Horse cabs all along the curb, and the high-toned ladies with their pretty sunshades walking under the trees. Over there"—he almost winced at sight of the huge, flat-faced office building, with the subway entrance poking out of the very stone at its ankles—"over there was the Fifth Avenue Hotel and Franconi's Circus. And over there the Brunswick. Oh, lordy, what a smart lot of sports used to meet at the Brunswick for whisky!"

In the traffic tower the light had flashed red, but Ward McAllister kept on going. A whistle sputtered and an officer rushed out shouting.

"Whoa, Mac, whoa!" cried the cabby, pulling the reins in panic.

"What d' you think you are, a parade? Are you color blind? What d' you suppose that light's for, to amuse the kids with? D' you want me to take up your license? Back up and make it snappy! Back up! Whoa! You got a fine crust, going around without a keeper. This ain't a freak museum; it's an avenue. What d' you think you are, the King of Sweden?"

Over the murmur of many idling motors Tim heard the derisive laughter. A taxi driver added his gibe, and another one called out a wise crack. Tim felt like an outcast in an alien land—right at the edge of Madison Square, which he'd known when this cop was a soul unborn, he felt like an alien outcast! He was angry and helpless and lonely. Now even the copper was grinning.

The signal light changed and with swift precision the machines darted over the cross-street.

"So long, Noah!" called the traffic cop. Tim waved his ancient whip, but his heart was heavy inside him.

BELOW Twenty-third Street there were still some vestiges of the city he'd known in his prime. Proud old homes clung to Gramercy Park, as if rallying for mutual protection. Washington Square North presented the same brave façade, with stone steps and polished doorplates. Even the Avenue itself still kept, scattered between the big new apartment hotels, a few relics of its glory.

But of what comfort to Tim were these mellowed homes when, plain as a boil, at the curb in front he'd see taxis or private cars waiting? Tim and his hansom were useless curiosities in a city attuned to speed. Occasional old folks, golden-honeymooners reviving memories of their youth, would hire him

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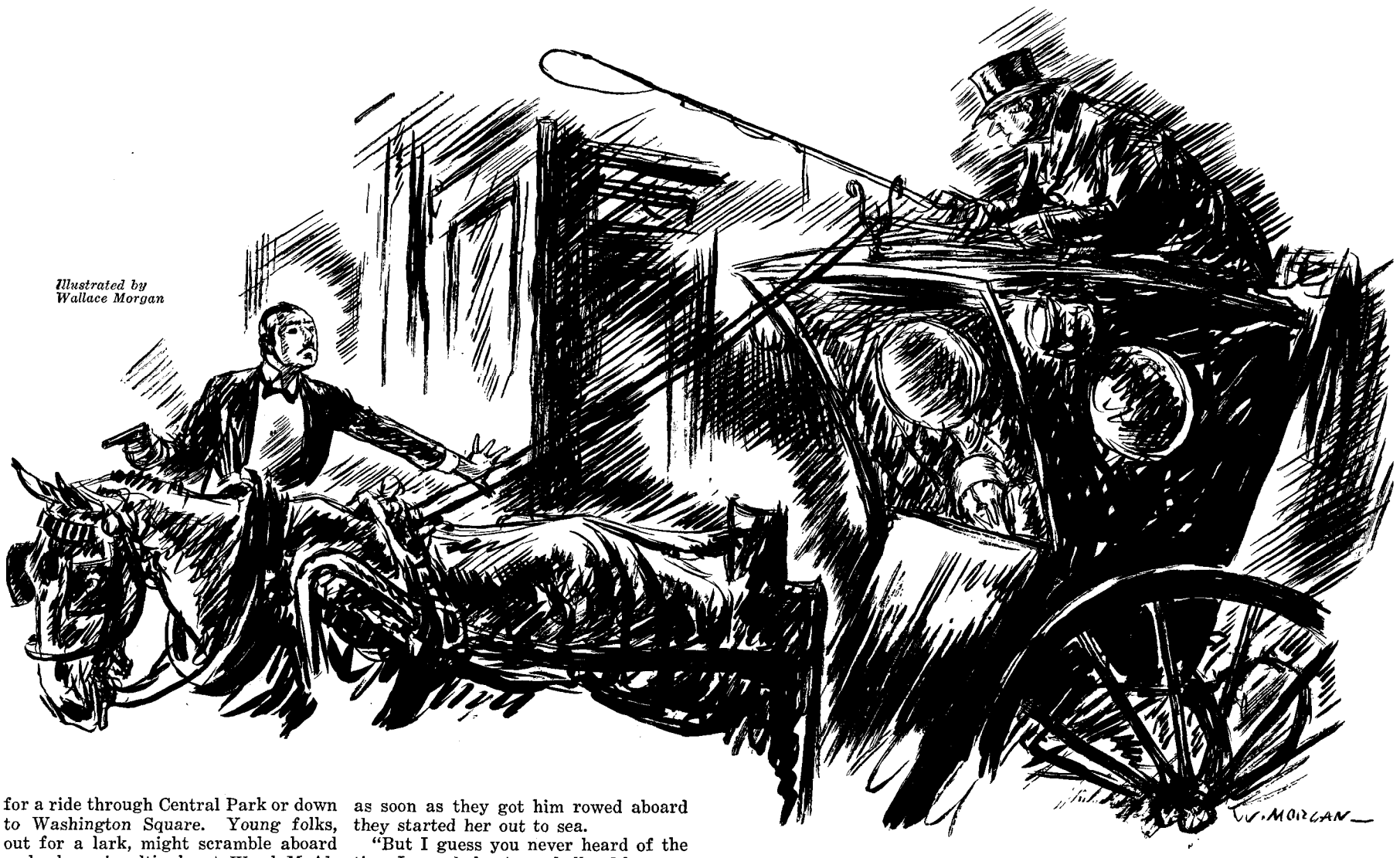
Illustrated by Wallace Morgan



"Where'd that woman go?" "I didn't see no woman." The man snarled something at Tim and waved an arm

for a ride through Central Park or down to Washington Square. Young folks, out for a lark, might scramble aboard and whoop insultingly at Ward McAllister while they called upon "Pop" to "Hurry-up-step-on-the-gas!" These few comprised his fares.

The young ones rode at night. For business would be so poor some days that Tim had to venture into Times Square after the theater in the hope of making expenses.

ONCE a middle-aged celebrant, away from home and happy, insisted on trading places with Tim. For the first time in his life he sat behind the upholstered apron in the passenger's seat of a hansom. Ward McAllister's ears bobbed machinelike before him, and the driver hollered and sang as he slapped the reins from on high. In the end he drew up in front of a police station and triumphantly protested that Tim refused to pay his fare. Then he tried to feed the horse five-dollar bills, and in the end gave Tim a twenty.

But such windfalls were very rare. The oldsters who sometimes patronized him by day belonged to a generation which knew a dollar's value. Still, Tim preferred them to the others, for they also viewed New York, the modern monster, with stunned and saddened eyes.

"You're just about the last of the old guard, aren't you?" They always said something like that when they boarded his cab at the Plaza. "It's not like the old days, is it? I suppose you've been driving a horse a good many years."

"Yes, sir, since the reservoir was at Forty-second—that's how long I been at it. And I hauled some big ones too, I can tell you, when I got a hack of my own. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt—him that used to trot his six bays up the Avenue with the coachman tooting his horn on behind Gabriel come to roost—I druv him clean to Bowling Green when something went bust with his dog cart. I druv J. P. Morgan once too. To the foot of Twenty-third Street, where he kept his yacht anchored out in the East River. The Corsair they called it, and as soon as they got him rowed aboard they started her out to sea.

"But I guess you never heard of the time I saved the Astor ball. Of course you ain't; Mrs. Astor herself never knew what I done for her, but I saved the ball just the same. There was a mistake made somewhere. Somebody blundered; that's about the size of it. Time came to serve the big supper, and here they didn't have enough victuals to go around.

"The caterer's man he come running out like a devil chased by Jehover. 'Whip up like blazes!' he says; 'there's life and death to it.' And we made the pavement hum, I tell you. There was a can of this here terrapin he had to fetch, and a lot of roasted ducks. I druv him back to the servants' door like twenty-three-skidoo-for-you, him hanging onto the victuals and me whipping up the horse. Just in the nick of time, we was. But Mrs. Astor and the '400' didn't even know how close they come to starvation; you can bet the caterer never told her."

It was eleven o'clock, and Times Square seethed with the after-theater multitude. There sat Tim atop his hansom, beckoning with his whip to likely fares, his anxious eyes scanning the moving mass on the sidewalk. Ward McAllister's nose was nuzzling the back of an open-roof taxi. The occupants laughed and offered it a lighted cigarette which Ward made efforts to nibble.

"Hey, Mac!" Tim admonished, jerking the reins. "You leave that sissy smoke alone!"

The taxi leaped forward, and Ward McAllister plunked bravely after it. Then out of the crowd Tim caught a bellowing hail. A jovial fellow, clad in evening dress, climbed noisily aboard the hansom. Through the trap in the roof Tim took his command to drive to the Club Monte Cristo.

As he guided Ward through the traffic maze he thought with contempt of his destination. This is what New York had come to; vulgar night clubs crouching like opium joints behind their blinds in quiet cross-streets. Sucker establishments, fleecing stations with all the refined class of a street walker! Tim thought of Delmonico's and sighed. In those days a smart New Yorker would as soon be seen robbing a blind man as entering a place like these night clubs.

At the curb the passenger ordered him to wait. Tim demurred, but the fellow couldn't think of paying him yet.

"See here, sir, my horse's got to have some sleep."

The huge doorman, in Levantine corsair garb, strode forward menacingly.

"You heard what the fellow told you," he growled. "You wait until he wants you."

"That's the talk, Monte Cristo!" Tim's fare shook hands with the buccaneer and handed him a bill. "Take me to mama, Monte. Say, you're a won'erful fellow."

THEY vanished and Tim looked disconsolately at Ward McAllister. Poor Mac, he ought to be bedded down right now, with some oats to munch and a stack of fragrant hay. Tim considered the matter of leaving. But he badly needed the fare—else why would he have ventured into that herd of throbbing taxis at such an hour of night?

He hated Times Square's treeless waste and all that the place denoted. He resented its usurping of Madison Square's rôle as the center of New York's night life. Times Square was a fitting symbol of a great city's sad decadence. With its tangle of subways underground, its maelstrom of autos and roar of ceaseless motion, it fairly made Tim sick.

Tim alighted to stretch his ancient limbs. The buccaneer returned and beguiled the time with unimpassioned insults. Ward McAllister, he opined, was partly cow; hadn't Tim ever tried to milk him? Elaborating rather loosely on this theme, he wondered if Ward hadn't brought about the battle of Bull Run. His remarks were occasionally interrupted by the arrival of other patrons. Tim suffered them in silence, while he regretted the other's youth and husky stature.

One o'clock passed. Tim heard nothing, but apparently the doorman did. In a second he whirled and vanished through the entry, leaving half a gibe unuttered. By the agility of his movement Tim knew he was more than just a doorman.

A young woman emerged and looked wildly about her.

"Oh, hide me!" she implored him, running to the hansom.

"Get behind the apron."

Tim held out a hand to help her, but she was in already. The apron doors, waist high, swung shut, and she huddled on the floor behind them. The cabby scarcely had mounted to the box before a man rushed out from the night club.

He too looked anxiously up and down the street. His coat had been torn and he was breathing heavily. One hand half hid a pistol.

"Where'd that woman go?"

"I didn't see no woman."

The man snarled something at Tim and vigorously waved an arm. A taxicab was approaching from Seventh Avenue. The driver sped his car and drew up with a businesslike screech of brakes. The man gave urgent directions. The cab was on its way. Tim barely had time to note its number.

"All right, ma'am; he's gone," he whispered.

"Oh, quick! Drive me away!"

Ward McAllister looked around.

"Whup, Mac!" The hansom set out with a creaking start and moved gravely away towards the Avenue.

When he was nearing the intersection Tim raised the little roof trap and inquired where they were going. To his surprise, the (*Continued on page 20*)

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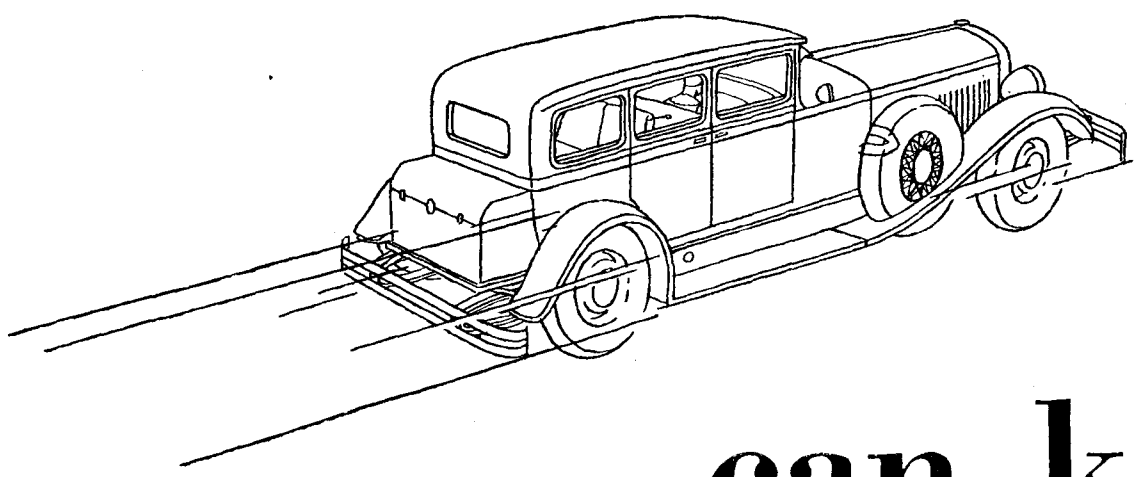
Careful driving won't do it
Good gasoline won't do it



Only oil can keep your engine's first-year feel

Why did you choose the make of car you drive?

To this question probably 9 out of 10 car owners will reply, "Because I liked its performance." In other words you chose your car mostly because of the engine's powerful "first-year feel."

No single upkeep item is so important in preserving this first-year feel as the quality of the oil you use.

As the result of thousands of miles of driving tests on the Atlantic City Speedway, on dirt roads and paved highways, we confidently say this: The New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles. We say "confidently" because *actually* the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice 30,000 miles.

Also in fair comparative tests the New Mobiloil developed increased power and showed a 20% less consumption than many competitive oils of the same viscosity.

And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speeds is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

Again may we repeat that no single item in preserving your engine's first-year feel is so important as the oil you use. Get full protection for your engine by using the New Mobiloil — the achievement of 63 years of specialization in the manufacture of scientific lubricating oils.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New Mobiloil

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woman was still crouched upon the floor behind the apron. But he said nothing; it had always been Tim's policy to let his fares travel in whatever fashion they fancied. Once, in the "nineties," a gentleman had elected to ride astride the horse. Individual tastes, Tim had learned, often varied.

But his heart jumped at the woman's reply. In a small frightened voice she gave him a number in University Place. Now this was as it should be. University Place! More than once, in the days of New York's glory, Tim had driven along its fashionable front and reined up his horse with a flourish. University Place! The name was like Trinity or Gramercy Park—a relic of old lost Manhattan.

DOWN the Avenue at a proper gait, from the Fifties clear to Thirteenth Street. Machines sped past with a murmuring rush, but Ward McAllister's *clop-clop* never varied. Tim's mind, tired of wondering about the man with the gun, was drifting back through the years. Gas lamps lit the Avenue, and the hoofs of horses fell pleasantly on Belgian wood-blocks. He could almost fancy a coach horn sounding as a tandem, gay in its silvered harness, trotted smartly up towards Harlem.

At Thirteenth Street he turned left and presently entered the quiet stretch of University. Again Tim's heart gave a little jump as he recognized the house. Why, he'd known this place thirty-forty years ago! He even remembered the name of the family.

"Here you are, Mrs. Mott."

The woman gasped and looked at him, but she did not make any comment. Tim was thoroughly pleased with himself. Just like the head waiter at Delmonico's, he thought. Observing with satisfaction that the carriage block still stood at the curb, he helped her to alight from the hansom.

The woman fumbled in her handbag, and Tim saw that her hand was trembling.

"Here!" she exclaimed, snatching a small jewelled watch from her wrist. It fell in his palm, and she fled up the old-fashioned granite steps as if pursued by something. She almost tumbled over the threshold.

When the door had closed behind her the woman stood very still and stared dazedly ahead. For the first time since her escort fired, she had a fleeting sense of security.

But only fleeting. At once her mind, calmer now and able to think, began to build up possibilities. What if she had been recognized! What if the hansom had been followed! What if—everything!

Then that old cabby's words seemed to roar in her ears: "Here you are, *Mrs. Mott.*" The woman, young and very appealing in her terror, involuntarily glanced towards the portrait within its gilded frame. The picture was obscured by shadows; she could not see Aunt Clara's scornful eyes, yet she was aware of her frown. Oh, if Aunt Clara should know what she had done, if the dead *do* by chance look down upon the things we living do! And that cabby had called her by Aunt Clara's name! Did he mean to imply something by it?

For Ethel Quickenden, née Durant, had inherited Mrs. Mott's fortune. Her social prestige was a legacy, too—a terrible thing to fool with. How the papers would scream when they learned that Mrs. Jonathan Mott's only niece had been a crook's accomplice!

A voice came down the staircase: "That you, Ethel?"

With a great effort Mrs. Quickenden put the proper coldness into her answer. Whatever she did she must always remember that she was "mad" at her husband. In the coming ordeal of facing him it would be her only salvation.

"Where in the world have you been? It's almost two o'clock."

His worried tone made her want to cry. She longed to throw herself in his arms and find in them protection.

"I have no explanation," she said instead, walking slowly up the stairs.

SHE hadn't even the comfort of feeling that he was to blame. The quarrel had been her own fault, she knew: a young wife's petty flareup because he had other interests. An entirely uncalled-for flareup. He was serious and deeply engrossed in his buildings, but she had known all that before she married him. Indeed, these were two of the reasons why she had liked him so.

She felt immensely proud of the buildings which were his creations, great soaring buildings reaching to the stars, lyric buildings which sang of a new world's boundless might, of a great city's conquering vision. She had been touched and proud when he told her—humble despite his buildings—that more beauty had been caught in the quiet old homes of a vanished day than in the mightiest of towering structures. He meant Aunt Clara's house in University Place.

And so, though she sometimes longed for a smart uptown apartment, they had lived here in old Manhattan.

Well, the quarrel was all her fault. And the consequences! Ascending the stairs, she saw her revolt as a nightmare. First, the chic place where she took her sulks to tea. If she'd only gone to the Ritz instead! The man had flirted with her, and in rebellion she smiled and danced with him. He danced well—better than James, she'd told herself with malice. He asked her to go to a show. Why not? And to Club Monte Cristo, after. Ethel Quickenden's pique was indulging itself. She had gone with him, vindictive still in the thought that this would teach James a lesson. Ethel had wanted to see the popular night clubs, but her husband utterly scorned them.

AND now she'd seen one! It was the smartest club of all, her escort had said, a place where money flowed like water. Sometime during the night he must have picked her purse, but that was a trifling overture. He had waited till the club was filled with guests, a tipsy welter of spenders. The tune had just ended, and the floor was clearing of dancers. He had led her at once to their table and helped her on with her coat. "Wait just a minute," he'd whispered.

And then that incredible shout of command: "Ladies and gentlemen—quiet!" A pistol was in his hand. "Everybody's hands up! Stand over against that wall! You too, Malakoff!" This last was for the foreign-looking manager, who had tried to slip away. "Here's where *you* join the suckers!"

He had ordered them to file past a table at which she herself was compelled to stand and stack the money. Currency only; no jewelry or watches accepted. It was like the teller's till in a downtown bank. Fifty-dollar bills and hundreds—sheaves of them by the score. And there she had stood, his confederate, a holdup bandit's woman taking in the harvest!

The rest happened like a lightning flash. Somebody else had a gun. She did not even see who the person was. He shot, and the bandit, her escort, fired, and it was the other man who dropped. That is all she had waited to see. She ran to the stairs, and not all the threats in the world could have kept her from fleeing that nightmare. It was the first time that the bandit lost his poise. "Come back, you—!" Her ears flamed at memory of the name that he had called her.

JAMES QUICKENDEN stood waiting at the second-floor landing.

"It's almost two o'clock," he repeated, as though the fact were hard to credit.

Striving to seem cool, she lifted her hand with a leisurely gesture and glanced down at an empty wrist. For the first time then it occurred to her that the watch might be used against her. An expensive watch, an unusual watch; the police could easily find its owner by checking the jewelry stores. She gasped as the truth was manifest. That shabby old cab driver would arouse suspicion the moment he tried to sell it!

"I've been worried as the devil," her husband said.

"You needn't have been," she faltered.

"I begged off from the engagement with Rehrig. I came home to dinner. I . . . thought we'd go to the theater, or something."

She managed to shrug her shoulders.

"Well, you didn't see fit to let me know."

"I thought I'd surprise you, Ethel."

Never in her life had she felt so wholly contemptible. If she could only explain to him! Yet Ethel Quickenden was so ashamed that she would have rather died.

"I'm sorry," she said coldly. "You didn't tell me, and so I made other plans."

"But . . . is it expecting too much to ask where you have been?"

She saw the bandit standing, gun in hand, upon the night club dance floor.

"It is! Will you let me go to my room?" she almost screamed at her husband.

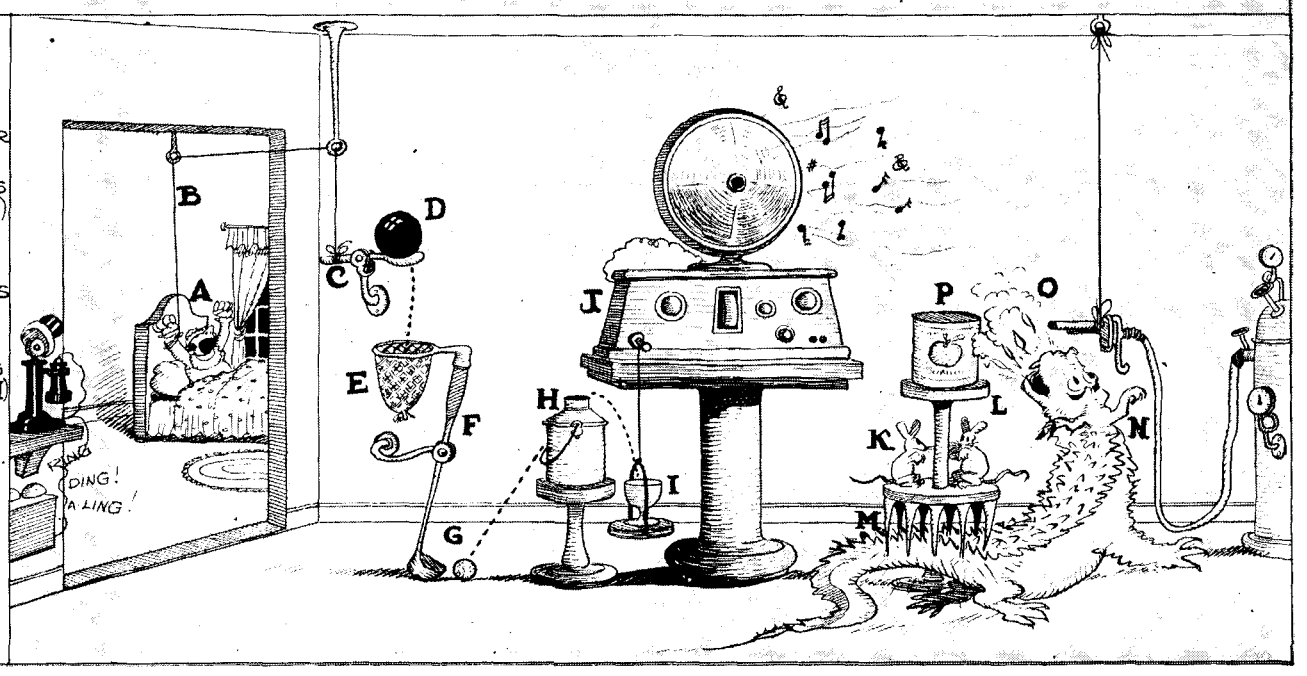
Hours passed before she could sleep at all. Even then her slumber was fitful. A strange little figure haunted her thoughts, an eager old face beneath a shabby topper, an ancient with a whip who kept calling her "Mrs. Mott." The eager smile became a smirk. The whip was raised to strike her, and the strange little fellow was laughing.

Already the police had taken him into custody. When the doorman told detectives that an old hansom had been parked in front of the night club, they immediately sought its driver. At four o'clock he was (*Continued on page 46*)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS FALLS ON HIS HEAD AND DOPES OUT A SIMPLIFIED CAN-OPENER WHILE HE IS STILL GROGGY. GO OUTSIDE AND CALL UP YOUR HOME. WHEN PHONE BELL RINGS, MAID (A) MISTAKES IT FOR AN ALARM CLOCK - SHE AWAKENS AND STRETCHES, PULLING CORD (B) WHICH RAISES END OF LADLE (C). BALL (D) DROPS INTO NET (E) CAUSING GOLF CLUB (F) TO SWING AGAINST BALL (G), MAKING A CLEAN DRIVE AND UPSETTING MILK CAN (H). MILK SPILLS INTO GLASS (I) AND THE WEIGHT PULLS SWITCH ON RADIO (J). WALTZING MICE (K) HEARING MUSIC AND PROCEED TO DANCE, CAUSING REVOLVING APPARATUS (L) TO SPIN AND TURN. SPIKES (M) SCRATCH TAIL OF PET DRAGON (N) WHO IN ANGER EMITS FIRE IGNITING ACETYLENE TORCH (O) AND BURNING OFF TOP OF TOMATO CAN (P) AS IT ROTATES. WHEN NOT OPENING CANS, THE DRAGON CAN ALWAYS BE KEPT BUSY CHASING AWAY INCOME TAX INVESTIGATORS AND PROHIBITION OFFICERS.



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Common Sense

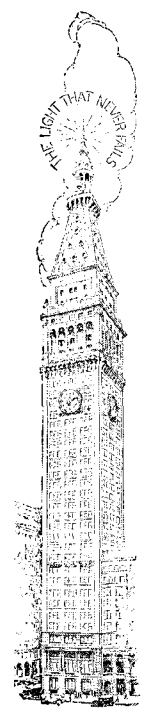
A FAMOUS doctor said, "Many of the people who want me to diagnose and treat their ailments are more impressed by some scientific medical apparatus than by plain, common sense advice. And they are more willing to follow orders faithfully if given some special office treatment.

"Recently a man I know well came in looking haggard. I gave him a thorough physical examination while inquiring about his living habits. The diagnosis was clear but the patient a problem. If I had told him the simple truth that what he needed most to get back his health and strength was to slow down, sleep more, and get the proper amount of fresh air and exercise, he would have thought I did not understand the complications which were undermining his health. And if I had sent him a bill for such advice, he would have told his friends that I was a robber and not fit to practice medicine.

"So I gave him a treatment with a scientific apparatus and wrote a simple prescription. At the same time I gave strict orders as to what he should eat and drink, how many hours he might work, how long he should remain in bed, and the amount of time he should devote to outdoor exercise. To make sure that he was following my orders concerning his living habits, I had him report once a week for further observation and treatments. In a few weeks he was well. He will tell you—and he believes it—that I am a great doctor.

"Perhaps someone may say my methods with him were open to criticism. But it was my responsibility to use every means within my power to bring him back to good health. Knowing my patients as I do, I know that many of them will not obey my orders for *correct living habits* if given without special treatment or medicine. More than half of the people who consult me would not have to do so if they would learn and practice important rules of health. They expect me to cure them of physical ailments which they could easily have avoided."

A majority of cases of physical let-down and distress are caused by careless or wilful violation of health rules. Bad eating habits, too little sleep and rest, lack of fresh air and exercise, worry, self-pity are responsible for many cases of bad digestion, headaches, poor circulation, constipation, jumpy nerves, depression and run-down condition.



The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has had a booklet prepared by eminent health experts which tells simply and clearly the fundamental rules of intelligent living habits. A chapter or more is devoted to each one of eleven important rules of health under the headings Sleep and Rest, Fresh Air, Sunlight, Exercise, Cleanliness, Water, Food, Comfortable Clothing, Work and Play, Good Posture and Good Mental Habits.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.
Booklet Department 89-C

Gentlemen:

Please mail free, without any obligation on my part, a copy of your booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life".

Name.....

Street or Box No.....

Town.....*State*.....

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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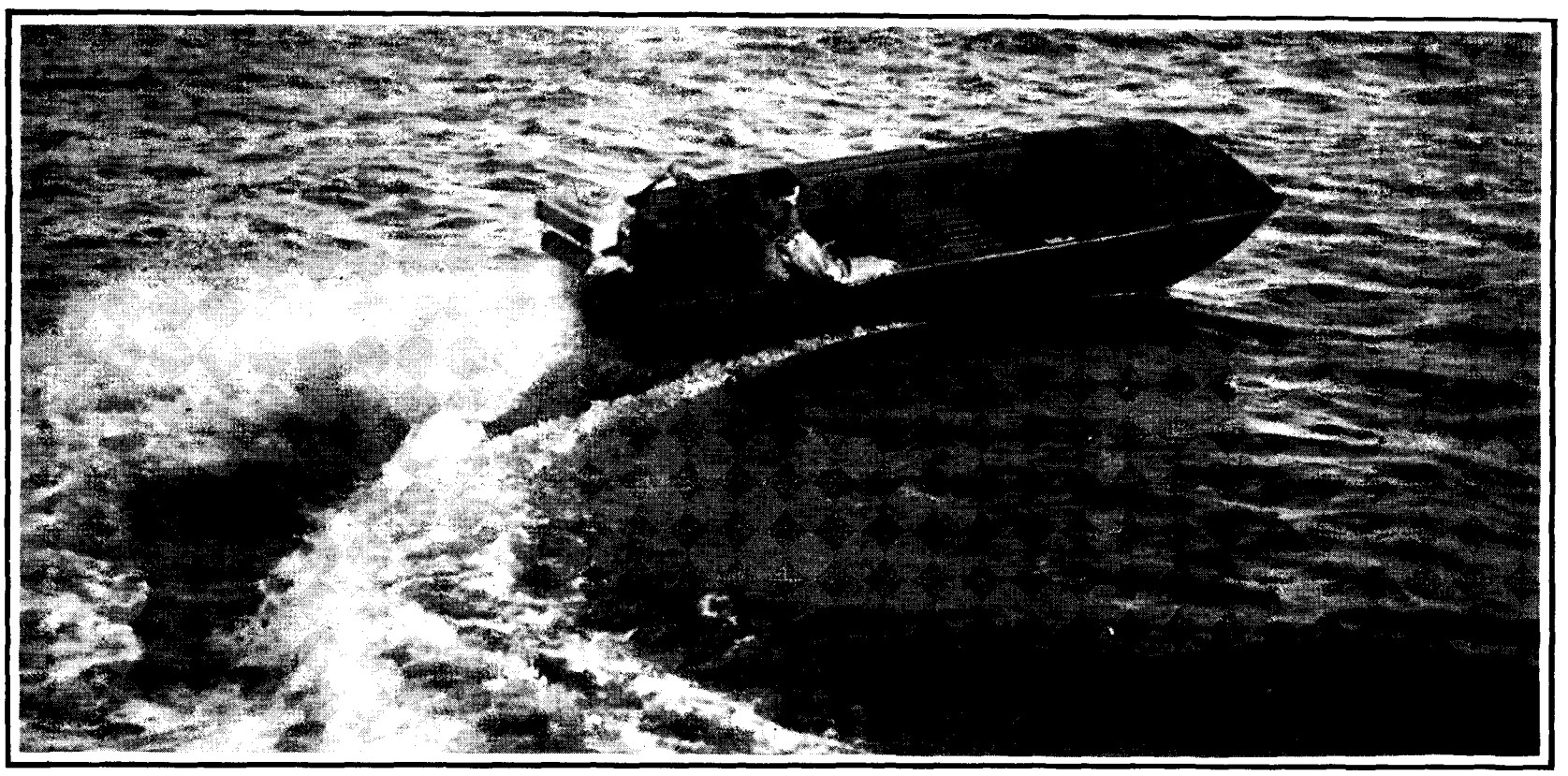
Sea Sled ~ *Sui Generis*

(Meaning ~ there ain't no other)



Of all the small craft built, little Model 13 is the most perfect demonstration of the Sea Sled principle of Safety.

THE Sea Sled Corporation builds the safest fast small craft in the world.

The Sea Sled Corporation is the *only* builder of Sea Sleds in the world.

Three years ago the Sea Sled Corporation was building a limited number of fine boats to order. In the last two years it has forged to the lead in quantity production of quality craft—all mahogany hulls.

The Sea Sled Corporation is the largest user of national advertising of any boat builder in America—which means the world.

And the secret of this rapid rise to supremacy lies in the one word

SAFETY

Model 13 has seaworthiness, speed, carrying capacity and endurance. She is the safest and most competent fast small craft in the world for boys and girls, hunters and fishermen and families who camp.

TRADE-MARK REG. **SEA SLED** U. S. PAT. OFFICE

THE SEA SLED CORPORATION

Sole Licensee under Hickman U. S. Patents

226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York

Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.

Boat owner and boat dealer alike are profiting by the safety of Sea Sleds, the sturdy integrity which is built into them and the improvements which can only come because of the economies of quantity production.

HIGHEST FACTOR OF SAFETY **SEA SLED** OF ANY CRAFT OF THE SIZE

SPEED · · WITH COMFORT AND · · SAFETY

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A Dress for Cinderella

By Ina Claire

as told to Katharine Roberts

"Smart" is perhaps the most misused word in the lexicon of fashion, according to Miss Claire, one of today's best-dressed women on or off stage. She lets her audience decide what clothes suit her best

Ira L. Hill

An interpretation of the outdoor mood, in marked contrast to the studies below

SOME thoughtless person exposed the world to a series of terrible shocks when she first uttered the words, "But, Madame, you must let your clothes express your personality."

Too many have confused "personality" with "eccentricity." The result is a parade of amazing and startling grotesqueries to which the public should not be subjected in this hectic age when we are having all we can do to maintain our peace and balance of mind anyhow.

Every woman has a right to indulge her peculiarities of taste to the utmost as long as she stays within the walls of her own home but when she gets outside, she should be more considerate.

If Mrs. Brown of Middletown wants to wear a deep-cut, tight-fitting, black satin dress, long blue and red earrings, wave a languorous red feather fan, and indulge in mysterious silences simply because she happens to have an olive skin, let her do it by all means—in her own drawing-room. But when she goes beyond her door, she should dress in the inconspicuous good taste of a normal human being. It seems to be the exotic note that has done the most damage. On second thought, we'll capitulate on one point: she may retain the silences—mysterious or otherwise.

What You Wear, You Are

Let's be honest. How many of us have a strong enough personality to dominate our clothes? How many people are absolutely certain of just what their definite and exact personalities are, anyhow? Most of us are many-sided beings with a bit of this and a bit of that in us—I know I am—and one thing or another comes out according to the clothes we have on. Old proverbs to the contrary, you'll be as you're dressed. So select what you want to be, get clothes of that sort, and if you have even a grain of it in you, that's what you will be.

I know it is true on the stage. During rehearsals I never am sure I am actually playing the character until I get into that woman's clothes. Then I feel a quick metamorphosis take place and I do what I could not do in my own dresses. The same thing holds in a modified degree in private life.

A business woman of my acquaintance looks charming in softly colored clinging things and, of course, wears them in the evening. They are always in extreme contrast to her very-tailored daytime suits. She says they are a relaxation.

One night she was called suddenly to go into a serious business conference. "What! Discuss business in these clothes!" she cried in horror. "Oh, I never could!" and she rushed to change. So, you see, it isn't merely the actress who takes her clothes to heart.

According to popular conception, I am told that those of us on the stage—especially those of us who play comedy and, more especially, those of us who are blond—are supposed to be rather frivolous, light-hearted, bubbling creatures who, aside from an occasional indulgence in temperamental pyrotechnics, are inclined to take life with a song. In a way—thank heaven!—it is true. Don't let me for a minute disabuse your mind of such a happy picture. My managers would be furious. But occasionally we do think, and when it comes to clothes, we think hard. We have to. When is a comedienne not a comedienne? It is when she is finding the clothes in which to be one.

The effect of clothes depends on three things—line, color and material. Wars have been waged over which is the most important. Now that I think of it, I believe that the unfortunate person who made the cataclysmic remark, "Madame, you must let your clothes express your personality," was a desperate dress-designer trying to find a polite way of telling an orbicular lady that she could not wear things designed for a tall, flat figure.

"Let your clothes suit your mood; they can make you what you wish at the moment to be," observes Miss Claire, and herewith offers personal, photographic proof

Hal Phyfe

Dorothy Wilding

Know Your Worst Lines

What she really meant was, "Madame, you must let your clothes fit your physical architecture. Your soul may be Gothic, but your body is roundly and inescapably Romanesque." The most exquisite clothes from Paris will look dreadful if they do not fit just so. Every woman should be thoroughly acquainted with her worst lines and then make other people forget them.

I sometimes think that material and color have the most to do with the character side of the question. There are fluffy chiffon characters, romantic velvets, sleek satins, and brittle, pert, taffetas. Take, for example, certain actresses with whom our minds associate a definite type of rôle.

Emily Stevens once said that she always visioned Katharine Cornell in a green velvet riding habit with a soft hat from which a feather curled onto her shoulder. Miss Cornell insists she has never worn such a costume, yet the picture is entirely accurate. It does describe the lovely, rather romantic ladies we are accustomed to see her play. Again, considering the laughing, dainty, piquant (*Continued on page 57*)

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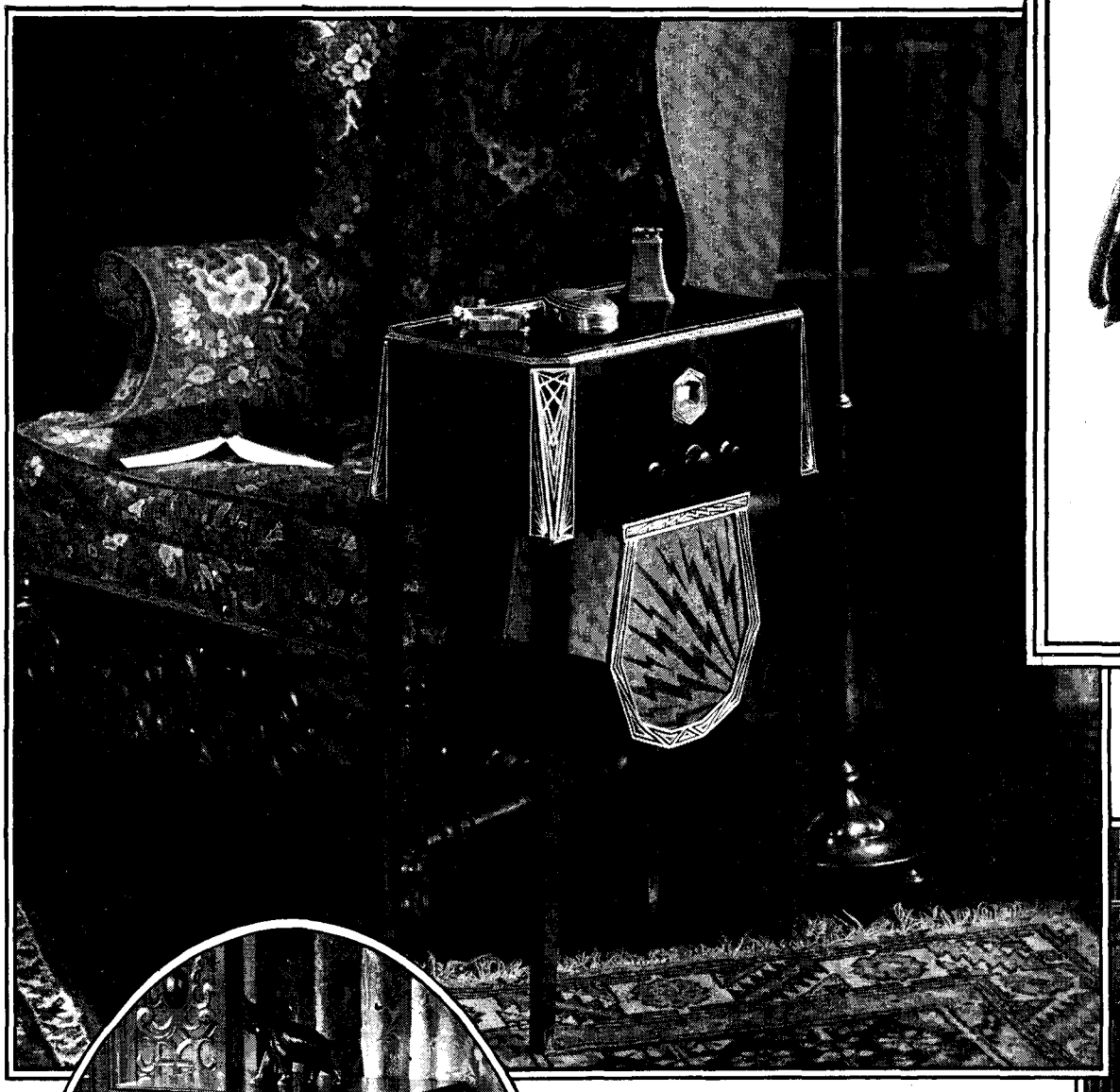
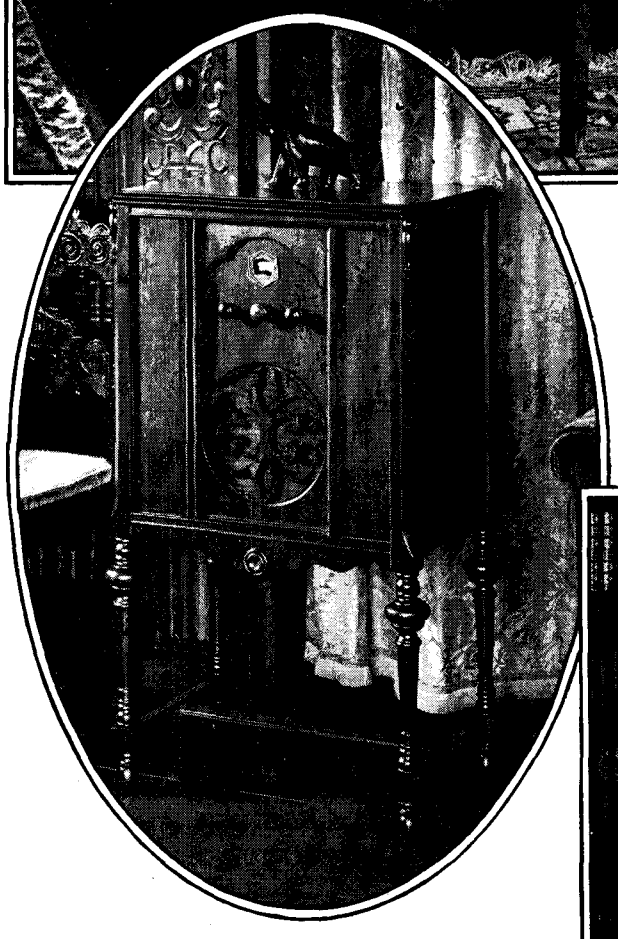
$55
without tubes,
speaker or legs.
With legs, $60
Dynacone Speaker, $18

Here is Radio's supreme value!—the new Crosley Model 31. *Panels in beautiful walnut finish.* Moderne *decorative motif in silver effect. Available without legs, as a table set, or with legs as illustrated. Speaker may, if you wish, be placed on top of cabinet. Seven tubes, including rectifier. Full neutrodyne circuit. Mershon condensers. Illuminated dial. Full A C operation. Amazing power, selectivity, sensitivity. And, with the Crosley Dynacone power speaker, marvelous tone.*

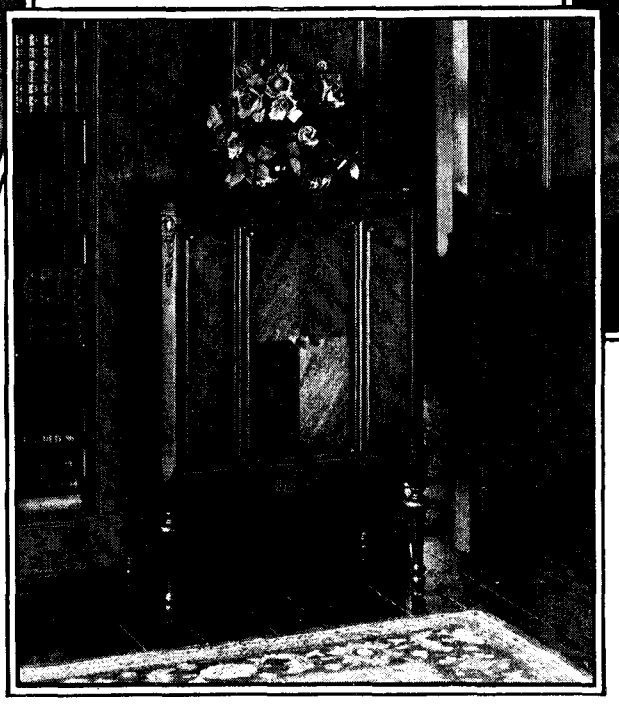


NOTE: Model 41 (*same as Model 31, but larger*) *is an eight tube set including two power tubes and rectifier, full neutrodyne circuit. $70 as a table model. Legs $5 extra.* Model 41-S, *containing Screen Grid Unitrad Set, described on opposite page, $85.*



The new Crosley Model 42 (below), *console radio in rich walnut. Eight tubes, including two power tubes and rectifier. Mershon condensers. Genuine neutrodyne circuit. Full AC operation. The new Crosley Dynacoil.* Model 42-S, *containing Screen Grid Unitrad Set, described on opposite page, $140.*

$125
without tubes



$99.50
without tubes

The new Crosley Model 32 (above). *Compact, beautifully proportioned, finished in two-tone walnut veneer. Full AC operation. Genuine neutrodyne circuit. Mershon condensers. Eight tubes including two power tubes and rectifier. Marvelously full, rich, deep tone. Includes the improved new Model F Dynacone Speaker. See it, hear it—and compare prices!*

$150
without tubes

The new Crosley Model 82 (above) *—superb new beauty . . . and performance to match! Console of exquisite matched wood. Full AC operation. Eight tubes including rectifier, and new UX 245 power output tubes, giving new richness and fullness of tone. With the new Crosley Dynacoil, a true moving-coil dynamic speaker.* Model 82-S, *containing Screen Grid Unitrad Set, described on opposite page, $160.*

NOTE: *Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West, prices slightly higher on all models.*

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Powel Crosley, Jr.

Makes his most important announcement in eight years of Radio pioneering

The finest in Radio at new LOW prices

TIME after time Crosley advertisements have been *first* to announce important new advances in Radio . . .

First with a *complete* radio set. First with *A C Radio.* First with a low-price dynamic speaker—the Dynacone . . .

And now—in this advertisement—the most signal news of all!

Not just one new feature. Not just one improvement. But a whole new line of superb models that establishes new standards of radio performance, beauty—and VALUE!

Screen Grid, of course!

Naturally, Screen Grid is a feature of the new Crosley Radio. Only *one* of the many features offered you in these splendid models *at amazingly low prices.*

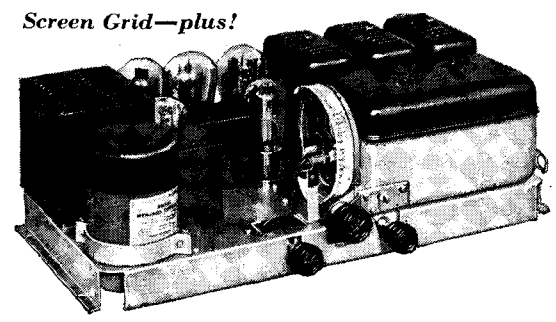
Years ago Powel Crosley, Jr., succeeded in bringing radio prices down to the level of the average pocketbook.

He concentrated on simplification, straight-line mass-production. He developed a manufacturing plant that is one of the marvels of modern industry.

His policy has been consistently: *fine radio for all, at the lowest cost of all.*

The new Crosley line is the supreme achievement of that policy. Note the prices of the models shown on these pages. Compare them, feature for feature, with others.

Screen Grid—plus!



THE SENSATIONAL NEW CROSLEY UNITRAD
(*Shown above without front panel*)

Radio engineers have pronounced it the finest radio receiving set ever produced—bar none.

It utilizes THREE 224 Screen Grid RF tubes, one 227 power detector tube, a 227 resistance coupled first audio tube, two 245 push pull output tubes, and a 280 rectifier tube—eight in all. If you are not radio-wise, ask any "fan" what that circuit means!

Its volume and tone quality are amazing. Its fidelity, sensitivity and selectivity are the best ever measured in the Crosley laboratories. The difference will astonish you!

As Model 40-S, the Crosley Unitrad (without tubes) is only $80! In this form it may be used as a simple table model, in bookshelves, etc. Or it may be installed in any cabinet you may now have or any you may purchase to suit your individual taste.

The Crosley Unitrad is also utilized in Models 41-S, 42-S, and 82-S, shown on the opposite page.

Check values dollar for dollar.

Then go to the nearest Crosley dealer and *see* these beautiful models. Something *new* in radio design—a distinctive beauty no other radio can give you. All cabinet models genuine walnut veneer. Exquisite matched-wood effects. *Quality* to the last detail!

Listen to the new Crosley models! Compare the deep, rich tone of the marvelous Dynacone and Dynacoil speakers. Test each model (Mershon condenser equipped) for selectivity, volume, power, distance. Judge them, in short, by the most rigid standards of beauty, tone quality, and performance . . . Then—once more—compare prices!

Free trial—at home

Finally, make your own decision, uninfluenced, in your own home. Have the Crosley model you wish to test sent to your house. Any Crosley dealer will be glad to do it—entirely without obligation on your part.

Note how any Crosley model adds distinction, beauty to the room you place it in. Learn, at your leisure, what Crosley engineering and Crosley production methods have made possible in radio enjoyment and satisfaction—*at the lowest cost in radio history!*

All of the new Crosley models are now on display at Crosley dealers. Call on the nearest one today! Or send for full details.

The Crosley Radio Corporation
Cincinnati, Ohio

You're there with a

CROSLEY

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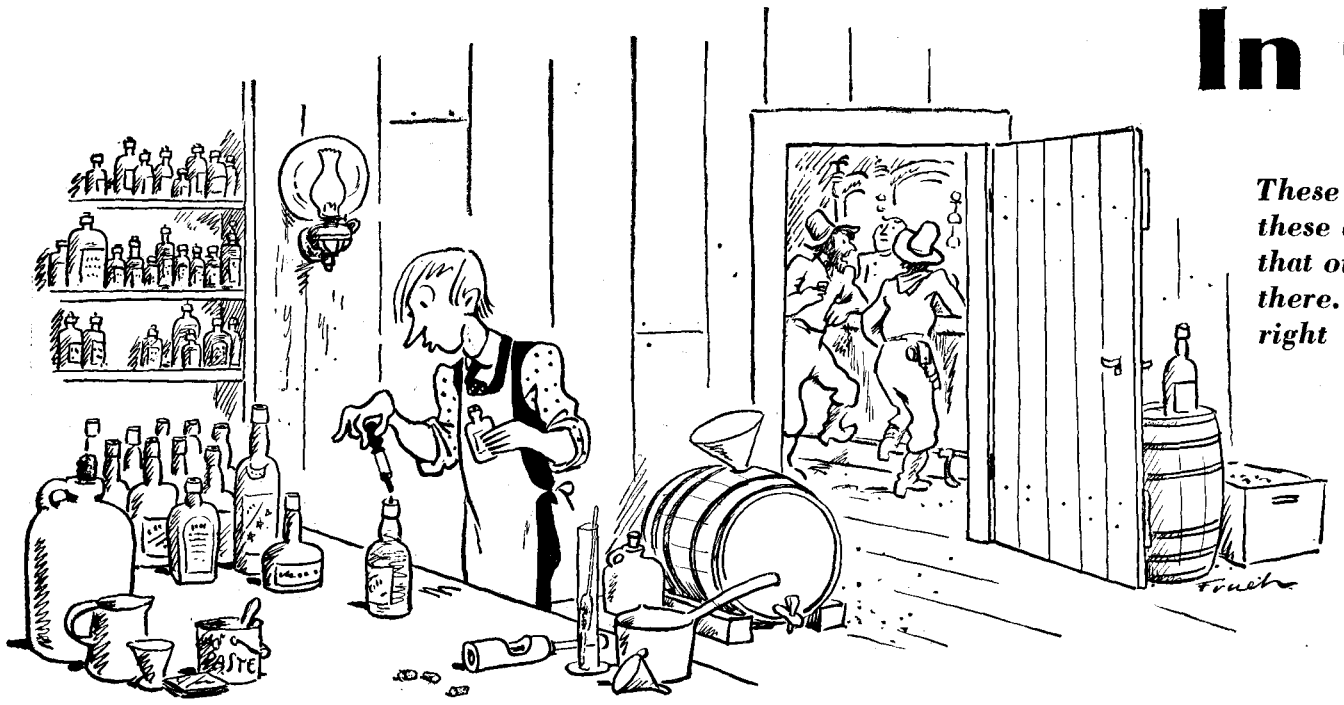
In One Ear

These ought to be told somewhere, these amusing little knick-knacks that our writers pick up here and there. And what better place than right here where we're all in a story-telling mood?

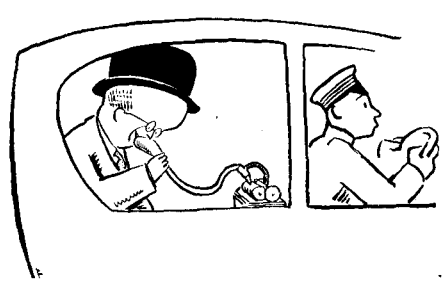


Then upon or into this basic liquid I poured essence of rye, bourbon, rum, or sherry

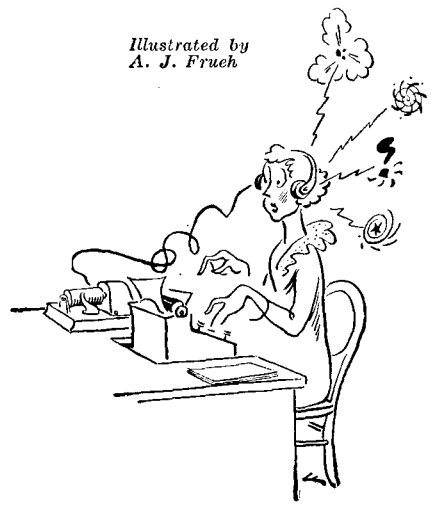
EVERY once in a while we get an interesting side light on some subject of which we treat in Collier's from one who is qualified to add something important and entertaining to what has already been printed. William G. Shepherd in a recent article had something to say regarding the liquor trade in Leadville, Colo. But here comes Frank A. Egan, now of New York City, who knew a few evils that existed out that way before ever prohibition came along. Listen to these excerpts from his delightful bag of reminiscences:

More than forty years ago I was making most of the whisky, rum, brandy, sherry, etc., that was consumed in great quantities over the swellest bar in Leadville. I did not have such a complicated rigmarole in my liquor-making as your present sugar mooners have. Working by formula I used grain alcohol cut with filtered rain or melted snow water to avoid the lead content—caramel (burned sugar) to color, prune juice to mellow and take off the bite of the alcohol, beading oil to make those appreciated little suggestive bubbles, then upon or into this basic liquid I poured essence of rye, bourbon, rum or sherry, according to the liquor the concoction purported to be, varying the color to match, of course. Having the only bar behind which stood a *white-coated* barkeeper and getting not less than two bits for anything served across it, we had no difficulty landing $20 to $25 per gallon for our *pure* stuff. What do the sugar mooners think of that? And don't forget each dollar had a full 100 cents' purchasing power, too. We averaged from seven to ten barrels per month of this homemade stuff.

For services rendered I was paid five dollars per day, board and lodging included. Tips from tipsy and other customers added another five dollars and sometimes more per day; keeping cases in Bye's Faro Bank of afternoons three dollars more, so for a youngster who, when he landed in Leadville hot—or rather very cold; it was winter—from the B. I. T. (Beautiful Indian Territory), now Oklahoma, knew as much about whisky-making, brewing, etc., as he did about Chinese philosophy, the game wasn't so worse at that. Such was my little fling in Leadville rum-making. I should have made a fortune



Illustrated by A. J. Frueh



there, as by a like token I should have made one in the B. I. T. where I visited Lake Tishomingo, where on a hot day a lighted arrow shot into it caused the *water to heave* for quite a while. Oil? Sure! But who knew it?

Another's Thoughts

Arthur Brisbane thinks aloud. In other words he talks to himself, and, so that none of the $260,000 a year pearls which pass his lips may be lost to the world, his constant accompanist is a dictating machine. His seven-passenger automobile, in which he travels to and from his office, is equipped with one of these ingenious contrivances, and hence the Great Editor, knowing that his slightest lingual lapse will be recorded on a little wax cylinder, has long since quit cussing.

He never swears. For years, so it is said, he hasn't given free rein to his ability for expression, and therefore anyone can readily imagine the surprise, even the consternation, of the young lady who transcribes the waxed wisdom when, one morning recently, upon adjusting the receivers to her ears and turning on the juice, she was greeted with a torrent of wholesome, expert profanity. Dutifully, she took it all down.

Later on, of course, the typed notes went to Mr. Brisbane's *alter ego,* Tom Andrews, who, as the secretary of his bosom, is almost as close to the great man as his dictaphone, and Tom was equally shocked. He promptly investigated, and found that Jerry Drake, the chauffeur who shuttles Mr. Brisbane and his dictograph back and forth between the office and his home, had, while straightening up the rugs in the car, accidentally turned on the switch of the dictograph; and as Mr. Drake at that very moment happened to be talking to *himself* the machine got loaded up with a lot of honest, he-man language which, although it bit deep into the wax, never did find its way into the paper.

The Snob

On a fall afternoon in 1909 a special train was racing, as fast as it could turn a wheel, from Washington to Buffalo. It tore into Rochester, came to a stop and was immediately boarded by a couple of sporty-looking gents who seemed to be in a hurry to get to Buffalo.

"Here," said the conductor in charge, "you can't ride this train. It's a private special."

"Special for what and for who?" asked the sports as they looked at a thick-set man seated alone in the parlor car. "Say, ask that guy—will you—if we can't ride with him."

The thick-set man in the parlor car heard the conversation, turned, glanced enigmatically at the sports and then resumed his reading.

The sports got off and as the train pulled away they expressed their feelings to a bystander.

"Who is that snob," they growled, "to pitch us out? Where does he think he gets off; where's he going?"

"Well," drawled the bystander, "he's headed for the White House. His name's Theodore Roosevelt; he's the Vice President of the United States and that train is taking him to Buffalo where, in case you don't know it, President McKinley is dying."

Plugging the Hole

A good many years ago "Tama Jim," as Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson of Iowa was called, asked for an appropriation for an agricultural building. The appropriation was forthcoming. It was a sizable appropriation as such things went in those days. It looked large enough, to the person of ordinary vision, for an adequate agricultural building.

Under Tama Jim's manipulation, the appropriation was used in erecting two large structures quite a distance apart.

"You were given an appropriation to erect 'a building,' " they complained to him, "and you have built instead two buildings!"

"No," Tama Jim would say, "I have built only a building with a big hole in it."

Today the main building of the Department of Agriculture, which long ago outgrew the wings built by the prophetic-minded Wilson, is under construction. The amount of money necessary to plug the hole Tama Jim left in his one building is $8,000,000.

Only Make-up Needed

When James J. Jeffries was defeated at Reno by the Negro, Jack Johnson, the ex-champ was about as miserable and humiliated as ever mortal man could be. For weeks he sulked alone and would have traffic with no one, not even the convivial spirits who frequented his own palatial bar.

At last, however, he was persuaded to come back and mix with the fellows again, but before his arrival solemn warning was sounded regarding his low spirits. The need of infinite tact was stressed and particular importance was made of the fact that no one must mention his defeat. The committee in charge especially cautioned a midget known as Major who was a regular hanger-on of the place.

"Now, Major," they said, "you've got to be particularly careful 'cause you're

always blurting out things. Watch yourself."

The Major was indignant but he promised to be careful.

When Jim actually showed up all went merrily until, after several rounds, the big fighter got playful. He reached down, seized the Major by the seat of his diminutive trousers and set him up on the bar. The Major spluttered indignantly but slipped down again. Once more Jeffries picked him up unceremoniously and he only laughed when the little fellow protested. Finally the Major could stand the indignity no longer.

"You big so and so," he spluttered, "if you do that again, I'll go out and black up and come back in here and whale tar out of you!"

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B.V.D. — the Underwear of Quality

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The illustration shows the B. V. D. Union Suit. Its famous one-piece construction insures comfort at the waistline—at the shoulders—at the crotch. It is tailored to fit the body—at rest or in motion. There is a size for every build. For those men who prefer their underwear in two pieces, B. V. D. offers a wide selection. There are two types of B. V. D. Shirts—the Knit Pull-Over Shirt and the Coat Shirt. The Coat Shirt is made of B. V. D. nainsook, the same material as used in the B. V. D. Union Suit—a cloth combining light weight with long wear. B. V. D. Knee Drawers, also made of B. V. D. nainsook, are growing in popularity—may be worn with either Coat Shirt or Knit Shirt. B. V. D. Shorts are made in whites, solid colors, neat stripes and colorful patterns. The colors are fast. Take your choice—but make sure of two things—(1) ASK for and (2) LOOK for B. V. D.

B. V. D. PRODUCTS
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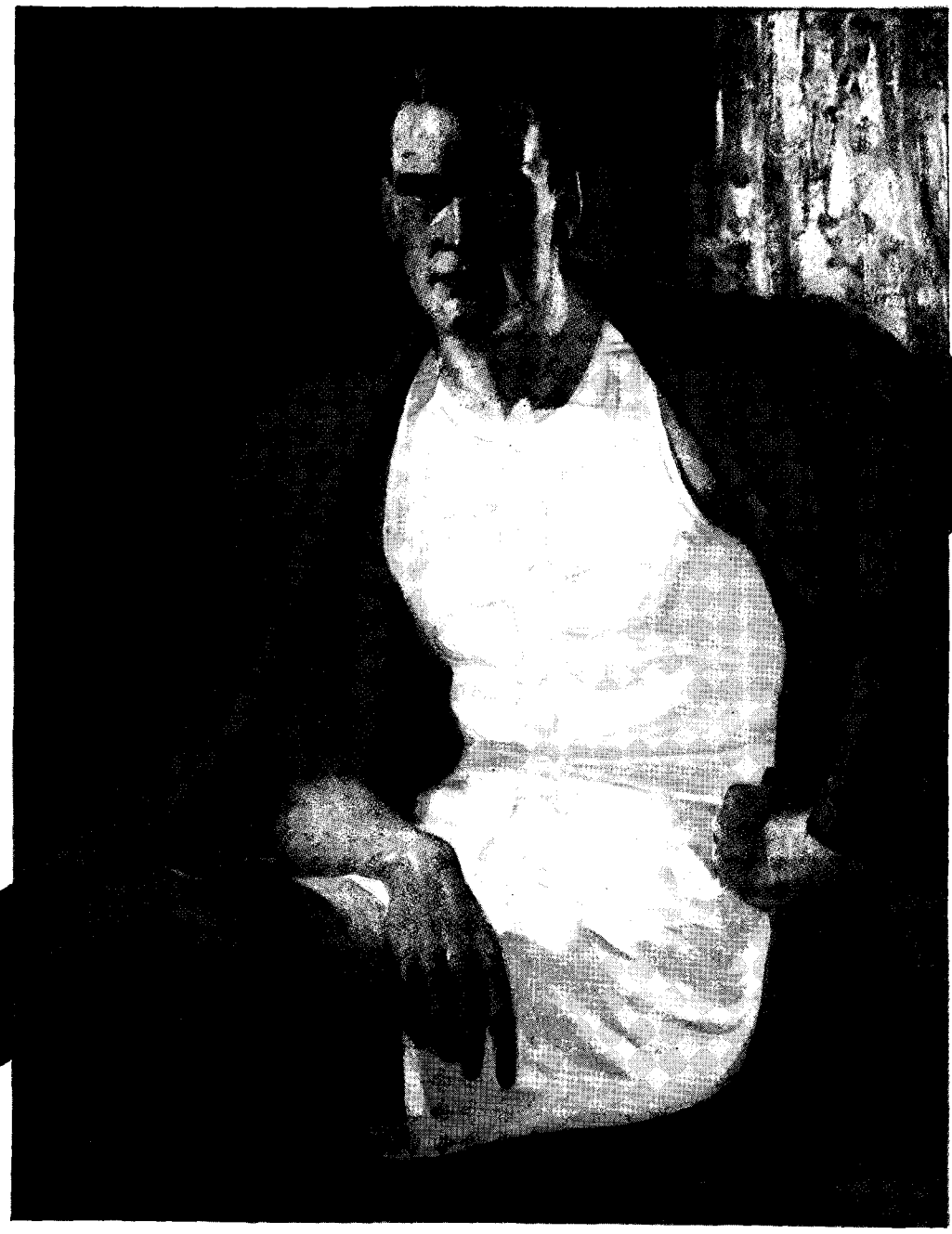
SHORTS — YOUTHS' UNION SUITS — CHILDREN'S WAIST SUITS



MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

B.V.D.

The three letters B. V. D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of The B. V. D. Co., Inc. It will pay you to look for them.

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The illustration shows the famous B. V. D. UNION SUIT. $1.35 the suit

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The Rook

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Jeffery Farnol

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

"Ha, the devil!" he exclaimed with a strange, wild look. "'Twas the Rook—the accursed Rook!" He smote the board

"VERY 'ot, it be," quoth Landlord John, mopping his rubicund visage.

"Ay, it is, John," answered little Parson Mildmay. "I trust it won't keep Sir Robert from our customary game."

"Not a 'ot day, sir! Fire nor flood wouldn't keep 'im away. I know 'im well, sir! Me, as seen him rally our broken line at Malplaquet, so bold and cool, when he lost his arm! And yonder 'e comes I do b'lieve!" and away sped Landlord John as horsehoofs clattered in the yard below; and very presently he was back again to usher in Sir Robert Madden, squire of Isfield, a big, hearty man who, tossing hat and riding-whip on the settle, flapped his empty right sleeve at Parson Mildmay in cheery greeting.

"How are ye, Will, man?" quoth he, clasping the little cleric's spare shoulder, affectionately. "Aha, the armies stand ready marshaled, I see," he laughed, gesturing towards the chess-board. "Well, have at ye!"

He tugged at the bell-rope. "Mary lass," said he to the trim maid who answered, "ask the gentleman who rode in with me to walk upstairs. I know him not—I met him on the road," he added. "But he expressed a desire to watch our game."

And presently, with quick, light tread and jingle of spurs, a courteous stranger entered, a slim, neat man in Ramillie wig and laced coat, who bowed to each in turn, hat a-flourish.

"Gentlemen, I protest you're very kind!" said he, drawing up a chair as the others, bowing their acknowledgments, seated themselves at the table. "As an humble student of this great and ancient game, I thank you."

The game began. At once the Squire became fierce-eyed and tremendously grim, the Parson remained as mildly serene as ever, while the Stranger watched each move with an expression keenly alert, as the game progressed.

Presently the little Parson spoke:

"Sir Robert, my dear Bob, I give you checkmate!"

"Egad and checkmate it is, Will!" exclaimed the Squire.

The Stranger, keen gaze upon the pieces, hitched his chair a little nearer:

"Your pardon, sir," said he, "but had you brought up your knight—"

"Sir," cried the Squire, rising, "up and at it; take my seat, play him yourself and if you win, by George, we'll have a bottle to celebrate your victory, egad!"

"Sir," said the Stranger, taking the proffered chair with a certain eagerness, "I vow you're very kind!"

The pieces were set, Parson and the Stranger bowed to each other and began to play.

Move followed move in a hushed and expectant silence, until at last Sir Robert leaned back and chuckled:

"'Fore gad, Will, 'tis no blundering soldier thou'rt facing now!"

"Indeed, no, Bob!" murmured the little Parson, studying the pieces with his gentle, untroubled eyes. "'Tis desperate attack and I'm hard beset, still I do not despair," and he moved his Queen.

"CHECK, sir!" said the Stranger, instantly countering with a Bishop.

"How now, Will, man?" quoth the Squire. "He hath thee front and flank!"

"'Tis awkward situation, Bob, yet excellent game!"

And now was silence again while the battle raged—attack and counter-attack, cunning feints, bold advances and masterly retreats. . . .

"Hey . . . Will . . ." gasped the Squire suddenly, "by heaven . . . thy Queen's lost, man!" The Parson nodded:

"'Twould seem so, Bob—ay, 'tis gone!" he sighed as the Stranger swept it from the board. "Ay, my Queen is no more, but"—his small hand moved the Castle, "I thus give—checkmate!"

A moment's breathless silence, the Stranger's chair fell crashing:

"Ha, the devil!" he exclaimed with a strange, wild look. "'Twas the Rook—the accursed Rook!" and he smote the board so violently that divers of the pieces leapt through the open lattice into the yard below. "Ha, by God, the curse is on me!" Then, snatching up hat and whip, "Gentlemen," said he in the same strange agitation, "I crave your pardon, but—"

"Sir," quoth the Squire, black brows knit across hawk-nose, "you ha' need . . . some explanation—"

"'Tis simple and mayhap you'll judge sufficiently foolish, sirs. I am a man o' desperate ventures . . . I am superstitious . . . it hath been foretold me . . . ah, I was warned . . . warned 'gainst the Rook!"

"Incredible folly, sir—" cried the Squire.

"Sir, I pray it may prove so—farewell!" And with the word, he was gone; they heard the jingle of his spurs upon the stair and a moment or so thereafter a wild gallop dying rapidly in distance.

"The gentleman would seem in desperate haste, Bob," quoth the little Parson, placid gaze upon the open lattice. "A something strange person! Yet he played notable good game, Bob! Ay, had not my Queen lured him—"

"Hah, 'twas loss strategic, then?"

"Bob, even so!"

"Then faith, we'll crack a bottle; thou'rt mightier player e'en than I dreamed thee, Will." Reaching for the bell-rope, Sir Robert paused as from the road came sudden hubbub, loud voices . . . a noise of horses . . . and then, clear-ringing on the stilly evening air, a sharp report, followed by others in rapid succession.

"Pistol shots!" said the Squire.

DESCENDING to the inn-yard they beheld a crowd of villagers, who, espying Sir Robert's tall, familiar presence, touched their hats, grinned and stood aside, showing four sturdy fellows hauling between them a man, torn and bloody, in whom they recognized the polite Stranger.

"Why, how's this? What's here?" demanded Sir Robert. "I'm a magistrate—what do ye with this gentleman?"

"Gentleman, your honor?" cried one of the four with hoarse laugh. "This same fine gentleman be Cap'n Jasper the Highwayman!"

"Eh—are ye sure?"

"As death, your honor. Knows 'is face, I do! Knows 'is hoss, I do—nothin' on four legs to catch his bay mare, but she went lame an' no wonder—caught in 'er hoof, jammed 'twixt shoe and frog was—this here!" and the speaker held up a Red Castle.

"So . . . you see—gentlemen," gasped the pallid captive, "the prophecy was . . . true! That accursed . . . Rook!"

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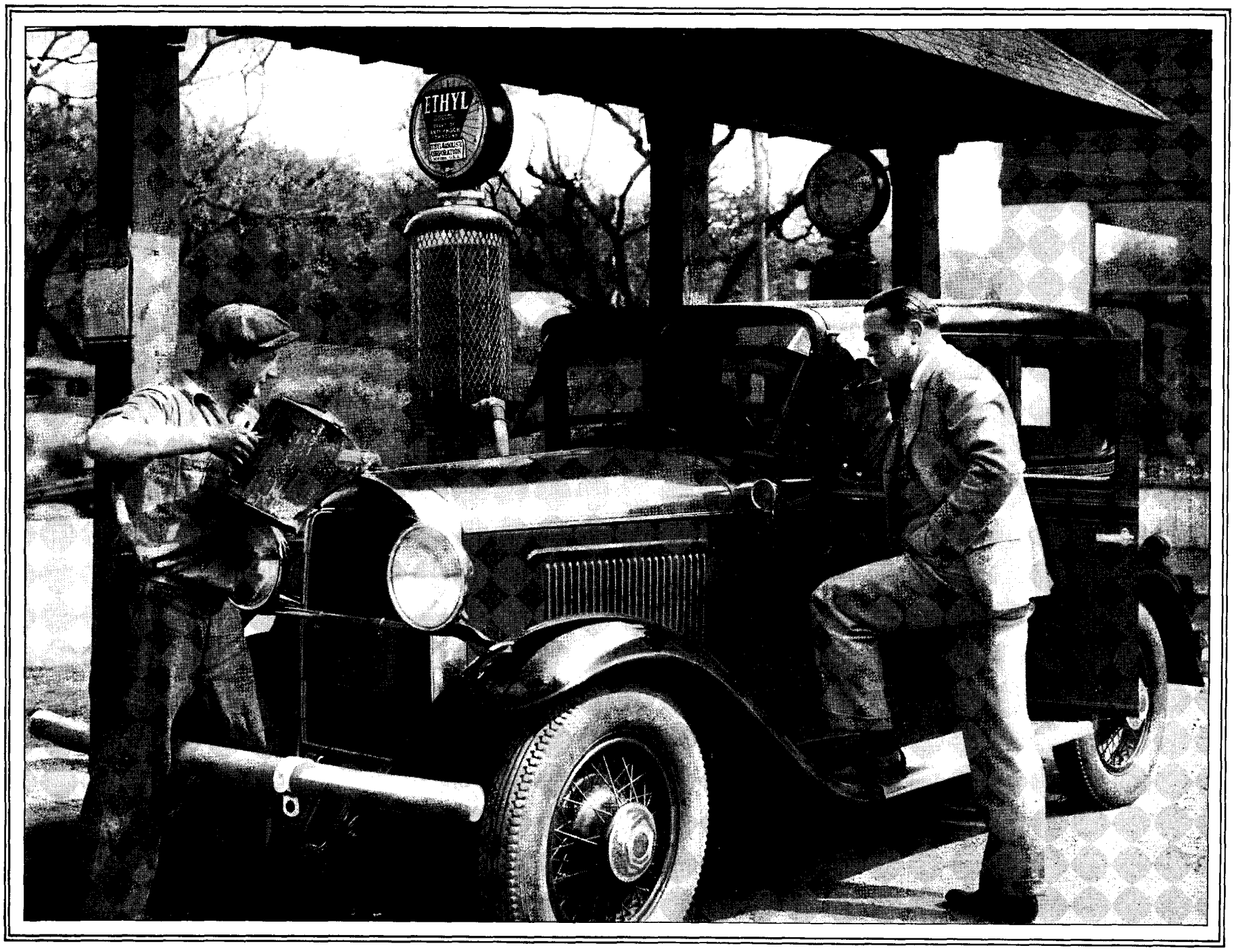


"Ethyl would have made your car run cooler"

A MOST remarkable thing about Ethyl Gasoline is that, in eliminating the "knock," it makes the motor run cooler, and at the same time yield more power. The reason is that only a certain number of the heat units in gasoline are converted into power by the engine. The rest must be dissipated through the cooling system and the exhaust.

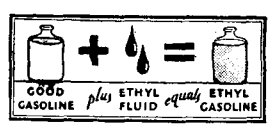
Ethyl Gasoline changes more of those units into power, thus reducing the number that enter the cooling system and exhaust. Therefore it makes the engine run cooler.

The extra power it produces eases strain on the engine. Reduced gear shifting and faster pick-up contribute to cooler, smoother, more comfortable motoring.

Ethyl is good gasoline turned into *better gasoline* by the addition of Ethyl fluid. This is the anti-knock compound developed by automotive science after years of research to increase the efficiency of gasoline as a motor fuel.

Leading oil companies mix it with their gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline because they know Ethyl improves the efficiency of any car whatever its type or age.

Start riding with Ethyl today. Look for a pump bearing the Ethyl emblem.



Knocks out that "knock"

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, 25 Broadway, New York City, 56 Church St., Toronto, Can., 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, Eng.

ETHYL GASOLINE

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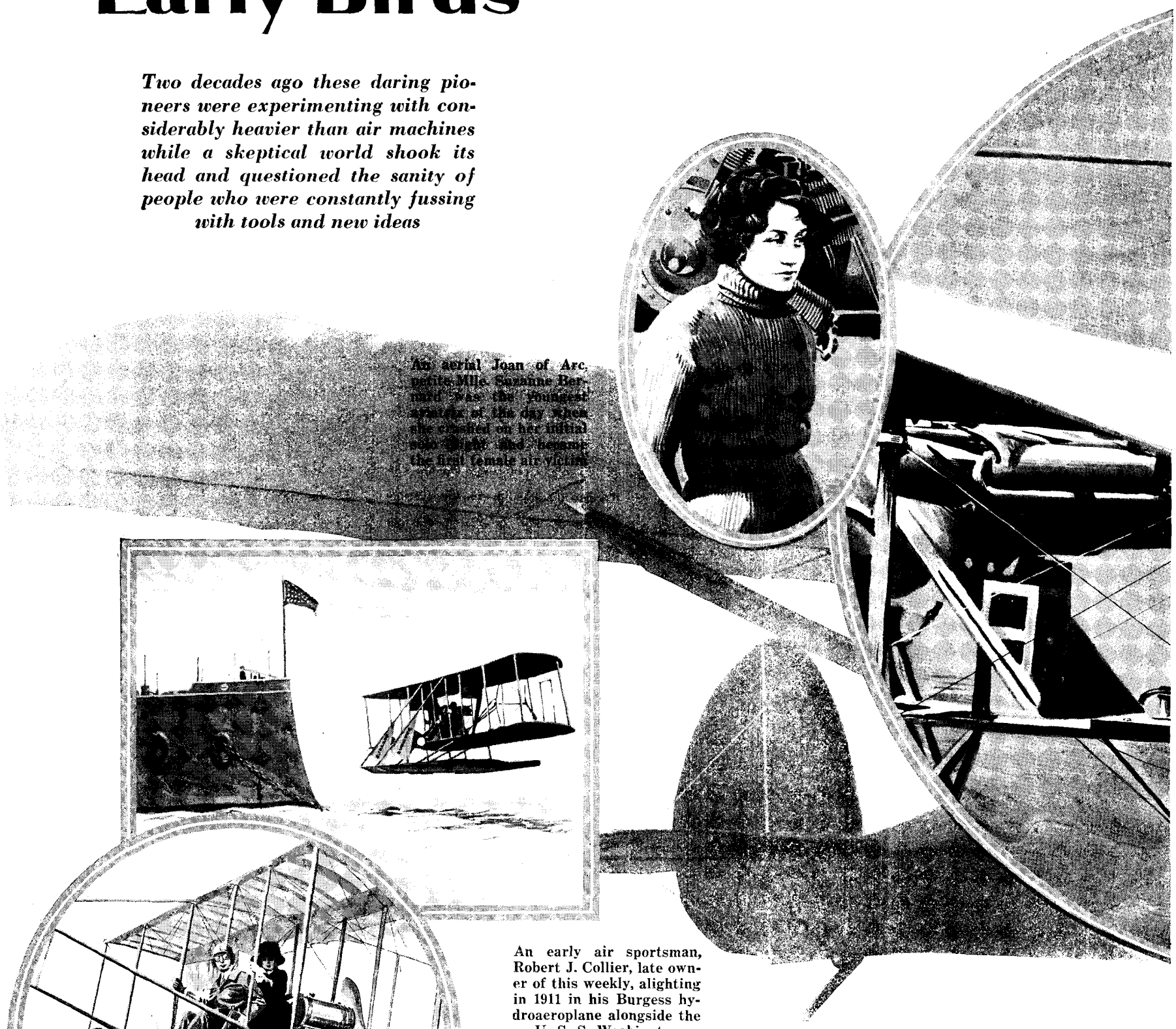
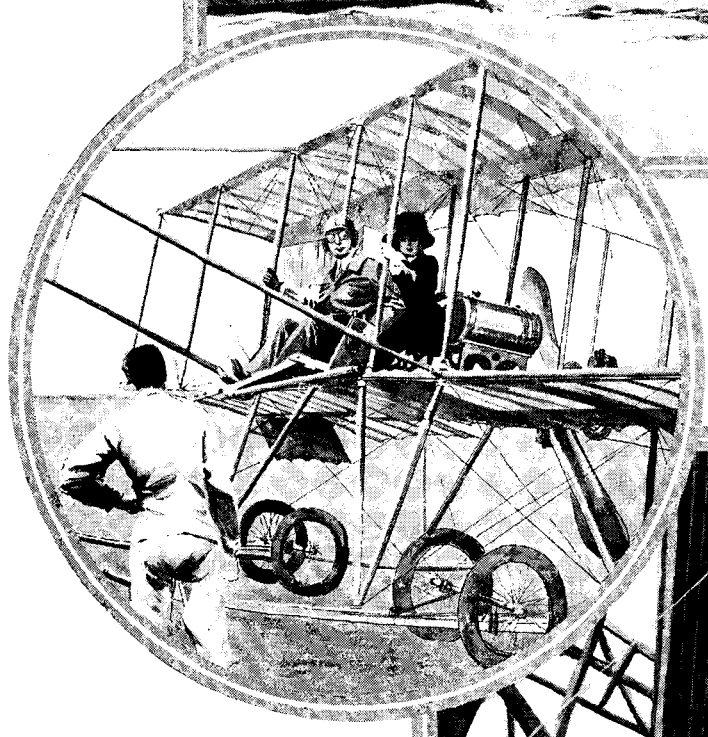
Early Birds

Two decades ago these daring pioneers were experimenting with considerably heavier than air machines while a skeptical world shook its head and questioned the sanity of people who were constantly fussing with tools and new ideas

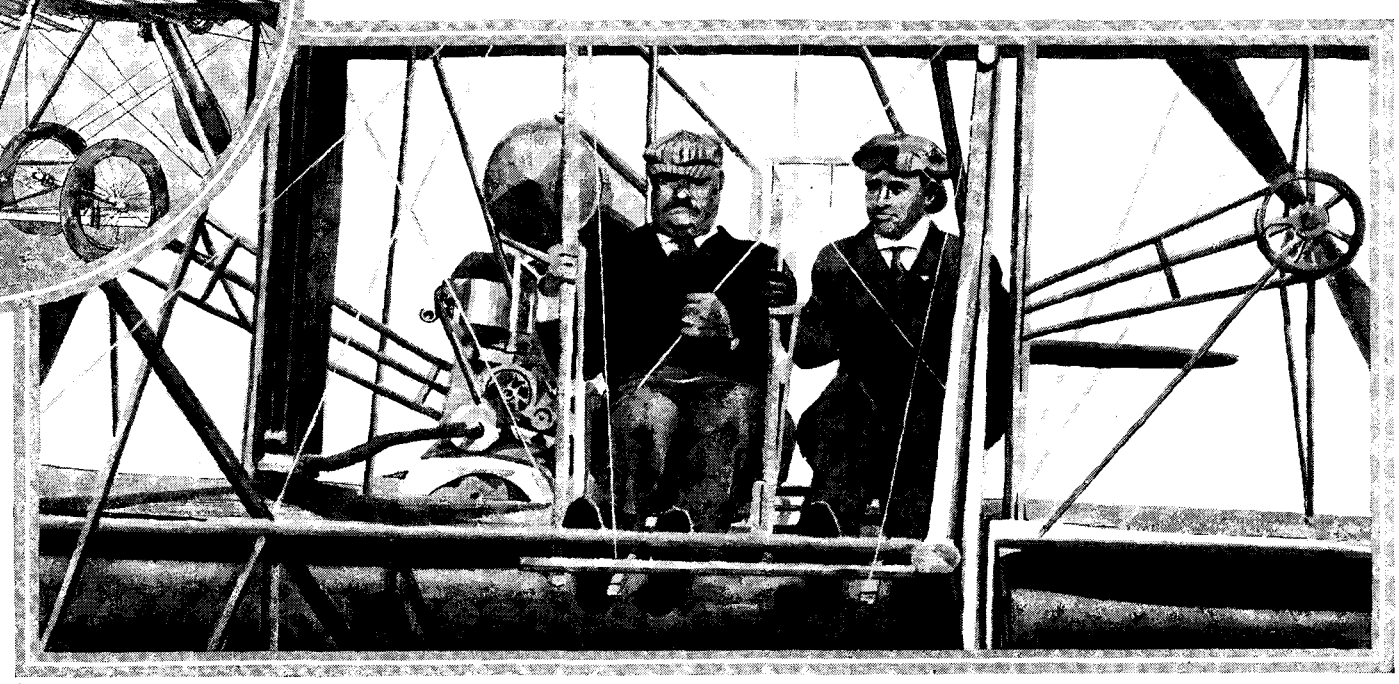


An aerial Joan of Arc, petite Mlle. Suzanne Bernard was the youngest aviatrix of the day when she essayed on her initial solo flight and became the first female air victim

An early air sportsman, Robert J. Collier, late owner of this weekly, alighting in 1911 in his Burgess hydroaeroplane alongside the U. S. S. Washington



Aviation crashed the Social Register in 1910 when the present Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt rode tandem with Clifford B. Harmon in this flimsy contraption, a pusher biplane



Teddy appears to be hanging on for dear life beside Arch Hoxsey, but remember, those bicycle seats weren't exactly easy chairs. By the way, Mr. Roosevelt is the only President who ever flew

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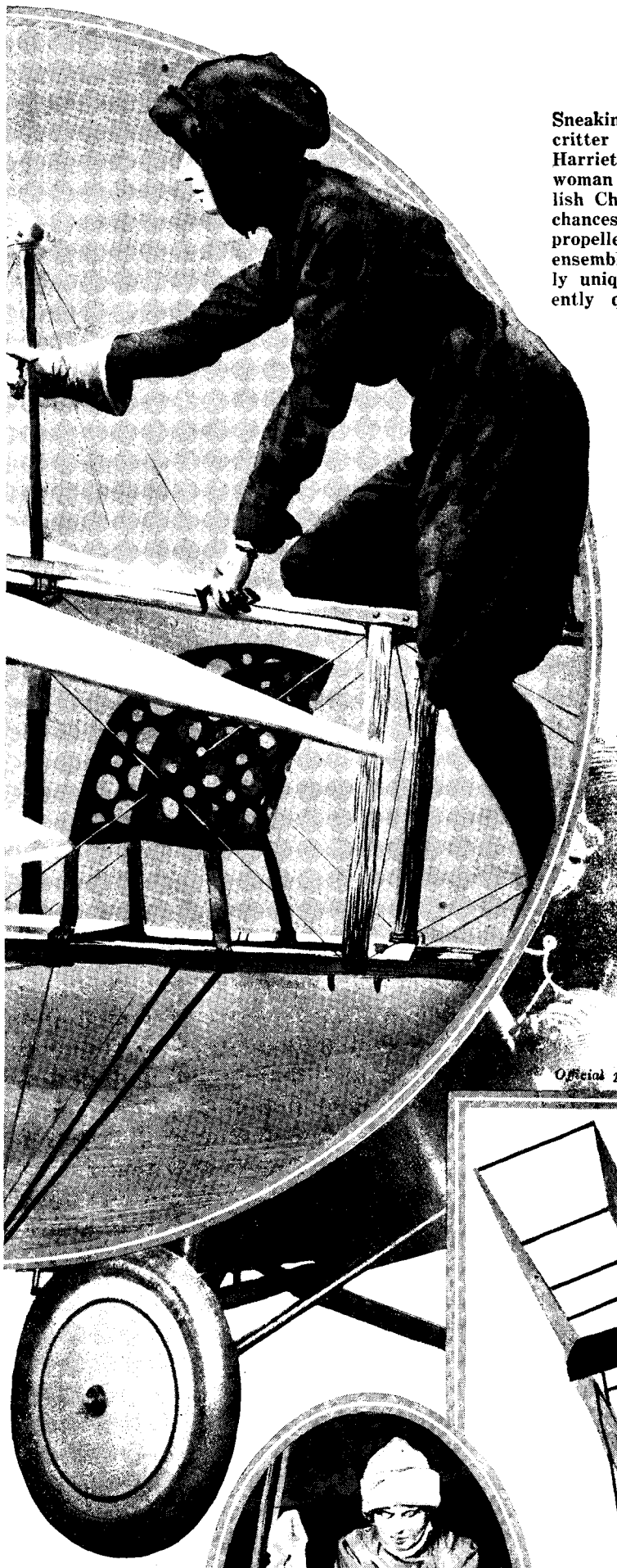
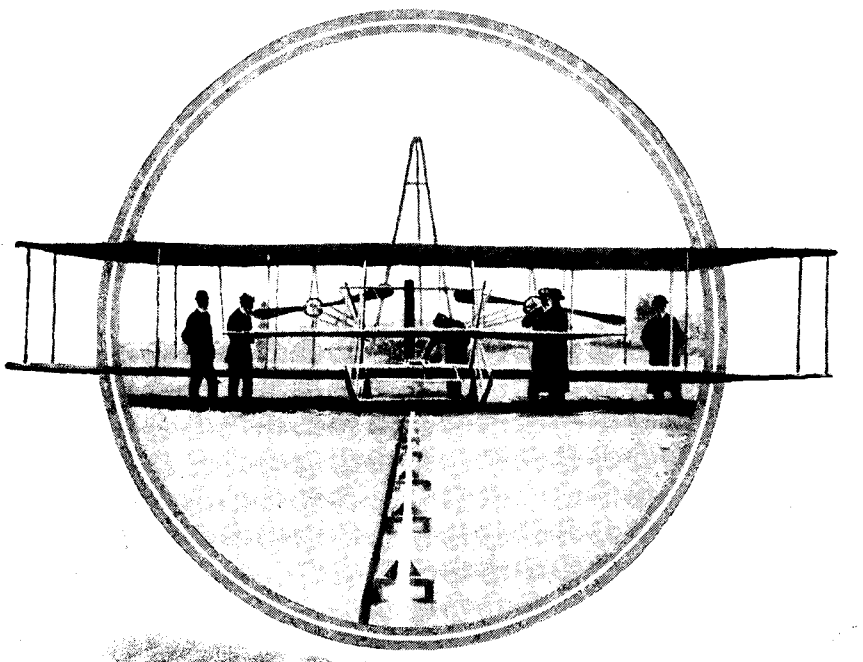
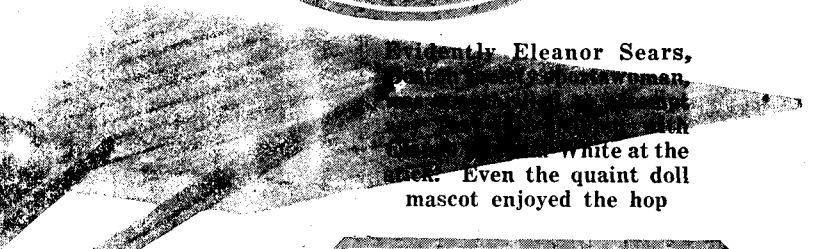


Sneaking up on the critter from the rear, Harriet Quimby, first woman to fly the English Channel, took no chances with whirling propellers. Her flying ensemble was decidedly unique and apparently quite practical

When the Wrights delivered this plane to the government in 1909 as the first of our flying fleet, riding the rail was the only means of taking off in it. If the elaborate catapult device of ropes and weights didn't function, the pilot probably stayed on the ground and decided the weather was too rough anyhow





Evidently Eleanor Sears, [illegible] White at the [illegible]. Even the quaint doll mascot enjoyed the hop

Official photograph U. S. Army Air Corps

Helene Dutrieu was another youthful airess with a flair for the Paris mode in her winging wardrobe. In 1910 white toques and gloves were still effete with oil-spattered mechanicians

Orville Wright did an impromptu trapeze act every time his glider tried an early version of the tail spin

Relic of the first air-mail demonstration in world's history with Earle Ovington piloting. Today the daily mileage is around 50,000

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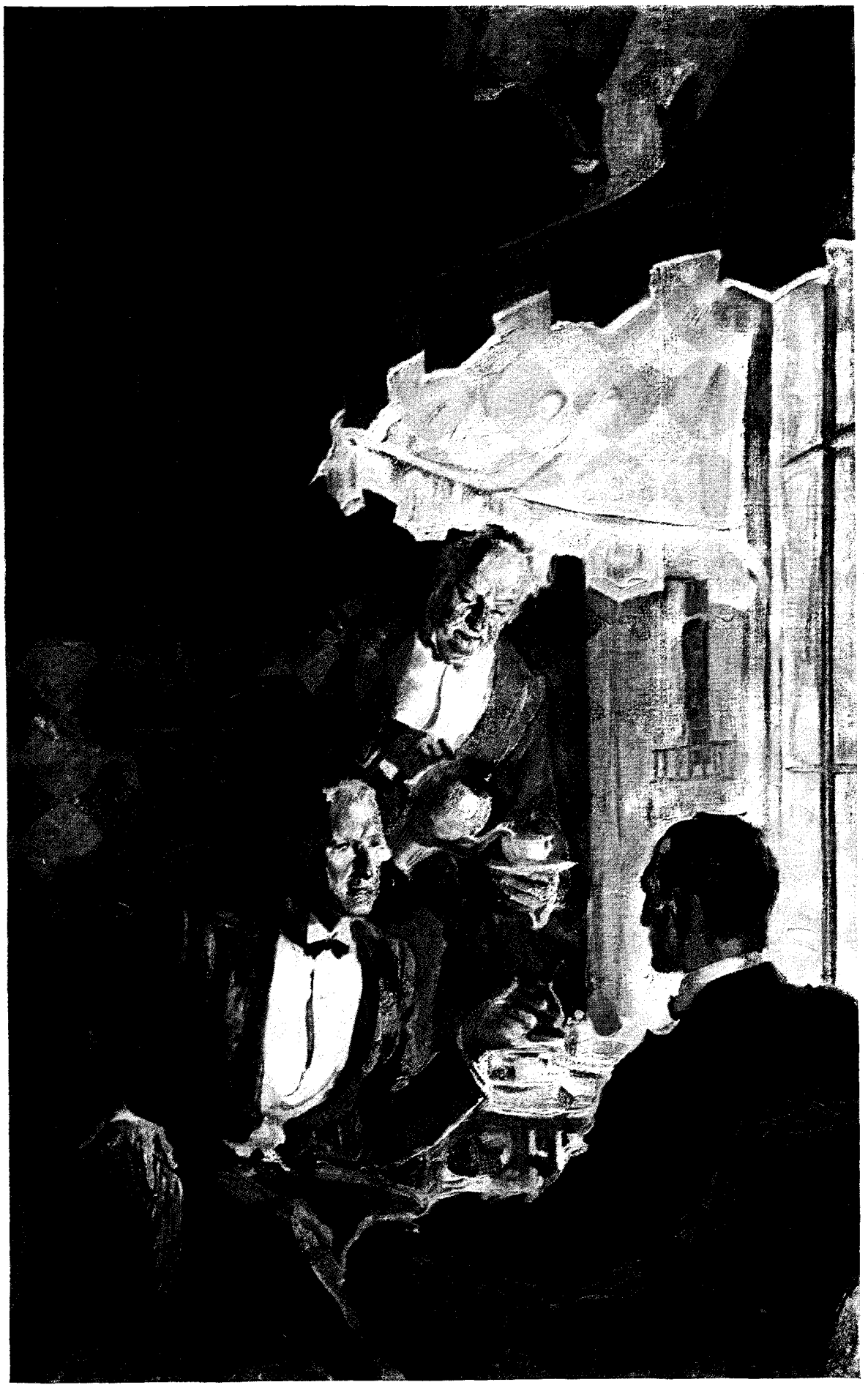
"I'll reorganize the business . . . if you'll reorganize *Yourself*"



"LISTEN, old man. You've come to me as your banker, your counsellor, your friend. You want to reorganize your business . . . refinance and expand. You have a right to . . . with your success. But I'm going to give you this straight from the shoulder. Your company is paying you $60,000 a year salary, and it's your brains they're paying for . . . not the number of hours you spend at your desk. And at least a fourth of your time is spent at a lot of detail that isn't $60,000 stuff. You think you're being thorough . . . but you're just being thoroughly behind the times in that one direction. If the business is to be expanded it will need all of your $60,000 brain all the time . . . not just part of it. We'll reorganize the business if you'll reorganize yourself . . ."

• • •

SO HE set out to revise his working scheme. Hunted methods and machines to lighten the burden of detail that kept the full light of his mind from penetrating into the problems of the business.

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THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

Stalked them through a jungle of claims and counter-claims. Listened to an army of "special pleaders," each bubbling with the virtues of his own particular office appliance, system, or device.

And he ended up in a fog . . . until . . .

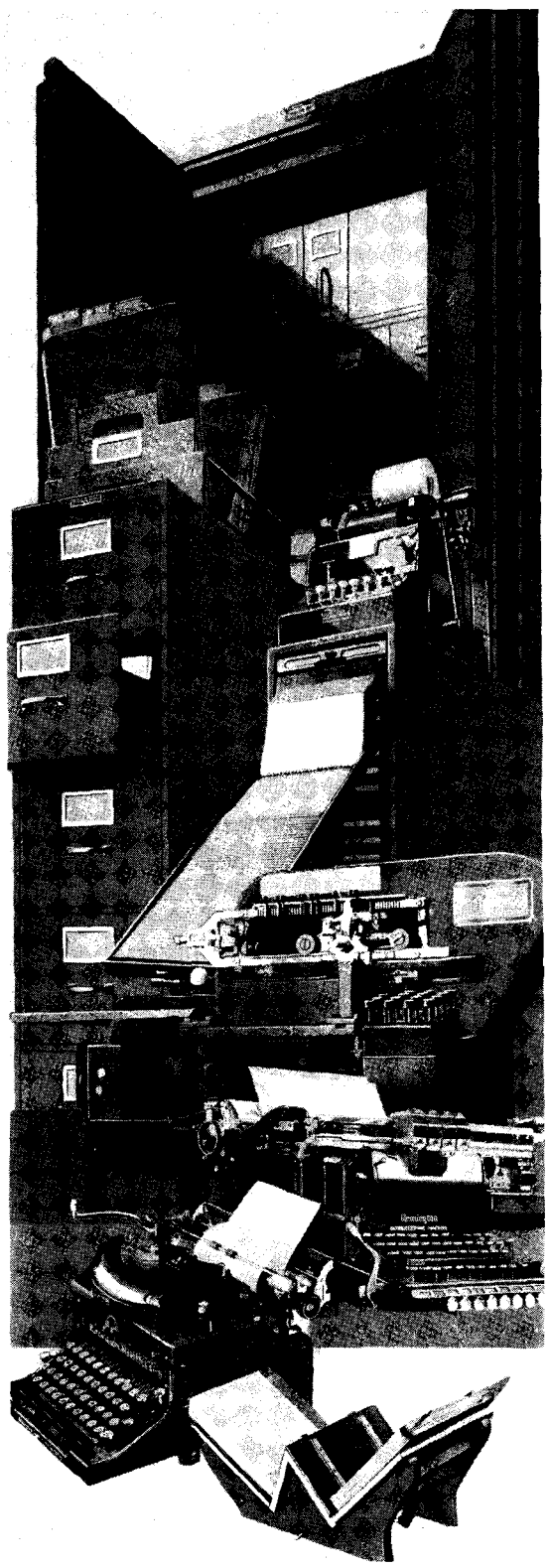
One day a friend told him of a new thing in American business . . . a new company that was a consolidation of the cream of all the fine old business equipment companies. A company that could give him sound, unbiased advice, because they sold all types of business equipment, and were freed from all selfish necessity of stressing one above the other.

And that ended the problem.

REMINGTON RAND *is all things to all businesses . . .*

NO MATTER what the management problem is . . . whether it concerns a corner store or a huge chain of factories . . . Remington Rand is the one firm equipped to solve it.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



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Still Waters

By Frederic F. Van de Water

The story thus far:

RICHARD YORK of Aristides, N. Y., is accused of murdering his uncle, Adrian York. Circumstantial evidence against him is damningly complete.

Driven to desperation by the venomous brutality of Chief of Police Clow, Richard breaks free and escapes. He is given temporary shelter by Desire Minot, daughter of the district attorney, who is convinced of his innocence. She was, until lately, engaged to him.

Forced once more to flee, Richard is seen by state troopers Tarleton and Conway, but eludes them and finds refuge in the attic of a deserted cabin in the mountains. He sees a load of liquor delivered by airplane and stored in the cabin, and hears arrangements made for its disposal. Convinced that the bootleggers are responsible for his uncle's murder, he sends an urgent message by a farm boy to Desire to send trooper Tarleton to him.

"Dip" Tucket, trouble-shooter for the liquor syndicate, arrived with Richard in Aristides on the night before the murder. Richard, desperately attempting to drown his sorrow at his broken engagement, went with Tucket to Ehud Meister's speakeasy and later invited Tucket to his uncle's house for the night. On the way they stopped at the summer house. Richard caught sight of a pile of liquor cases. Tucket denied seeing them. Next day Richard mentioned them to his uncle. A few hours later Adrian York's body was found near the summer house—which proved to be empty.

Tucket came to Aristides to adjust an open feud between McGrogan and Meister who, between them, control the local bootlegging. The situation is complicated by the embittered rivalry of Meister and Chief of Police Clow, his secret partner, over Rose Michaux.

Skeen, the taciturn chauffeur for the Minots, leaves their employ.

Meister is found strangled in his speakeasy, his money gone. Three people have been seen entering and leaving the place: Clow, Tucket and Rose Michaux.

Meister's watch is missing, but a clock, fallen to the floor, has stopped at one twenty-seven. Clow was with the district attorney at one fifteen. Conway, inspecting the dust-covered dial, suddenly notices that it is wiped clean for three quarters of the circle.

VI

"SOMEONE," Conway ventured, "set this thing recently."

"Well?" the district attorney exclaimed with a trace of impatience.

"Set it forward forty-five minutes," the trooper mused aloud, the thrill of his discovery banishing self-consciousness. "Maybe after Meister was killed."

"Yes," Minot agreed after a pause, his eyes fixed on that faintly polished trail around the dial. "That is possible. But what for?"

"Three quarters of an hour before twenty-seven minutes past one," Conway ventured, "was before the girl came here and before the little guy—Tucket—came here. It must have been just about the time Chief Clow left to drive out to your house."

"You don't mean to insinuate for a minute," Minot snorted, "that Chief—"

"Didn't he find a watch out where Adrian York was killed?" the trooper retorted, "and wasn't it hard for him to explain the time that pointed to? Well—"

MINOT waved both hands in a gesture of overstrained credulity.

"Preposterous!" he exclaimed angrily. "You police would rather catch each other than arrest criminals. Clow didn't find the watch. Andrus, my assistant, did."

The affronted expression on his thin face, the cold glitter behind the eyeglasses faintly dismayed the young trooper.

"Corporal Tarleton," he blurted defensively, "isn't sure that York killed his uncle, either. He's suspicious about that watch, too. And somebody did reset this clock. If Clow planted that watch, he wouldn't slip on the matter of time twice. He'd set this clock, so—"

"If Corporal Tarleton thinks that," Minot retorted acidly, "he's an ass, and it seems to be contagious. Suppose someone has reset this clock, what does it prove?"

"Only," Conway hesitated, embarrassed, "that—"

"Only that someone reset the clock," the district attorney interrupted in shrill exasperation. "When? Today or yesterday or God knows when. And furthermore," he added triumphantly, "can you tell whether it was set forward or back? No. Of course you can't. You read too much detective fiction. If you look at it any longer you'll arrest me for killing both Adrian York and Meister. Come on. If you see Clow, tell him I'm waiting at headquarters."

Still resentful and numb from the lash of Minot's scornful speech, the trooper dropped at the hilltop from the running-board of the car in which the district attorney rode and walked aimlessly down Main Street. Too inexperienced to cling to a theory under the blast of higher authority's derision, he thought no more of the clock and the telltale arc in its dusty dial but surrendered to the morbidly pleasant occupation of resurrecting particularly biting fragments of the district attorney's tirade and evolving even more cutting responses thereto.

The choked coughing of a locomotive roused him at length and he saw the three o'clock train pulling out of the station, a block away. Upon the platform, men struggled, a black agitated knot that grew as reënforcements rushed into the confusion. Above the pulsing rumble of the train's departure, Conway heard a savage clamor of strife boil up, rise higher into shrillness. The uneasy mass congested, dilated and blew apart into men who waved their arms and yelled as they streamed toward him.

Instinctively he detached his riot stick from his belt. In the seconds intervening before the chase reached him, he recognized the pursued, a little man in shepherd's plaid, no longer dapper but panting, disheveled, his face a white and scarlet mask of terror. Behind him, in the dark cinder dust rising from the station yard, the faces of the pursuers flickered. A stone sailed ever so slowly through the air and smote Dip Tucket between the shoulders so that he plunged with a squeaky whimper of pain and almost fell into Conway's arms.

The fugitive's mouth hung open. His eyes were glazed by fright and pain, but he struggled against the trooper's grasp with a feeble terror. Conway held him tight and helpless, and the first of the pursuers to arrive yelped and struck Tucket in the face. The little man's head sagged forward. He would have dropped if his captor had let go.

About the pair black dust smoked skyward from milling feet and filled the air with the reek of soft coal. Through the thickening haze, faces pulled out of shape by passion swam before the trooper. The clashing storm of voices was merging, growing articulate.

"LYNCH him," they chanted. "Lynch him."

Hands, thwarting each other by their numbers, scrambled for Conway's prisoner, tried to pull him away. He shifted his hold upon Tucket's body and swung his riot stick. Twice it landed with solidity that thrilled him. Squawks of pain pierced the brutal clamor, and his immediate assailants drew back.

But more men were coming, shadows through the thickening dust. The mob circled him, pausing for that instant of hesitation that precedes a concerted rush. Half dragging, half leading the semi-conscious little man, Conway wheeled about and charged. The crowd parted, dismayed by his sudden move, and the trooper found himself against the brick wall of a freight shed. With this assuring solidity behind him, he faced the mob.

They formed a wide, hesitant semicircle about the panting man in gray and his still dazed captive. As the increasing press behind thrust the unwilling front rank forward, Conway let the riot stick dangle from his wrist and drew his revolver. The savagely hilarious roar of many voices slackened. Those near at hand struggled earnestly to get away from this palely ominous

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figure in gray with the glitter of the big Colt in his fist.

"Well?" Conway invited grimly. No one replied, but a segment of the semicircle was agitated where, from its rear, a bulky figure in blue began to tear through.

"What's the trouble?" the trooper persisted. Babel answered him, from which he could draw only fragments of speech.

"Damn' murderer—station—got away from the chief—murdered Ehud—Chief Clow—"

Some enthusiast well in the rear set up again the rattling yelp of "Lynch him." Other voices picked it up, dwindled and died as Conway, very deliberately, placed a finger forward of the trigger of his gun.

"Careful," he advised. "This has an awful easy pull."

The man at whom the weapon pointed shrank and then lifted an uneasily placative voice.

"Law's the law, trooper," he conceded. "We ain't gonna interfere. We only chased him when he got away from the chief."

Tucket rubbed a trickle of blood from his forehead into a ghastly smear, pulled himself erect, hiccuped and tugged weakly at the fist with which Conway still gripped him.

"OFFICER," he muttered, "if you need both hands, use 'em. You ain't got no need to hang onto me. You couldn't get rid of me, Officer."

"Where's the chief?" Conway demanded.

"Right here," Clow's hoarse voice blared promptly, and the crowd parted before the thrust of his big body. His face, varnished with sweat, shone scarlet. He panted and, ranging himself alongside Conway, gripped the prisoner with a snarl of uneasy triumph.

"Tried to beat it when I nailed him," he bawled for the crowd's as well as the trooper's benefit. "Tripped me when I arrested him, just as he was gettin' aboard the train. Makin' his get-away after killin' Ehud Meister."

"Easy," Conway suggested, for at each bellowed phrase Clow was shaking savagely the limp figure of the prisoner. "Let's get him out of here."

With Tucket between them, Conway and the police chief breasted the crowd. It parted willingly enough before them, but closed in behind, a murmurous straggling procession that followed the policemen and their prisoner to headquarters.

The blood was turning brown on Tucket's wearily lax face. Only his ruddy eyes were alive, shifting from one captor to the other, and twice he turned his head to glance with lingering fear at the following crowd. He spoke at last with a false, almost pitiful confidence.

"You got the wrong man. I didn't—"

His speech broke off as Clow jerked him savagely.

"Shut up," the chief snarled, "or your teeth'll be down your neck."

They formed a wide, hesitant semicircle about the panting man in gray and his dazed captive. "Well?" Conway invited grimly. "What's the trouble?"

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

He thrust Tucket through the door of headquarters with such force that the little man almost fell, clutched him as though his stumble had been an act of resistance, twisted him about with a growl and rushed him into the jail corridor while a fat sergeant and Conway fought to shut the outer door against the swarming crowd. Only when Minot rose and came to their aid were they able to slam and lock it. The trooper turned with a faintly satirical smile to the district attorney.

"Well," he panted. "It took a hundred men to get him."

"That's Tucket?" Minot asked, raising his brows.

"Yep," Conway retorted. "That little gink is supposed to have strangled Meister."

THE skepticism in his voice was not lost upon the prosecutor. His eyebrows twitched a trifle higher and below them his eyes were calculating.

"Appearances are deceptive," he announced precisely, "but I'm inclined to agree with you that—"

From the jail came a yelp, a shock more felt than heard, and the iron clash of a slammed door. Clow lurched back into the room, his face twitching, one big red paw balled into a fist, and spoke to the sergeant:

"Pour a pail of water over that rat. He's out."

"Fainted?" Minot asked. The chief's lips pulled back from strong yellow teeth.

"Call it that," he conceded, rubbing his knuckles. "He jumped me, the dirty little crook." Something in his gloating eyes spurred Conway to impulsive speech.

"That doesn't seem quite necessary," he commented. Clow grunted derision.

"Who asked you in?" he said. "This your territory? Hey?"

"You're right," Conway acknowledged, quietly. "It isn't my party."

"Get out then," Clow grunted, but Minot hesitated and then gave a gesture of dissent.

"I think," he offered gravely, "that I'd like Trooper—Conway, isn't it—to stay."

THE chief's eyelids puckered in something like alarm. The prosecutor's impersonal voice seemed an obstacle before the blustering rush of his triumph.

"All right," he said flatly. "Sure," and with perceptible effort pumped up again his noisy enthusiasm. "I got him right, D. A. He was climbing aboard the three o'clock when I nailed him. Makin' his get-away."

"Bring him in," Minot ordered. The chief went out, and a few minutes later returned, preceded by the sergeant and Tucket. The abused little man stood frozenly rigid.

"What's your name?" Minot asked in a level voice. Tucket did not seem to hear the question. Before the prosecutor could repeat it, the chief intervened.

" 'Scuse me, Mr. Minot," he blundered eagerly, "but hadn't we better search him first, eh?"

"Haven't you done that?" the district attorney asked in surprise.

"No, sir," Clow defended. "I ain't had no time." He stepped forward and reached a hand for the prisoner's shoulder. To the stupefied watchers, it seemed that the chief's paw, touching Tucket, had flung the lately immobile body into his own face.

Clow's ensuing bawl of alarm and rage, the scuffle of feet and the rasp of cloth were the only sounds. The big man staggered, thrown off balance, while Tucket, mute, his body blurred by furious action, seemed to strive for his throat.

Minot's chair (*Continued on page 50*)

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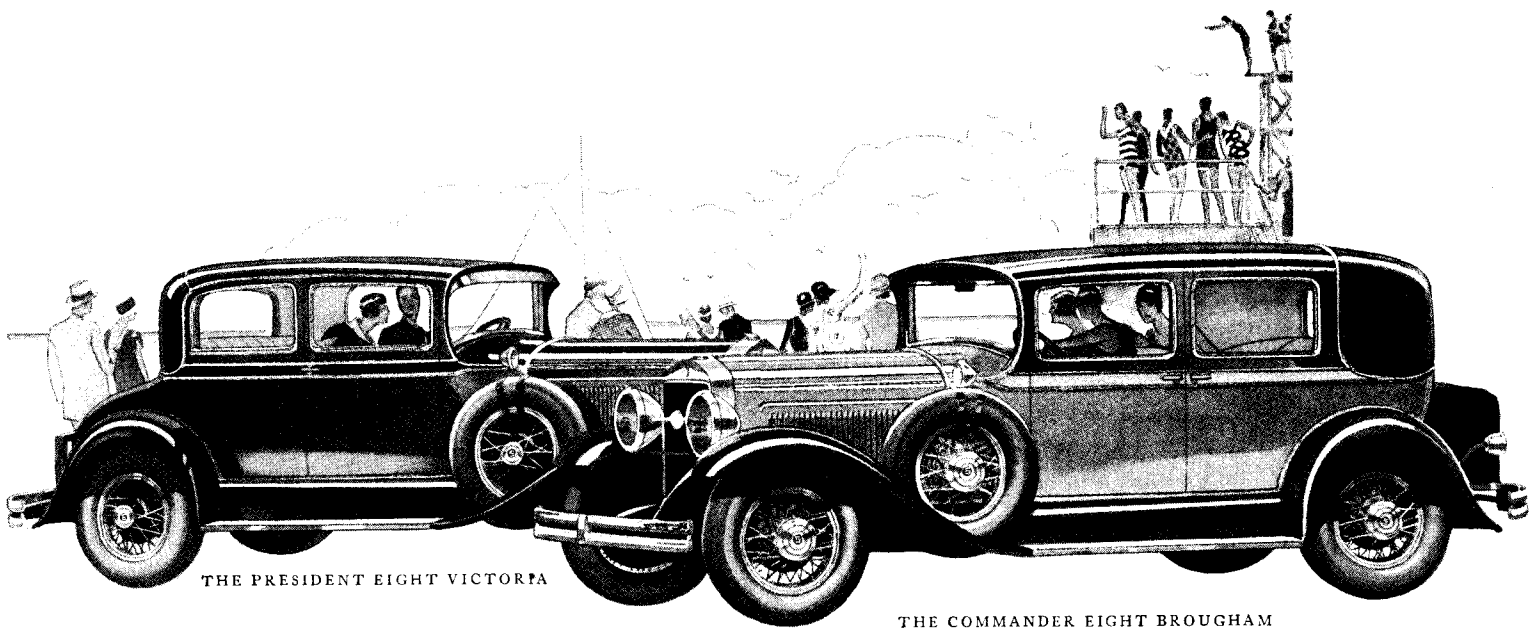

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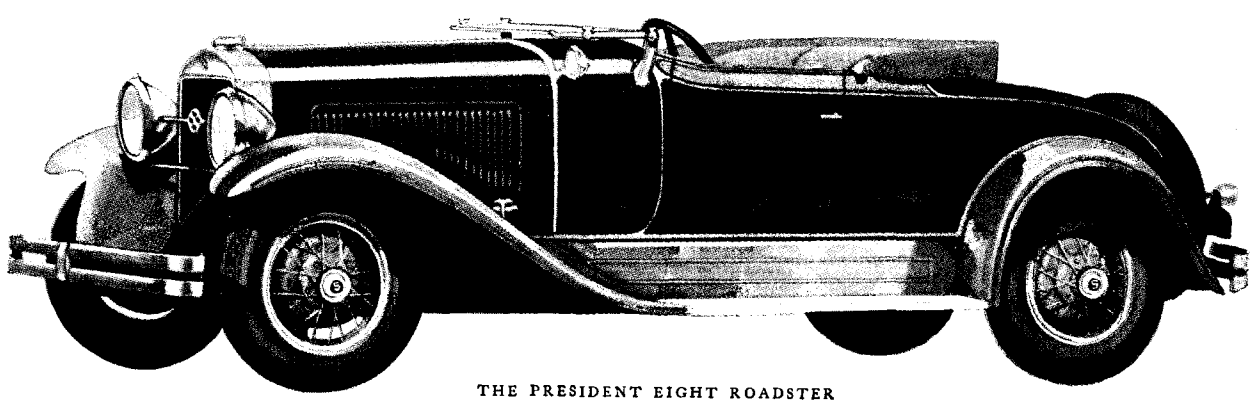

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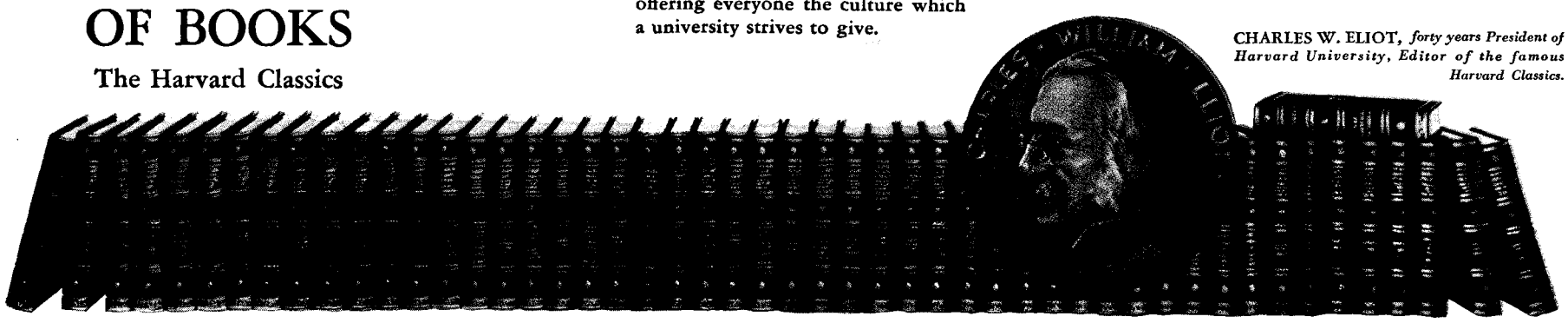

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There's a Great Day Coming

Continued from page 9

are particularly sold on prohibition, the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. But in the natural progress of things you cannot have two hundred miles an hour and booze. The elimination of liquor will come about not by controversy, by Jones laws, by snoopers and reformers; but by the fact that common sense will prevail, and men realize that well-being is better than seeming to be well. Stimulation will be normal and natural in the two-hundred-miles-an-hour age. Booze will not be needed: it will be manifestly unsocial. It will go with education, not by enforcement.

The Newer Temples

In the horse days, in the first chain-line days of industry, just as in those distant years when the people of Cologne went butterless to build their cathedral, the church was the symbol of all progress. It was the sole place where the people met for the transfer of knowledge. In the church the wise of their generation talked their wisdom. Sermons were local. Prayers were words. Education was verbal. The church spire represented the center of knowledge and spread of education in each community, and its influence spread through the small audience that could be induced to gather into the fold.

Today the spires of the radio station are the center from which culture and progress is being broadcast, carrying a better humanity to a tremendous and alert audience.

And now that we have come to the age of industry the church spire no longer dominates the skyline of the modern city. Industry and commerce have become dominant, and we build new temples. Call them what you will, the buildings of our industrial age rise higher and higher until today in the midst of skyscrapers the spires of old are obsolete and lost. Pointing to Heaven, higher and higher, are the newer temples founded not on what we call ethics and moral philosophy, but on the facts of creation.

In the new order of things we must revise our old ideas of prayer. The cry of the fearful soul is the last resort of a race too ignorant to solve its problems by the law the Creator has given. Crying out in ignorance to relieve the suffering of ignorance can only be excused where there is no known way of fact. The church, with industry, should be working to get those facts as fast as possible to relieve the sufferings of the world.

The most logical prayer against diphtheria today is antitoxin. In the old days when a man's body was burned over a quarter of its area we could only pray with words for the relief of his agony—we did not know what else to do—and the patient died. Today we pray with tannic acid—and the patient lives, and often without a scar.

Lincoln is well-beloved because he freed slaves. The man who invented insulin freed more slaves than existed in Lincoln's time.

The prayer of yesterday was confined within four walls. Today it reaches out. A flood threatens a great community and help is wanted. Water cuts off all ways of getting in and out. Prayer is over the radio, and planes drop food until relief can get through.

Doctors used to diagnose on theory and experience, a combination of pulse, temperature and tongue. From this they developed a few facts. Then more. Today many human troubles are diagnosed with extreme accuracy by machine and cured by machine. Optical devices determine the condition of your eyes in a way to take the guesswork out. A movie film shows the action of your heart in a perfect reproduction for study. X-ray allows us to see inside and tell what is going on. Each one on occasion brings answer to prayer. The modern hospital is fast becoming a factory and machine shop with human problems being solved by mechanical means.

Consider how religion once taught that luxuries were sinful, and how now religion itself has become something of a luxury at least in its outward manifestations. In creating new industries to provide luxuries we are making labor for thousands and increased enjoyment and the capacity for enjoyment for all.

In the age of Pericles there were twenty slaves for every citizen. The slaves did the routine and menial work and enabled the citizens to devote themselves to culture—and that accounted for the great advance in intellectual and artistic attainments of that time.

So the freedom from slavery by machines will promote culture in our time, and greater culture in the future when comfort will be more general, more intense and far more secure. Today, in mechanical form, every individual in the United States has two hundred slaves greater than the slaves of Greece—they were man-power, while each of us has two hundred horse-power doing our bidding and providing for our ease and the opportunity for culture.

New York, almost since the beginning of the United States, has been the sieve through which culture came from Europe to the rest of the country. That is becoming less and less true and will be no longer true at all in a few years.

From Kansas City we can now reach any spot in the United States by air in about fifteen hours; so I believe it is in the Middle West that the future center of our civilization is bound to be. From there will come the ideas, and even the produce for the mere formality of merchandising in the East.

Facts Rule

Before the horse age a man's social and working radius was as far as he could walk. When the horse came it was extended to as far as he could ride or drive. The railroad multiplied that distance, and the automobile made it longer and larger. Now the airplane makes it limitless.

The world formerly resisted new mechanical ideas, now it chases the men who have them with funds to exploit them and put them to profitable service.

For the world has finally learned its greatest lesson—the first and, indeed, the only truth of the new religion of industrialism: that facts rule, and that any person or institution or entity of any kind that gets in the way of facts to suppress them, hinder them or in any way obstruct them, no matter how powerful it may be today, will eventually be conquered by facts. For the youth of our day is matter-of-fact. It knows in its heart that what men believe makes no difference whatever in the light of discovered and discoverable facts. It is what we do, what we can do, what we shall do with our widening and deepening knowledge of facts that will be the religion, which literally means the bond between men and the Nature that the Creator gave them.

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North	
	S. 8-5-4-2	
	H. 8-5-4	
	D. Q-10-9-8-3	
	C. 9	
West		East
S. 10-6		S. Q-J-9
H. 10-3-2		H. Q-J-9-7
D. K-7		D. J-6-5
C. A-Q-8-7-6-2		C. 5-4-3
	South	
	S. A-K-7-3	
	H. A-K-6	
	D. A-4-2	
	C. K-J-10	

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's.

The Auction Bridge bidding would be: South one No Trump, followed by three passes.

At Contract, South would be fully justified in bidding three No Trumps. He has every suit stopped and a count of 22—one more than the minimum necessary for a three No Trump bid. Of course there would be no overcall, jump or takeout, so the contract at either game would be No Trump—one at Auction, three at Contract.

The Play

West's opening lead would be the Seven of Clubs; the leader, not having three honors, starts with the fourth best card of his longest suit. Dummy's Club would hold the trick as against East; but South cannot avoid winning and would gain nothing by false-carding.

The declarer, surveying the situation, would appreciate that his grave danger lies in the Club suit. If East should obtain the lead, he would be sure to return West's Clubs through South's minor tenace and all the remaining adverse Clubs would make; that is, East and West would be bound to take four, five or six Club tricks. After winning the first trick, Declarer is sure of only five more—two Spades, two Hearts and one Diamond. That would leave him three tricks short of game.

The Diamond suit seems to afford Declarer his only chance; if he can manipulate it so as to lose only one Diamond and have West take that one trick, the game that otherwise would be impossible for him to reach may be brought within his grasp. The serious question is: Should he try to set up dummy's Diamonds by leading the Ace of Diamonds or a small Diamond? If South should lead small and West should duck, Declarer would not dare to take the finesse in dummy and run the risk of East's winning with the Jack and thus obtaining the lead. If East has the King and another Diamond, the situation is hopeless; but if West has the King singly guarded, there is a chance. If South starts with the Ace, and West holds King with one or two small Diamonds, it is possible that West may win the second round of the suit, although with King-x-x it would be obviously bad play for him to do so. If South selects a small Diamond for his first lead, and West has King and one other, South's scheme may succeed; but it would not be apt to do so if West had King and two others.

It would seem, therefore, as if South might assume that his only chance against a West who did not throw away tricks, would be to have him hold King and only one other Diamond; and that if West had that exact Diamond combination, South is apt to make game with either a high or low lead. There is, however, one possible division of the adverse Diamonds and that is the Jack and three small in the West hand, the singleton King in the East; if that be the distribution, the lead of the Ace would produce game (dummy could finesse twice), a small lead would be fatal.

In the above deal, whether South leads the Ace or the Deuce of Diamonds, West (who holds the fatal King-x) is put to a severe test; and in either case is called upon to make a most unusual play. If South leads the Ace, West should play the King—he must make his "exit" so as to avoid taking the second Diamond trick. If South leads small, West must play the King; he must duck and allow North or East to win the trick.

Any but a super-expert would not dare to play his King on South's lead of the Ace, and would find himself in the lead and helpless at the very next trick; thus missing a golden opportunity to land himself in the Bridge Hall of Fame. It also would be very difficult for a West of average ability not to play King from King-x on a low Diamond lead; but the unusual distribution of this deal makes it necessary for West to reverse his ordinary procedure, whether the lead be high or low.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	East
S. K-9	S. 6-2
H. 9-7-5	H. A-J-3-2
D. 7-5-3-2	D. K-J-8
C. 10-8-3-2	C. 9-7-6-5
West	*South*
S. 10-5	S. A-Q-J-8-7-4-3
H. 10-8-4	H. K-Q-6
D. Q-9-6-4	D. A-10
C. A-K-Q-J	C. 4

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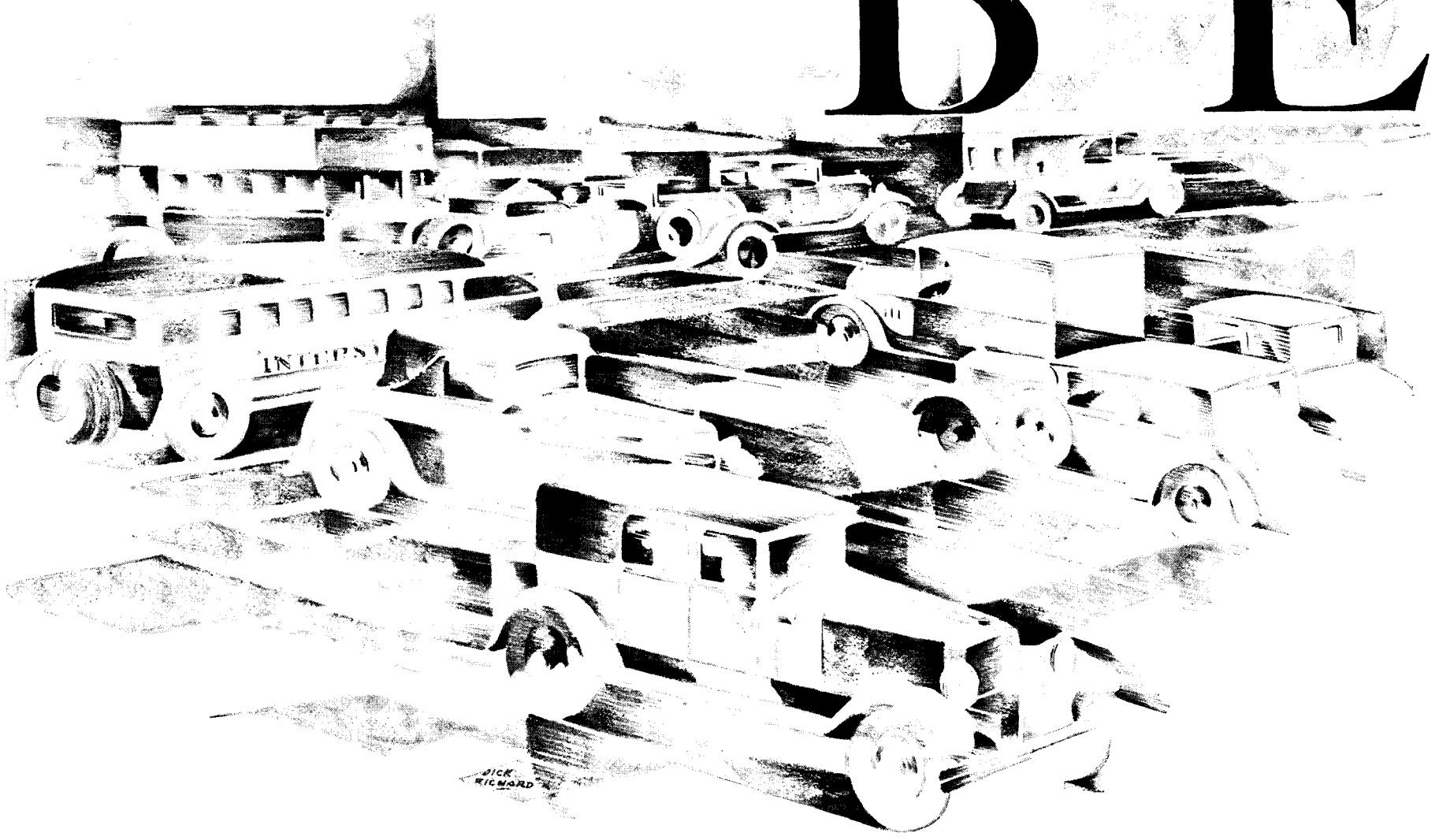

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Sound Business

Continued from page 11

"Hello, Lane. Hear you got a story."

"A great story," said Lucy. "Mr. Lane is a novelist from Boston—you must have heard of him."

"Sure, sure," said Harrigan grandly.

Bill produced the manuscript and offered it to Harrigan.

"All that?" He waved it away. "I ain't got time to read all that. Tell me the plot."

"Certainly. Won't you sit down?"

"I listen better when I stand up and walk around. Shoot it. Just give me a general idea."

With Lucy's aid, Bill told the story.

Lucy translated it so that Harrigan's picture mind could see it.

WHEN they had finished, Harrigan nodded.

"With a little fixin' that I could give it, it might do," he said.

Bill's heart leaped. Lucy chuckled happily.

"I know where there's an old cabaret set," Harrigan was thinking out loud. "We'd make the opera dame a singer in a night club—then I could use Jimmy Minesco's Hot Baby song for a theme. Say," he beamed, "we'll have a real show when I fix it up. It's got good stuff in it for sound—singin', playin' and we'll put in a chorus. Lucy can dance and sing. It's made to order for her. What's your title for it, Lane?"

"Well, I did call it Betty's Inspiration but I thought it might be changed to—"

"Changed? Betty's Inspiration? Ha! I'll say it might be changed. Hot Baby, we'll call it. I'll start a continuity man on it tomorrow."

Bill offered the manuscript of what was now Hot Baby. Lucy reached out and pushed it back.

"What does he get for it?" she demanded.

Harrigan looked up quickly. "Who wants to know?" he growled.

"I want to know," she answered. He dropped his eyes.

"Well," he began. "I got ten thousand and I'll have to pick up ten thousand more. You got any money to put in a sure-fire proposition?"

"No," said Bill. "I wish I had."

"Well, I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a share of stock for the story. There's a hundred shares. If we make two hundred thousand, that's two thousand for you. How's that?"

"If you make fifty, you'll be lucky," said Lucy. "Give him five shares."

"Listen, kid. When I make pictures I make 'em, see. It'll be a cinch to get a release for this one. Every big company is cryin' for talkies. Two shares, I'll give. Two shares. That's all I'll give."

Bill looked at Lucy. She shrugged her shoulders.

"All right," he said.

Bill met Harrigan at the Southern California Athletic Club the next day. Harrigan sat down beside him and handed him two copies of a contract and a fountain pen.

"All right, kid," he said. "Sign up."

Bill started to read the contract, working through the endless sentences that indicated that in return for two shares of stock he was selling the right to make a motion picture from a story called Hot Baby, formerly Betty's Inspiration.

"I sort of wanted—" Bill hesitated, not desiring to cause any bother. "I sort of wanted to reserve the book rights and the dramatic rights. I thought some day it might be published. Or I might make it into a play. My grandmother," he added apologetically, "she thought it might make a very good play."

"Your grandmother did, did she, hey?"

"She did," Bill answered belligerently.

"Well, you tell your grandmother, kid, that this contract protects you all right. It's the standard contract and I've used it for six years. See there;" he pointed to a clause, "tell your grandmother about that."

Bill clenched his teeth and read it and was satisfied. He signed it with a vigorous flourish, hoping that he would ruin Harrigan's gold-trimmed pen.

"Now," said Harrigan, "where we gonna get ten thousand bucks?"

Bill didn't have the slightest idea. He stuck his copy of the contract in his pocket and rose.

"You might be thinkin' it over," said Harrigan. "I'll sell a third interest for ten thousand dollars."

"Thanks. No chance," said Bill. "Good-by."

Bill returned to the Pressing Club and told Minifsky about the story.

"Oi," he said, holding his head, "and you such a nice feller mixed up with that gypper. He did me out of $3,500," he snapped his fingers, "just like that."

When Bill called that night Lucy was fuming around like a commuter who has missed the last train and whose wife is sure not to believe it.

Harrigan had found that he could not raise the additional ten thousand dollars and Hot Baby had been abandoned, unless—unless Bill could raise the money and buy a third interest.

"He said," Lucy related dismally, "for you to get the money from your grandmother."

Bill clenched his fists.

"I'd like to lead that brute down Hollywood Boulevard with a ring in his nose!"

SHE seized his arm. "Don't get into any fight with him, Bill! Please! He'd kill you!"

"I'd like to try—"

"He broke a cameraman's jaw once! He's twice as big as you are! Please, Bill!"

Bill was broken up enough as it was and his common sense quieted him quickly. He had no intention of putting on a false show of bravery. He laughed and put his arms around Lucy's shoulders.

"We'll fix him," he said.

Bill sat on the bed in his little room ten days later and grinned happily as he read a letter from Grandmother McCarthy.

"Here's a certified check for $10,000, Billy," she wrote. "You are so sure that it will come out all right that I did not hesitate about getting it for you. Just get your old grandmother's money back and keep the rest and marry that beautiful Martin girl. Thank you for the photograph. She must be all that you say. Won't it be just great when you come back rich and successful? How we will laugh at your pessimistic father! Good luck!"

He lighted his pipe and stared out the window. He was risking everything his grandmother owned—perhaps more. What if he lost it? But there really was no danger. It was as safe as betting that tomorrow would be Wednesday, he thought. He sat up with a start and reached for the evening paper and read the date line. *Today* was Wednesday! Was that a warning?

TRUE to his promise, Harrigan finished Hot Baby in six days and nights, driving his actors and his production force, driving himself. He saved money at every turn, inserting news reel scenes, faking shots, saving salaries of extra people by cleaning up his crowd stuff in one day, holding down the footage by careful planning of every scene.

And when he finished he announced that he had himself a wow.

Lucy and Bill, sitting in the little projection room holding hands in a crushing grasp, hardly daring to move, heard it and saw it when it finally was cut and titled.

They were breathless, tight-lipped, as it passed before them. Lucy's voice was a natural one for talkies—a soft contralto that registered perfectly—and when she finished singing Hot Baby in the night-club scene Bill instinctively yelled "Hooray!" and leaped to his feet in the dark room and applauded.

Bill's story was all there—though now it was a story of night clubs and bootleggers instead of a tale of grand opera and gondoliers—more colorful, more dramatic because of the translation. It was his dialogue, too, spotted with Broadway jargon. It was amazing what a slight change here and there had done. He said so to Harrigan.

"A speed ball," said Harrigan, "that's all. I just shot a speed ball into a cab horse. Don't interrupt. Get this. It's good."

It *was* good and a week later Harrigan, who had shipped the print immediately to his agent in New York, received word that Amalgamated Pictures Corporation had offered $75,000 advance and that the general sales manager predicted that Hot Baby would gross more than a million dollars.

A third of a million dollars is a whole lot of dollars.

If you ever spent all your life digging a hole to China and finally struggled out of the other end and asked a man where you were and he said "Shanghai," you have an approximate idea of how Lucy and Bill felt. Otherwise you'll never grasp the situation.

There followed a week of ecstatic confusion. Bill gave Minifsky, who still doubted that it would come out all right, a week's notice. Badly pressed indeed were the pants that came from the Cinema Pressing and Cleaning Club that week for there were many happy things on Bill Lane's mind. And on Lucy's, too.

They toured the countryside inspecting houses in Hollywood, bungalows at the beach, chalets in the hills. They made extensive shopping tours to select furniture, rugs and motor cars.

And, of course, there were the arrangements to be made for the wedding.

All the celebrating was done on $67, which was Bill's complete bank roll. No Hot Baby money would be available until Saturday, when the $75,000 advance was due by air mail. Harrigan had promised to send over Bill's share Saturday afternoon and the wedding was set for six.

BY THREE o'clock Bill had finished the day's work and sat nervously in a corner, waiting.

"You've been great to me, Mr. Minifsky," he said. "I'll never forget you."

"Maybe it's going to come out all right," said Minifsky. "But I don't like that Harrigan."

A messenger boy entered. Bill jumped to his feet and seized the envelope and quickly signed the receipt. He opened the letter and read:

Dear Mr. Lane:

I am enclosing herewith check for $10,000 and interest at 6% for two months, which pays in full the loan of $10,000 to the Harrigan Pictures Corp., for which you were issued preferred stock redeemable at par.

Yours very truly,
J. R. HARRIGAN

Bill dropped down in a chair and read the letter again.

The third interest in the million dollars gross, what about that? He had been swindled out of it. Instead of buying a third interest, he had loaned Harrigan $10,000. It was a double cross, a deal from the bottom of the deck. Instead of common stock, sharing in the profits, he owned preferred stock redeemable for what he had paid for it!

Minifsky, scenting trouble, came over. "Something sour?" he asked.

Bill jumped to his feet and started toward the telephone.

Minifsky mumbled Jewish phrases that probably meant "Here's my prayers, and you'll need them."

"What's his name?" Bill was saying to Lucy over the telephone. "Swenson? Please bring him down here at 4:30. Yes, everything's all right."

A moment later he had Harrigan on the wire.

"This is Lane, Harrigan," he said. "You be at Minifsky's place at 4:30 and you'd better bring a lawyer."

Harrigan evidently replied profanely that he was too busy.

(*Continued on page 44*)

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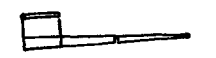
"Whale," by Sidney L. Smith, U. S. S. Wyoming, care of Postmaster, New York City



"Pipe," by Manuel Vivar, J. Joaquin Herrera, Pachuca, Hidalgo, Mexico

"Chicken," by Mrs. Mason Oldroyd, 203 W. 16th St., Elmira Heights, N. Y.

"School Teacher," by John H. Antill, 406 West Spring St., Titusville, Pa.

"Mashie," by Anne Argyle Brennan, 6424 Mystic St., Oakland, Cal.

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WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"It scores shaving-aces smoothly, swiftly, easily"

"From ear to ear, on cheek and jowl, Barbasol plays a swift, clean winning game against restless whiskers. It puts the razor on its mettle and gives a brush-free, rub-free performance that pampers the skin and soothes the spirit."

Vincent Richards

ONE quick shave with Barbasol changes the morning chant of despair to paeans of praise. It makes a lifelong friend of the fastidious man who enjoys comfort and dislikes a mess.

There's no other shaving cream that has such a winning way of taming the toughest beard and pampering the skin.

Without time-wasting brushing, lathering and rubbing, Barbasol softens the beard, soothes the skin. It gives wings to the razor which soars over the face as evenly and swiftly as a bird in flight. No pulling. No scratching.

And in a fraction of the usual time you have the smoothest and most comfortable shave you have ever had. A caress of the hand and a glance in the mirror will confirm this.

For this remarkable shaving cream has a real affinity for the face. It has a healing, soothing, reviving touch. And it leaves the skin feeling and looking cleaner, boyishly smooth and refreshed. Christen your face with a Barbasol shave. Here's how it's done: . . . 1: Wash the face (leave it wet) . . . 2: Spread on Barbasol (don't rub) . . . 3: Shave—dry the face.

VINCENT RICHARDS—One of America's most noted tennis players whose wizardry has at one time or another brought him nearly every tennis title. At present, atop the Madison Square Garden in New York City, Vincent Richards conducts a tennis school where future champions are receiving the benefits of his skill and experience.

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The Peyote Paradise

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director "Science Service"

THIS moment was, perhaps, the most delightful of the experience, for at the same time the air around me seemed to be flushed with vague perfume—producing with the visions a delicious effect—and all discomfort had vanished. I would see thick, glorious fields of jewels, solitary or clustered, sometimes brilliant and sparkling, sometimes with a dull rich glow. Then they would spring up into flower-like shapes beneath my gaze, and then seem to turn into gorgeous butterfly forms or endless folds of glistening, iridescent, fibrous wings of wonderful insects; while sometimes I seemed to be gazing into a vast hollow revolving vessel, on whose polished, concave mother-of-pearl surface the hues were swiftly changing. Perpetually some totally new kind of effect would appear in the field of vision; sometimes there was swift movement, sometimes dull, somber richness of color, sometimes glitter and sparkle, once a startling rain of gold, which seemed to approach me. Once again the objects presented to me seemed to be made of exquisite porcelain, again they were like elaborate sweetmeats, again of a somewhat Maori style of architecture; and the background of the pictures frequently recalled, both in form and tone, the delicate architectural effects as of lace carved in wood, which we associate with the moucharaby work of Cairo.

Such were the visions that Havelock Ellis saw when he chewed peyote or mescal buttons. It was, as he called it, "a new artificial paradise," to add to those described by Baudelaire; but in the thirty years since, the use of the drug has spread through the Indian tribes from Mexico to the northern boundary of the United States, and the mescal menace has caused serious concern.

In fact the addicts have converted their practice into a religious cult wherein the chewing of peyote, called "the flesh of God," takes the place of the sacrament, and the devotee under its influence may see visions of the crucified Christ and heavenly glories, or of the devil. The congregations following this rite were chartered by the State of Oklahoma under the name of The Native American Church.

In 1927 a bill was introduced into the Oklahoma legislature to prohibit the use of peyote, but it was defeated by the protests of a delegation representing thirteen Indian tribes. They argued that the government should not interfere with their religious rites and that peyote was less harmful than alcohol to its users.

The so-called "mescal button" is the dried flowering crown of the peyote cactus, and is either chewed or taken as a tea. It is very bitter and nauseating. The alkaloids in it produce effects similar to those of hashish, opium and cocaine, such as sharpening the senses, reviving forgotten scenes, and especially brilliant color displays when the eyes are closed.

A psychologist, Henrich Kluever, of the University of Minnesota, who took a dose of peyote powder, describes some of his visions as follows:

Tail of a pheasant, turns into bright yellow stars. A rotating wheel on a silver ground; suddenly in the wheel a picture of God as represented in old Christian paintings. Silvery water pouring downward, suddenly flowing upward. Landscape as on Japanese picture. Face of experimenter with hair of a cat and bright yellow eyes. Hereafter whole field filled with yellow eyes. Nuns in silver dresses quickly disappearing. Shells illuminated from within in radiating colors. Man in greenish velvet jumping into deep chasm. Strange animal turns into piece of wood.

The name comes from the "peyotl" of the Aztecs who used the drug to excite religious ecstasy. The Spanish missionaries, mistaking the dried button for a fungus, called it "the sacred mushroom," or "the devil root." The latter designation appears more appropriate although Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, in his testimony before a congressional committee, tells of the conversion of an Ingersollian infidel. When intoxicated by peyote he exclaimed:

"How beautiful, oh, how splendid. Oh, I wish I could talk with Ingersoll just for a minute. I could convince him that there is a heaven. I see it. I see angels in the streets of gold."

Dr. Wiley did not say whether the conversion was permanent or not.

Sound Business

Continued from page 42

"Then we'll come up and get you, Harrigan. I probably can't do it myself but with Swenson's help—remember Swenson? His jaw's all well now and he's looking for a good chance—yes, Swenson. We'd hate to get rough."

"Oi," said Minifsky. "You get him mad and he'll come down here and wreck my place!"

"Never fear. I'd like to use that back room, if you don't mind, for a little meeting. I want you there too."

At 4:26 Harrigan, followed by a thin little man who turned out to be a lawyer, burst into the Cinema Pressing and Cleaning Club.

Bill locked the front door and Harrigan turned belligerently.

"Just to keep out the customers," Bill smiled, "while we have a little private meeting."

THEY went into the back room. There sat Lucy and John Swenson, the cameraman whose jaw Harrigan had broken in a fit of temper. Minifsky came in after them. Swenson rose slowly and Harrigan paused.

"Don't be afraid, Harrigan," Bill said. "Mr. Swenson is sergeant at arms, to prevent disorder, not to start it. Now, will you all sit down. I'll remain standing, if you don't mind."

Swenson leaned against the door as the little lawyer and Harrigan took seats in a corner opposite Minifsky and Lucy.

Bill held up the letter and the check.

"You had to have money, Harrigan, to make the picture and you were so well known around town that you couldn't raise it, so you decided to pick on me, a sucker and innocent youth just out of college.

"You framed me. You told me you were selling me a third interest, but by this preferred stock trick, probably the work of this great legal mind that sits slumped down beside you"—the lawyer straightened up, angrily—"you put it over.

"I let you do it because I knew that you wouldn't make the picture otherwise. And we"—he smiled confidently at Lucy— "we had to have this picture —or we were sunk."

"Yeah," Harrigan snarled. "What the hell is this all about, anyway? Get down to business!"

"To be terse, then, Harrigan. Here is what it is about." He paused. "*I own Hot Baby.*"

"Bah!" said Harrigan. He turned to his lawyer. "Let's go. I thought this guy had somepin' important."

"Wait a minute." said the lawyer.

Bill handed to the attorney the contract for the motion picture rights for Hot Baby, formerly entitled Betty's Inspiration.

"Did you draw this contract?" Bill inquired.

"Not me. That's an old form."

"If you had read the trade journals that lie in the reading-room of your club, Harrigan," Bill went on, "you would have learned, as I did, that the lawyers of the great motion picture corporations have agreed that the old form of motion picture contract does not carry with it the right to record dialogue."

"Whatta ya mean?" Harrigan asked uneasily.

"You own the right to make a silent movie from my story. The dialogue that's in there still belongs to me. You never bought it."

"You're crazy!" Harrigan cried. "That's a big bluff."

"Ask your lawyer!" Bill pointed at the attorney who sat worried and scowling. "Look at him. He knows I'm right."

Harrigan whirled around. "Is that right?" he demanded.

The lawyer nodded. "If you had come to me, instead of trying to save a little money by using an old contract form, you wouldn't have been in this trouble."

"As owner of the talking part of your excellent talking picture," Bill said suavely, "I am now going to tell you the bad news. Sit down!" he ordered. Harrigan sat down and Swenson sighed disappointedly and went back to the door.

Bill produced another document.

"First, you are going to give me one third interest in Hot Baby. Second, you are going to release Miss Martin from the contract which you now hold for her services. Amalgamated likes her work in Hot Baby and is ready to sign her for $500 a week."

"I'll give you a third but I won't—" Harrigan began.

"Yes you will. Won't he, Mr. Attorney?"

The lawyer looked sadly at his client. "He's got you, Jack."

"Third," Bill turned and looked at Swenson, "there is a $450 hospital bill that you are to pay for Mr. Swenson. And last," he smiled at Minifsky, "we, of course, must pay Mr. Minifsky a fair rental for the use of this room. I'd say $3,500 for room rent. O. K., Mr. Minifsky?"

"Oi, what a boy!" Minifsky exclaimed. "You got maybe a little Jewish blood?" he asked hopefully.

"I don't do it," Harrigan blurted. "You can sue me."

"Of course I could bring in other people who have grievances and we might settle all their troubles at once," Bill continued calmly. "Mr. Minifsky, do you know of any other persons who would like to get even with Harrigan?"

"Yell out the door and you'll get a hundred," Minifsky predicted.

"Take it or leave it," Bill said, handing the document to the lawyer.

"You're tryin' to gyp me," Harrigan whined.

BILL laughed. "That's a perfectly fair settlement, Harrigan. If you don't sign it before I count ten I'll take it back and show you what you would have done, had our positions been reversed. Quick now. Make up your mind. I'm in a hurry. I'm going to a wedding at six o'clock. One-two-three—"

Harrigan's lawyer hastily drew out a fountain pen and shoved it and the paper into Harrigan's hands.

"For once," he begged, "take my advice."

"Oh, all right," said Harrigan and he signed it and returned it to Bill.

"And the attorney's signature, as witness, please," said Bill. "That ends this part of the entertainment." They rose. Harrigan and his lawyer went into a mumbling huddle in one corner of the room while Lucy kissed Bill and Minifsky shook his hand and Swenson asked gloomily if there wasn't going to be any trouble after all.

The little lawyer, with real admiration in his eyes, came over to Bill and looked up at him.

"You're a college boy, eh?" the lawyer said. "What did you study in college?"

"Law," Bill grinned.

"Shake, brother," he said. "I just bet Harrigan $100 on that."

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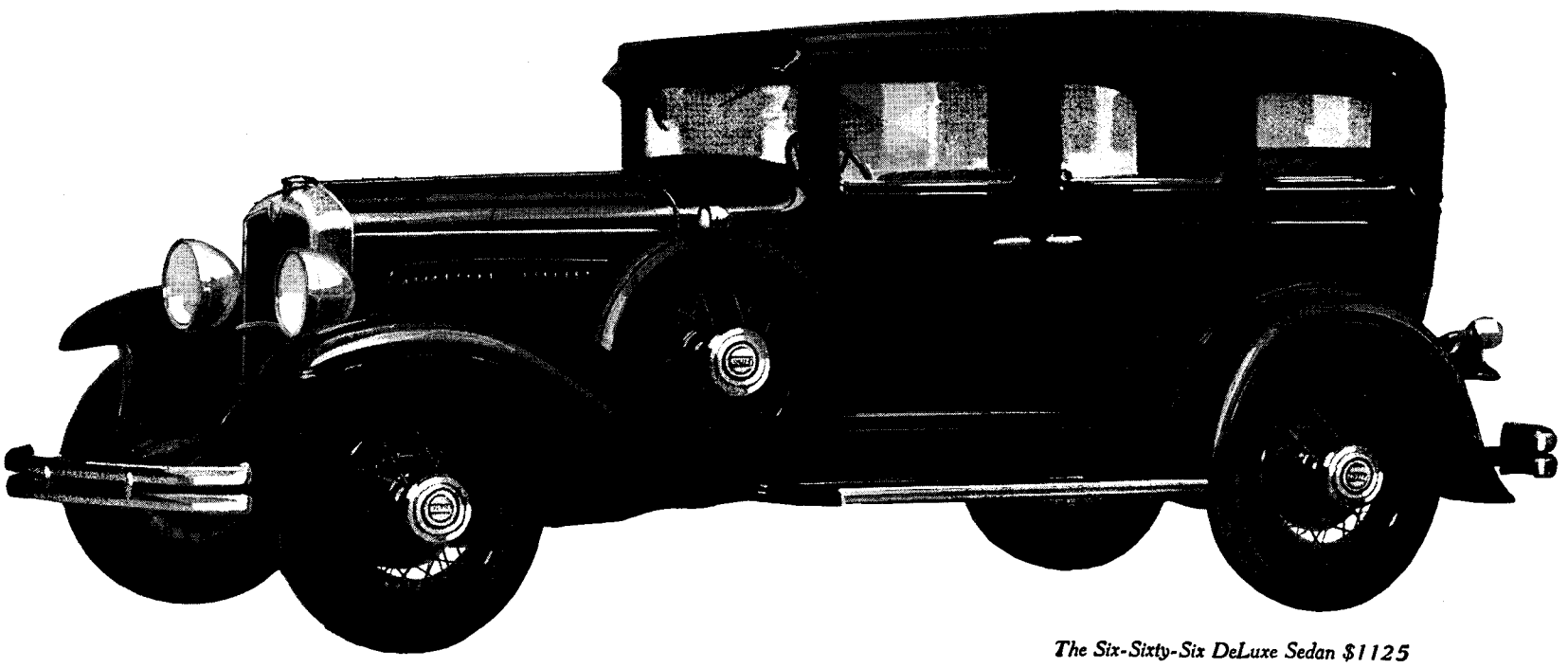

The Six-Sixty-Six DeLuxe Sedan $1125

DURANT

A GOOD CAR

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routed from his cot and brought to headquarters.

"Never mind, Grandpa. It's the boss himself that wants to buzz you—see?"

"But I never done nothing, Officer."

"Go on! You bumped off 'Big Chris' Kurt!"

Tim's red old eyes went wide at this, and both cops burst out laughing.

"He's only kidding, Grandpa. We just want you for stealing the Woolworth Tower."

He thought with dismay of the watch in his pocket. It was too late now to hide it.

Not only did they rout him out of bed but they added insult to injury. For he was obliged to ride in an automobile which sped smoothly along towards Broome Street. Here was no friendly clopping of hoofs, no "Giddap!" nor drowsy "Get along, there!" You moved some levers and other things, and an unfeeling machine did your bidding. Tim viewed the police car with inward hatred.

AS THEY rode the officers talked of the holdup.

Gradually Tim became aware that "Big Chris" Kurt, who was a sort of vice king, taking large toll from a wide and dubious commerce, had been killed in the Club Monte Cristo.

"Chris wasn't going to let any stuffed tuxedo take his dough not *his!*"

"Well, he had his way!" grinned the man at the wheel. "The guy didn't linger to roll him."

"Which cuts his profits just thirteen 'grand.' I don't blame the Big One for shooting."

There was talk about the woman—"the cannon's moll," they called her. It seemed strange that she had so lost her nerve as to run when the fireworks opened. Without first grabbing the dough, that is, which lay in a stack, on the table. For a cannon's moll she was certainly gun-shy; the cops were agreed on that.

They entered headquarters by way of the auto gate. In an upstairs office Tim found himself in the presence of an inspector.

The inspector was at the telephone, but his eyes as he talked were fixed on Tim in a way that was disconcerting.

"Malakoff's pretty sore," he grinned, hanging up the receiver. "He likes to trim his suckers himself, and now his feelings are hurt. Just offered a thousand dollars for arrest that ends in conviction."

"Yeah!" Tim's guardians were eager. "For both of them, or just the guy?"

"For either. Get the woman, and we'll soon enough grab the fellow. There's a motto to paste in your hat. Find the well-dressed mama!"

He rose and stood over the cabby, who was still clutching his weather-scarred topper.

"Well, well! The last of the Mohicans! So you were in front of the Monte Cristo when the target practice started?"

"Yes, sir. I was waiting for my fare to come out."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know. A gentleman with a bun on."

"He must've had, riding in a horse cab!"

"He told me to wait for him," said Tim, bravely trying not to notice their chuckles.

"Did you?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"I didn't like the way things looked."

"How did things look?"

"When a man come out with a gun in his hand, they didn't look good. I thought I'd better be leaving, in case there'd be some shooting."

A Song that Anna Held Sang

Continued from page 20

"What did the man do after he ran out with the gun in his hand?"

"He waved to a taxicab coming east from Seventh Avenue."

"Passed up your horse cab and went in a taxi! I call that downright mean of him!"

"Yes, sir." Tim took what revenge he could by repeating the taxicab's number.

The inspector was pleasantly surprised. He wrote it down and gave the slip of paper to his men. They immediately departed, leaving Tim alone with his questioner.

"Did a woman get in the taxi with this fellow?"

"No, sir."

"You saw a woman, did you, come out just ahead of the man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did she go?"

An instant the cabby hesitated. He had come to a fork in the road. One way served a night club and gave him, if he were shrewd about it, a share in that thousand dollars. The other served a lady fare who had not abandoned him and Ward McAllister for the first taxi to come along.

In Tim's mind the moral issue was very clearly drawn. It was a night club versus a mellowed old house behind a carriage block. It was an insulting doorman versus "Mrs. Mott." It was the monstrous Present versus the pleasant Past.

"She run west towards Seventh Avenue," came his rather breathless answer.

"How far?"

"You got me. The last I seen, she was still running. But the man with the gun come out, and I didn't notice her any more."

The inspector paced his office. Then a telltale movement caught his eye and he suddenly turned on Tim:

"What you got in that pocket?"

"N-nothing."

"Bring it out! Let's see it."

He took the jeweled wrist watch and regarded it with a knowing smile.

"Where'd you get this?"

"I found it."

"Where?"

"Central Park," Tim blurted. It was the first place that he could think of.

"When was that?"

"Just last afternoon. It was up by the Casino. I was driving along and I seen it in the grass. My seat's way up high, and I seen it in the grass."

The inspector considered his story.

"Why didn't you turn it over to the police?"

"I was going to give it back myself," Tim said in triumph. "The lady's sure to run an 'ad' in the Times. I want to get the reward myself."

Again the inspector considered.

"—and may I have a receipt, please? To show my wife"

"If there's a reward I'll see that you get it. All right; you can go now," he told him.

THE afternoon papers dismissed him with a single paragraph:

A touch of old New York was given the investigation when Timothy Huggles, one of the last of the hansom-cab drivers, was questioned by Inspector Hoag. His venerable horse cab, which has doubtless passed similar vigils outside Delmonico's and Sherry's, was parked in front of the night club at the time of the holdup. It was Huggles who informed police that the woman "moll" ran west toward Seventh Avenue, while her companion fled in a taxi in the opposite direction.

As Ethel Quickenden read these words she all but fainted. It was as if she had stood on a gallows trap and then suddenly been pardoned. And when, later, she stepped into the hazy afternoon sunlight, it was like walking out of a prison.

She knew where Tim would be found. She had seen it often—that last pitiful stand of the hackmen in the Plaza, beside the Park. Sometimes, seeing it, she had smiled. More often she'd not given them so much as a passing thought.

There stood his hansom, drawn up behind a weathered victoria, and the two hopeful ancients beneath the toppers were shaking their heads over something. Tim raised his hand in respectful salute.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Mott, ma'am."

Ethel Quickenden smiled.

"May I hire you to go for a ride in the Park?"

"That you may, ma'am—at your service."

Ward McAllister looked around as Tim mounted to the box.

"Whup, Mac!" The hansom skirted its sister hack and went hobbing along towards the entrance.

Presently Tim raised the little roof trap and dropped a question on Ethel Quickenden: "Any place in particular, ma'am?"

"Any place you like."

"Then I suggest that you stop at the Casino, ma'am, and inquire about your watch. I found it there in the grass by the driveway," he answered her startled upward glance. "I was going to watch the 'lost ads' in the Times, but the police told me they'd return it theirselves. Have you placed an 'ad' in the Times, ma'am?"

"No," gasped Ethel Quickenden.

"You can call a messenger from the Casino and have it sent right over."

SHE did more than just ring for a messenger. In the fullness of her happiness she telephoned to Quickenden and humbly asked him to meet her. But before he came she handed Tim a thick wad of yellow bills.

"My husband may not pay you what this ride will be worth."

"Yes, ma'am. The old families, they ain't usually reckless spenders."

"But we do appreciate good service."

"Yes, ma'am. I always like to drive for them. And I've druv some big ones in my days, I can tell you. The Thomas J. Haukens, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, old J. P. Morgan, Teddy Roosevelt—and one winter I saved the Astor ball. I guess you didn't know about that one. It was a case of not enough victuals to go around; they needed some more of this here terrapin and a lot of roasted ducks. The caterer, he'd made a blunder, I guess, and one look from Mrs. Astor would've took his head right off. He sent a man out running . . . !"

A taxicab came up the drive and Quickenden alighted. Tim was conscious of the chauffeur's surprise, but he scornfully ignored him. This was as it should be, with taxi serving horse cabs! He turned Ward McAllister's head about and set jogging out on the circuit.

Under the trees, past the reservoir, through the rocky glades towards Harlem. He swung in a circle and headed south, where great buildings had reared up a skyline. Once he raised the trap and peered down with a slowly widening grin. This was as it should be! A man and a woman snug in a hansom—not one of your upstart modern couples, but people with names that mattered.

"We'll have to do this often, Jim. The dear old New York tradition!"

Tim softly closed the trap and flipped his whip. "Whup along, Mac!"

He started to hum, in a cracking voice, a song that Anna Held sang.

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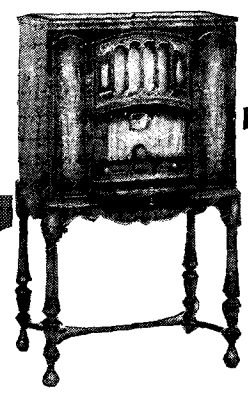

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Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

Photographic News

THOSE of you who have traveled across the Atlantic will remember how you welcomed the newspaper, printed aboard ship, that was waiting for you at the breakfast table each morning. Very few, however, realized the tremendous labor involved in the reception and preparation of the sketchy news it contained. Owing to the problem of cost the various news items are skeletonized in the same manner as cable dispatches, with the corresponding tendency toward error, except in cases where the message is interpreted by experienced men.

The last time the steamship Minnewaska crossed the ocean she had on board an experimental apparatus that may ultimately revolutionize shipboard newspapers. It consisted of the latest picture-reproducing mechanism whereby it is possible to reproduce copies of the original document put on the apparatus at the transmitting station. Should the arrangement prove practical, it will be possible in the near future to transmit to ships exact copies of leading newspapers in their entirety from the capital cities of Europe and America in as short a time as is now required for the brief news items. Photographic reproducing machinery aboard the Atlantic liner would permit the printing of sufficient copies for everyone on board.

Ether Channels

"One thing puzzles me very much," writes Herman Snyder of Boston. "Why are there ninety-five so-called channels in the broadcast band, and how do the engineers know that? Can you tell me so that I can understand?"

Well, Herman, I can try. In the first place we have to think in frequencies—that is, the number of times each second that an alternating current vibrates in a cycle between positive and negative. In the broadcast band there are 950 different frequencies, measured in kilocycles. Each of these, theoretically, can be used as a carrier wave, and they are called radio frequencies because they are too rapid for human hearing.

Now the human ear, on the average, can detect vibrations up to five thousand per second, or, which is the same thing, five kilocycles. Consequently when the audio currents, picked up by a microphone, are put on the broadcast transmitter they add a large number of different frequencies (corresponding to the different musical sounds) five kilocycles wide, to the radio frequency carrier wave. These additional audio currents are technically known as a "side band." Since the carrier wave itself is changing from positive to negative many hundreds of thousands of times a second, the audio frequencies change with it; therefore we have a total band of ten kilocycles wide—five on the positive side and five on the negative side.

In order to prevent horrible whistles or groans in your receiver, it is imperative that the side bands of one carrier wave do not overlap and mix in with the side bands of another carrier wave. That is why each broadcast "channel" is ten kilocycles wide by order of the Federal Radio Commission. As I have already pointed out above, there are 950 kilocycles in the broadcast band, and consequently with each channel ten kilocycles wide there are (again theoretically) ninety-five channels available.

Now, as a matter of fact, no human instrumentality is perfect; so, despite the edict of the august Federal Radio Commission, there are not ninety-five channels actually available. That is why you get howls and groans on certain parts of your dial.

If I have not made myself perfectly clear, Herman, you can blame it on the static and the dizziness that always overtakes me after a dose of figures.

What's in a Name?

Some little time ago the Rochester station had a local citizen scheduled to speak. A few minutes before the assigned time a telephone call came to the studio manager notifying him that the expected speaker had suddenly developed a cold and would not be able to appear. As luck would have it, a chain program was on the air and there were no local artists in the studio. The studio manager was frantically tousling his hair when the staff pianist passed by his office on her way to dinner.

"Oh! Miss Smith," he called, "we're in a terrible jam. The speaker has failed us. Can you scare up some selections and play for half an hour?"

"I would be delighted," replied the young lady, "but you know I'm scheduled to go on the air in an hour and the listeners would get tired of me if I played two periods so close together."

The studio manager thought hard and fast. In a few moments a smile relieved his distraught features. Turning to Miss Smith he exclaimed: "Go ahead and collect your selections. Make them classical. I'll do the rest."

At the appointed hour he stepped up to the microphone and began: "Ladies and gentlemen, through a most fortunate circumstance WHAM has the honor to present a wonderful surprise program in place of the speech that was scheduled at this hour. By great good fortune the famous Russian pianist Madame Olga is in Rochester and has consented to give a recital for the listeners of WHAM. Madame Olga's first selection will be. . . ."

Later in the evening Miss Smith fulfilled her regular schedule.

During the week a flood of letters inundated the station congratulating both WHAM and Madame Olga on the excellent program so unexpectedly given, while just the regular amount of fan mail came in addressed to Miss Smith.

All Clear!

Continued from page 16

involuntary mental movement. Or so it seemed to the Inventions Board.

The Inventions Board was an organization hastily recruited and given a large office building and a couple of admirals and generals for authority, a host of smart underlings for drudgery, and no end of civilian experts for obvious reasons—with strict orders from the Cabinet to listen to every subject of England who had an idea to offer, a suggestion to make, or plan to show.

A Charming Interlude

An officer of the busy Inventions Board called one afternoon upon a great admiral.

He handed the admiral a letter, addressed simply to "The Admiral," and accompanying a blueprint. The letter read:

Sir:

Please don't tell my parents—yet. This is to be a surprise. I have made an invention to shoot down the Zeplins. I am English and twelve years old and I have made a drawing. Don't have a little light inside a parabola mirror, but make a *ring mirror* with a ring of very bright lights all round it and point the gun through this ring. Then when you see a Zeplin in the light above in the clouds shoot at once and you will hit it.

Yours ever,
MARY WARREN

The admiral took a sheet of his impressive stationery and wrote, with his own hand:

Dear Miss Mary Warren:

The British Admiralty begs to thank you. We are proud of you. You are a brave and loyal English woman. Tell your father and mother for us that we appreciate your clever thought. It is a great pity that we cannot use your invention, because the shell from a gun—if the gun points directly at the Zeppelin—droops down in its flight and would not hit the balloon in the light. Light goes straight, but shots go in a curved trajectory. Your father will explain this to you.

I am; dear Miss Warren,
Your Obedient Servant,
THE ADMIRAL

One day Professor Vernon Boys and I were given letters of appointment to see Admiral Springer at the Admiralty. Something was afoot.

Springer was a charming man, full of wisdom and responsibility. He quickly told us we were to experiment on a machine-gun bullet that would ignite the Zeppelin gas. This alone would solve the horrible difficulties.

"We will give you a list of all the old ideas," said the admiral. "They don't work."

He then told us that we were two of three hundred men of science who had been set to work on the problem. But great secrecy shrouded the desperate quest; and we did not then know the identities of our colleagues who, scattered in pairs in laboratories throughout England, labored for a Zeppelin-lighting bullet.

The Admiralty furnished Boys and me and the other scientific researchers material and coöperation without stint. Pomeroy had only an old army rifle and a bit of dynamite—how he got hold of either we never knew. Boys and I had a laboratory on Goswell Road—old Goswell Road where Mr. Pickwick used to waddle. Pomeroy had only his shop bench and two-by-two back yard.

Boys and I got on pretty well with our experiments, and made a bullet that we tested on small balloons with considerable success. But just when we were beginning to feel victorious there came a message from the Admiralty:

"Cease work."

Our bullet was not wanted; somebody had perfected one. Who was it, we wondered? Which pair of our colleagues? Imagine our surprise when we learned it was none of them but an outside worker, who had known nothing of the Admiralty's idea. Then for the first time we heard the name—Pomeroy: and, from our boss, the story of Pomeroy's bullet.

One day there had come into the harassed and overworked Inventions Board a quiet sort of man. No one paid much attention to the chap, for the Board had come by now to look askance on amateurs. But this chap persisted, in an unobtrusive way, and finally got the ear of an aide.

"I've a scheme for burning the Zeppelins," he said timidly.

"What is it?" asked the aide, as patiently as possible for a man who had listened to a thousand such schemes—all fruitless.

"It's quite simple, sir. All you've got to do is put a pinch of dynamite in the nose of a machine-gun bullet and when it hits the Zeppelin—pop she goes!"

"Won't work. Sorry!" said the aide.

"But it has worked. I've done it. I fired my bullet into a brick wall and it blew the bricks apart."

"There's your answer, Pomeroy! Dynamite will explode that way, but not if it strikes the soft stretched silk of a Zeppelin bag. We know all about dynamite. It won't ignite the Zeppelin gas because it just doesn't behave that way. Do you know the nature and composition of dynamite, Pomeroy?"

"No-o-o, I can't say I do."

"Let me explain then: the very idea of dynamite—making nitroglycerine safe by soaking it up in powdered kieselguhr, which is an infusorial earth—makes it certain that the worst idea of all is to imagine that dynamite in a small bullet's nose can light the gas. You see, Pomeroy, the nitroglycerine is so evenly soaked up and distributed through the harmless mineral mass that it loses its dangerous habit of going off at a feather's touch."

Then the jaded aide hurried off to another man who had an idea; while Pomeroy, keenly disappointed, went home to his little bicycle shop. But the very next day he was back at the Inventions Board, his eyes shining. He sought the same aide.

"I tried my bullet on a bit of silk when I got home—and it worked!"

It Couldn't Happen

The aide probably thought now that he was dealing with a mildly demented man, and he tried to put Pomeroy off; but he would not be put off. By sheer persistence and earnestness he won his way to the higher councils of the Inventions Board. I think it was Alfred Dobree, first civilian appointee to the War Board, who was Pomeroy's court of last appeal.

"I'm not asking you to believe me until you see with your own eyes," said Pomeroy. "Just come with me to my shop."

Dobree no doubt stared long and hard at Pomeroy. He reached for his hat.

It must have been a rare scene, a little later, in Pomeroy's bicycle shop; a man who knew nothing of science arranging a demonstration for the man who knew what dynamite *couldn't* do!

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Pomeroy suspended a pocket handkerchief near a wall, stretching it tightly on strings. Then he leveled a rifle and fired his dynamite-nosed bullet through it, *and the handkerchief went to ash.*

Presently Dobree was on the tram, city bound, and deep in thought. Most likely the solution occurred to Dobree then, during his ride home. I am not sure. But it might very well have done so, for the tram upon which he was riding furnished a perfect illustration of the secret—the key that the men of science had overlooked, and that Pomeroy had quite innocently stumbled upon. The scientists, in considering dynamite, had thought of velocity; but they had forgotten acceleration.

The Answer in the Back of the Book

The tram illustrates the point in this way: when you are seated in a train that is gathering speed you are pressed back against your seat. When the train has reached its set speed, or velocity, this pressure ceases and you sit normally. In this same manner, the heavy infusorial earth of the dynamite in the bullet nose was set back, thus squeezing out in front a spray of pure nitroglycerine. And this would blow up on

Arthur Somers Roche

Tells the story of a girl who knew a lot about all men but not enough about one of them.

He's My Man

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

touching even feather down—certainly on touching the stretched silk of the Zeppelin shell.

Well, the Admiralty knew that it had at last an effective thing with which to meet Mathy and the Zeppelins. Swiftly the Pomeroy bullets were manufactured, and loaded into the machine-gun drums of the airplanes. The workers knew of the bullets, but no one discussed the fact.

Now, whereas we had always felt horrified at the prospect of a raid, we found ourselves excitedly waiting for one. The night of September 2, 1916, came—a perfect night for Mathy's raid. Sure enough, after midnight we were awakened by the ground guns. I rushed to a window, thinking of Pomeroy and wondering whether he hadn't beaten every other Londoner to a vantage point at the first alarm. After all, it was to be his big night.

It had been agreed among the city's defenders that when the airplanes spotted a Zeppelin they were to drop Very lights, or flares. Then the ground gunners would cease fire and give the airplane machine-gunners a clear chance to prove the efficacy of the Pomeroy bullets. But no Very light glowed, and presently the action began to die down; the ground fire ceasing and the searchlights fading. This could only mean that there had been a false alarm, or that the Zeppelins had got clean away.

Surely Pomeroy's heart sank. With slowly perishing hope he lingered in the heavy silence, waiting for the "All's clear" siren of the fire brigade. It never came that night!

Suddenly there was a miraculous flare in the sky. All London was lit up by a glaring fireworks-red, as vivid as sunlight; and one great gasp went up from the millions of watchers in the city. Then the air was filled with roaring waves of sound—cheers from the moment to moment understanding of more and more watchers fifteen miles across London. The lurid light showed people running from their houses into the streets.

Two million cubic feet of hydrogen gas, and the great gasoline tanks, and the silk and fiber made a color new to us. The light was seen twenty miles away, and during more than half a minute the flaming airship dropped swiftly to earth. It seemed so slow, although we could see the vertical streaming up of the flames which showed the speed of the drop!

Immediately after the last of the Zeppelin flames had died from the skies we noticed Very lights blazing aloft, and we wondered about them. This made a one-night mystery. It was explained in the victorious air pilot's report.

Leefe Robinson was the lad. He had hopped off at the first alarm, but everyone had missed the lone raider when it was near London. Leefe scoured the clouds all the way to the coast, and was on his way home, bitterly disappointed, when he saw a dark shape below him. It was the Zeppelin LS-11, not Mathy's ship, sailing slowly at 11,500 feet.

Instantly Leefe dived at the raider and poured his Pomeroys into her. She burst into flames at once. The conclusion of Leefe's report boyishly explained the belated Very lights:

"I quickly got out of the way of the falling Zeppelin, and, being very excited, fired off a few Very lights—"

The enemy did not yet realize that we had a certainty in defense. He would try again. Kapitän Mathy was still carrying on. But very soon the little Pomeroy bullets brought down the next Zeppelin—at Billericay. And then came a sign that the enemy had doubts. Mathy came to London in his famous Zeppelin L-31. He came at a new height—14,000 feet; but our searchlights found and held him in a dazzling cone. Mathy sensed that something was up, and performed miracles of airship maneuvering to escape. A few seconds more and he would be gone into the night—

There was no time for the aviators to drop Very signals to the ground gunners. Sub-lieutenant Temple went straight through his own barrage, through a hell of bursting shells; then dived down the side of Mathy's ship. A drum of Pomeroys snarled and snapped where one would have sufficed, and once again the night sky was scarlet—Mathy was dead.

The Great Silent Raid

This was the end, really. To be sure, there came the great Silent Raid, on October 17, 1917, almost a year later, when the desperate Germans sent over an armada built to fly at a ceiling of 20,000 feet, where the airplanes and ground guns of the period could not reach them. A few people, late at night, were in the neighborhood of Piccadilly Circus when a bomb dropped from nowhere and killed them. That was all we in town ever knew. There was a worse enemy than the Pomeroy bullets smashing that armada—the 40-mile gale at 20,000 feet. Of the twelve Zeppelins that started bravely out, only five ever got back to Germany.

The Pomeroy bullets had saved London—had made England invulnerable from airship attack.

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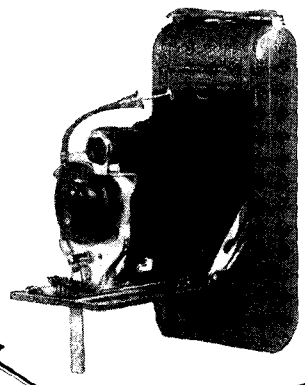

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Still Waters

Continued from page 35

banged over as he, first to shake off the stupor of amazement, rose. Conway and the police sergeant jumped forward. Their intervention was unnecessary for Clow, his solid face now furrowed with brutal zest, had clamped a thick arm about Tucket's neck, jamming the little man's face against his own wide chest. Slowly, with obvious relish, he squeezed the fight out of his assailant. Tucket's hands beat in a flurry of agony against the gold and blue coat, slipped and faltered.

"Enough," Minot ordered, but Clow seemed deaf. Together, Conway and the sergeant broke his hold. Tucket staggered backward and crashed, dazed and spent, against the wall.

Conway considered the prisoner an instant. Tucket's eyes, abstracted and dull with exhaustion, met his and quickened, it seemed to the trooper, with a glint of satisfaction and lurking humor. He rejected the bizzare thought and stepped forward. Meekly, the prisoner raised his arms a trifle and suffered himself to be searched.

One sodden pocket after the other was invaded and emptied.

"That's all," the trooper finally reported, turning to Minot. The chief's breathing was loud and quick. His face was a controlled mask, but his eyes were frightened. They glared at the prisoner who had dropped into a chair, his inside-out pockets dangling, and was experimentally twisting his wrenched neck. He showed no trace of resistance when Clow crossed the floor and hauled him erect, but stood, submitting limply to the pawing intrusions of the big red hands. At length, the chief stepped back.

"No evidence here," Minot offered coldly, surveying Conway's trove upon the desk. Clow's eyes were dull with ox-like amazement. His lower lip was pendulous, twitching.

"He's—he's hidden it," he gasped at length, and stormed into the jail corridor. Mildly, Tucket thrust away the tails of his uprooted shirt and spoke, for the first time.

"Anything he finds there," he offered to the entire room, "he planted, himself."

THE knob of the outer door rattled and the sound was followed by peremptory knocking.

"Get away from there," the sergeant yelped, but a key grated in the lock and the portal swung in. A red hat shone in the long afternoon sunlight above a stricken face. Over the girl's shoulder peered the flabby, self-satisfied visage of Captain Wilgus. His peremptory arm propelled Rose Michaux into the room.

She stood in the stupidity of terror while the captain locked the door. Fear seemed to have relaxed the muscles of her face until it had become the color and texture of dough. Twin spots of rouge on her cheekbones only emphasized its pallor, and the painted mouth was loose and wet. She flinched as Wilgus took her arm again and went, quaking, to the chair he indicated. The captain spoke to Minot:

"I got her," he said, with a jerk of his head. "She found the body."

The woman tried to speak, looked from Wilgus to the prosecutor with eyes that seemed bereft of sight, and automatically pulled her dress down over plump quivering knees.

"She won't admit she phoned headquarters, afterward," Wilgus continued with a smirk. "She knows more than she'll tell and that's a bet."

"No," the woman said, quickly and then held her mouth with a trembling hand as though fearful further speech might force its way through. Tears spilled from her wide eyes.

"Where's the chief?" the captain asked anxiously. Minot nodded toward the jail corridor and spoke to Conway: "You might get him," he suggested. Halfway down its length, the trooper saw Clow emerge from Tucket's cell and slam the door, blaspheming wildly. He thrust himself past Conway, only half aware in his agitation of the other's presence, and the trooper followed him.

AS THEY entered headquarters, the woman screamed, a throaty, half-stifled sound and hid her face from the spectacle of Clow emerging, after the clash of an iron door, from the jail with an armed man in gray behind him.

"Stevie! Oh, Stevie! You said you'd do it. Oh, Stevie! I knew it—I knew it when I seen him. I thought you were kiddin' kinda when you said you'd kill him an'—oh Stevie, Stevie, you—"

Clow roared in a vain attempt to submerge her speech.

"Shut up, we got the man that did it here." He pointed a shaking hand toward Tucket.

"Perhaps you'd better tell us just what the chief said," Minot suggested mildly.

"I never said nothing," Clow babbled. "She's crazy. I was at your house, Mr. Minot, when Meister was killed. You know that."

His big body jerked. He spoke like one mired deep in nightmare. Minot observed his agony with speculative eyes. Then turning away, he spoke to the woman:

"When did Chief Clow tell you he was going to kill Meister?"

"I tell you she's crazy," the chief stormed, "I never—"

"Please!" Minot's voice was knife-like. Under its thrust, Clow collapsed and leaned back against the wall, his great chest panting, a sickly grin stamped on a face the hue of putty save for the glitter of his frightened eyes.

"I don't know," the woman faltered in response to Minot's prompting nod. "I guess I'm—I'm nervous or something. He never did say it."

Minot spoke again, quite impassively: "I advise you to think more carefully. Do you want to go to jail?"

"Oh, no," she panted, "oh, no, no."

"Then," as though demonstrating a geometric problem, "I should try hard to remember when Chief Clow made the threat you refer to and what he said."

"Last night." The whisper seemed pressed from her by the remorseless weight of his gaze. "And this morning, too. Oh, dear, oh, Stevie—"

"And what did he say?"

"That he'd kill Ehud," she whimpered, "if he didn't leave me alone." She filled the room with unrestrained, hysterical weeping, through which Clow struggled to make himself heard.

Wilgus shook her into self-control. Clow spoke above her hiccups and convulsive snufflings, the hollow boom of his voice visibly restoring his momentarily scattered assurance.

"Maybe I did," he admitted with a wavering smile. "We had a squabble. I said a lot of things I didn't mean. I guess she believed 'em all. But," he concluded earnestly, "I couldn't have killed him, even if I'd meant to. He was bumped off at one-twenty-seven, and I was—"

Again the scalpel-like voice of Minot drove in. "You didn't," he asked, "set that clock ahead three quarters of an hour afterward?" Clow's great body shuddered at the thrust. He cried loudly, "No!"

"Because," Minot pursued smoothly, "someone did."

The chief's reviving confidence had pulled him erect. Now, as though adversity were a palpably rising tide, he sagged back against the wall, a gray devil of fright harrying his face. He met the prosecutor's detached consideration with sickly, fascinated eyes.

IMPELLED by the urgent fixity of Tucket's stare, Wilgus had sidled unobtrusively toward his chair. Now he bent his head to catch the dribble of speech from the little man's mouth corner, hesitated and, nodding, tiptoed back with the grave quiet of an undertaker and mumbled in Minot's ear. The district attorney raised his eyebrows. Then he spoke to the chief.

"Would you object," he asked, "to being searched, Clow?"

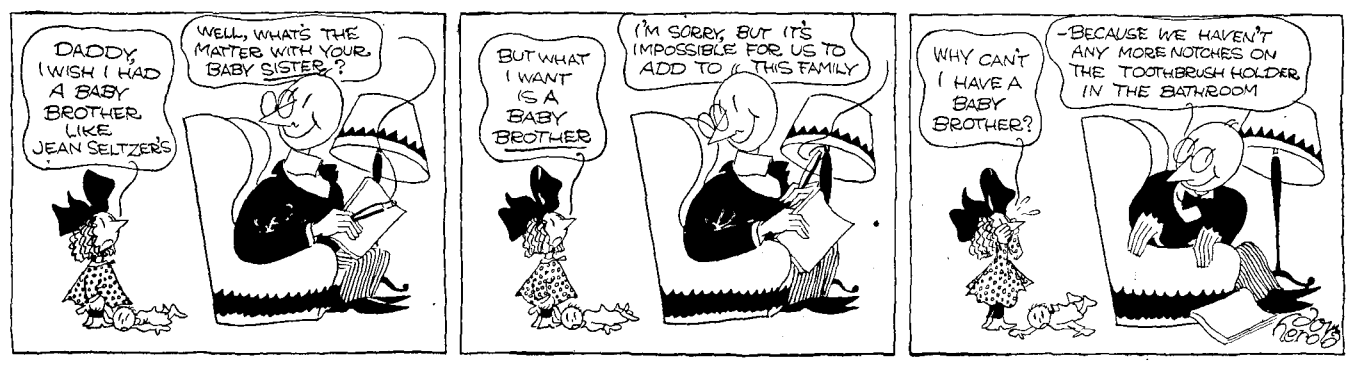
"What for?" the big man asked. The prosecutor's bitter mouth pursed and relaxed before he replied:

"You were one of the three persons we know went to Meister's place this afternoon. This—lady says you had told her you would kill him. If you object, of course—"

He left the sentence ominously incomplete, but its hidden threat seemed to stimulate Clow.

"Sure," he said, confidently. "Go ahead. Have us all searched. If—"

Stepping forward with ill-concealed eagerness, Wilgus already was fumbling in his superior's pocket. He drew forth a watch, dangled it by its chain. Clow's sneering voice was smitten into silence. He stood, open-mouthed, regarding the


DADDY, I WISH I HAD A BABY BROTHER LIKE JEAN SELTZER'S
WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR BABY SISTER?
BUT WHAT I WANT IS A BABY BROTHER
I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO ADD TO THIS FAMILY
WHY CAN'T I HAVE A BABY BROTHER?
-BECAUSE WE HAVEN'T ANY MORE NOTCHES ON THE TOOTHBRUSH HOLDER IN THE BATHROOM

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swinging timepiece with a paralyzed stare.

"It's got," the captain's smooth voice broke the breath-held silence as he lifted it in a cupped palm, "the initials E. M. onto it."

The woman moaned and rocked in her chair, hands pressed over her eyes. As Wilgus turned and held out the watch to Minot, Clow lurched forward with an inarticulate bellow, blundering, half stupefied with fury. The police captain wheeled, evaded his uncertain rush, and spoke above a stubby pistol that suddenly had appeared in his fist.

"No," he counseled. "I'd stand still, Chief. Trooper, you go through him while I watch."

"I don't know how that got there," Clow babbled. "I been—I been framed."

"Sure," Wilgus agreed, "only stand still," and Minot's precise voice added: "Go on, Conway."

The trooper added a roll of bills to the heap of personal belongings on the table, and spoke softly:

"There are two checks in this roll, and both of them are to the order of Ehud Meister."

"A lie," Clow said through slavering lips.

"Look for yourself," Conway invited, holding one of them up before the glazed eyes. The police chief stared an instant, and his gray face grew almost peaceful in utter despair.

"All right," he said simply. "You're too many for me. I—I killed—him."

The quiet was broken only by the woman's whimpering. Ignatius Loyola Tucket regarded the ceiling with a complacent smile.

TARLETON'S motorcycle, with throttle wide, roared exultant above a tempest of its own making as it swung and soared up the winding valley road. Its rider glanced from the pavement uncoiling toward him to the passenger at his elbow. Her hair was a blown torch flame and her body, thrust tensely forward, clove the wind with the eagerness of a flung lance. Her eyes met his an instant and she gave a breathless, excited smile.

They thundered hollowly across a bridge and were lifted up the steep slope beyond. Tarleton shut off power and swerved past a plodding team. Two men in overalls drowsed apathetically on the wagon seat, cordwood piled high at their stooping backs. Desire touched the corporal's sleeve and nodded ahead.

"There it is," she cried against the flagging breeze, and nodded at the rutted wood road, scrambling up from the highway through arching trees. She had climbed from the sidecar by the time the cycle had halted. Tarleton trundled it over toward the ditch, and glanced back the way they had come. The woodchoppers who had been staring over their shoulders looked away.

"He left this machine down yonder at the forks, this morning," the corporal said with a rueful grin. "I'll have to hike it in. Is it far?"

"A mile or so," she returned. "I'm going with you."

"Tough going for a girl," he demurred, surveying the scored and jumbled slope. She thrust forward a small foot in its high-laced boot.

"I'm prepared for it," she challenged with a bright smile, "and you'll be winded before I am."

She glanced over her shoulder. The crew of the plodding lumber wagon were staring again. The trooper and girl scrambled up the rutted slope. Presently Tarleton paused and listened.

"Sounds," he pronounced at last, "as if that team had run away." The uneven beat of galloping hoofs dwindled into the distance. They climbed on.

The corporal halted again a quarter hour later and mopped his face.

"I told you so," the girl mocked, and smiled. He grinned.

"There's more of me to haul up here than there is of you," he retorted. "And besides, I'm not going to wear myself ragged. We don't know what I'm in for at the other end. He stole our cycle. Maybe now he wants my uniform."

"You think he—did it?"

He shrugged as they walked on together. "Nine times out of ten," he commented, "the obviously guilty man is guilty. This time—I don't know. It's almost too obvious. And funny things have been happening in this county. There's a liquor war on, and you have to distrust everything and everybody."

"Even," she mused aloud, "a chief of police." He shot a startled glance at her.

"What makes you say that?" he asked sharply.

"Intuition," she replied. "What makes you look like that?"

He grinned. "Intuition isn't evidence," he commented.

She told him, in a burst of confidence, York's explanation of the watch incident. He nodded, suppressed an impulse to question and went thoughtfully on.

Afternoon sunlight dreamed on the clearing, and shadows grew eastward from the lumber piles. The corporal lingered on the edge of the woodland, peering through puckered eyelids, one hand playing involuntarily with his revolver lanyard. He nodded toward the crumbling cottage squatting meekly with blindfolded windows beneath the giant maple.

"Castle in Spain?" he asked. She nodded with a flush as though he had trod on intimacy.

"Stay here," he muttered. "I'll go look." He found her advancing beside him over the chip-strewn clearing. "I brought you," she defied in response to his frown. "Whatever it is, I'm in it too."

He grinned his admiration. "All right," he agreed, "but let's go softly."

Before the cottage he halted to listen, his face intense, narrow eyes alert. He stood so long that she looked at him inquiringly.

"What's the brand-new door doing on that shack?" he muttered half to himself. "I don't like—"

He stepped quietly forward. She followed. His hand fumbled with the open padlock, then pressed against the door and thrust it wide. For an instant he stood, peering, then entered the house with Desire at his heels.

From the gloom a voice spoke.

"Get your hands up," it commanded, crisply. "Quick!"

THE ominous click of a cocked trigger banished the corporal's indecision. He obeyed. Before the girl's adjusting eyes, the darkness gradually faded. The light from the half-open door fell upon a low obstacle in the center of the room and beside it she saw the dim figure of a man, the brighter glitter of the gun he held.

Tarleton offered almost offhand:

"I'd put that down, buddy. We're too many for you."

The shadowy form gave a reckless chuckle.

"Yeh?" it jeered, "And if you budge there'll be one fewer of you. And that goes for Miss Minot too."

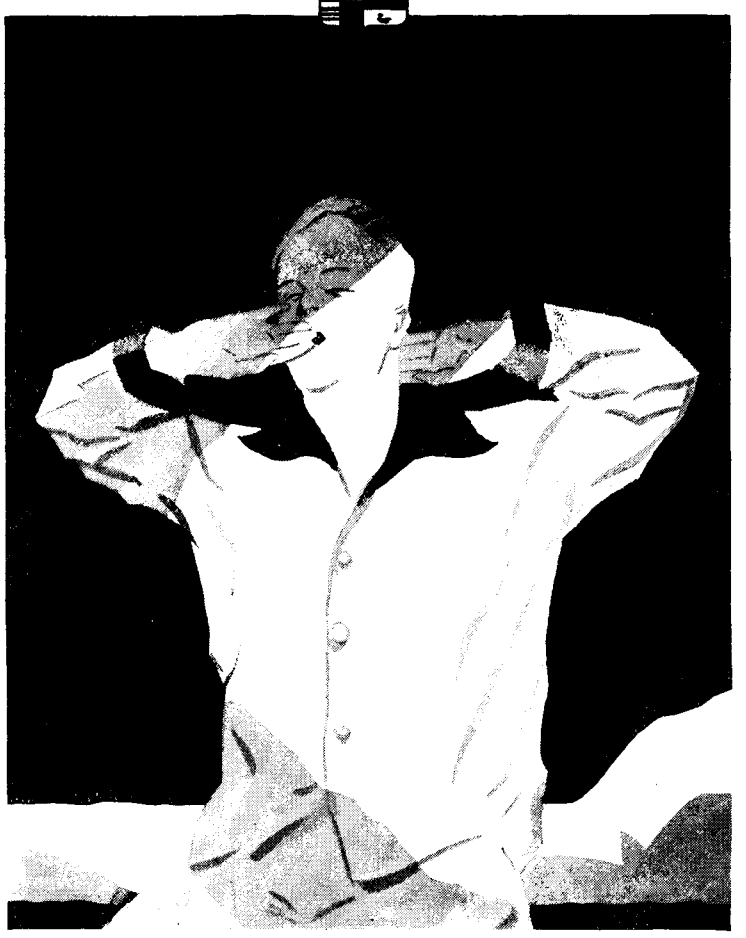
"Skeen!" Desire exclaimed.

"Skeen!" Tarleton echoed, "you—"

Above, a board creaked and it seemed a segment of the roof fell in on Skeen. A dark projectile smote him between the shoulders, driving him down. Flame spurted ceilingward and through the pent shock of the explosion Desire cried out sharply. A double thud smote

(*Continued on page 52*)

G O O D N I G H T



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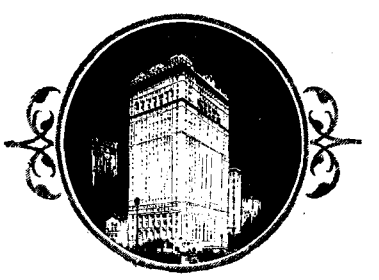
. . . . . sleepy . . . well I'll surely say so and oh ho a *soft* bed. Hm mm m . . . $4.00—$5.00 for a room like this, twenty-seven stories above the street and quiet as a mouse . . . cool winds surely breeze in *these* windows . . . I'm tired . . . we'll *need* blankets . . . the lobby was *alive* tonight and cheerful as October with those sea blues and greens and pennon reds and rusty golds . . . a match, Bob? . . . *what a bed* . . . only $3.50 you say? . . . we elbowed the wise and the kings tonight, ay Bobbert and—so did they . . . where did *you* eat? . . . Blue Room, Grill, Venetian Room? . . . did John stand *en garde?* . . . Well, I'm glad I know *you* . . . *I* dined with restless folk and I'll whistle Blue Room fiddler's tunes in my sleep . . . well I guess *not* . . . not in a bed like *this* what and ho isn't it *glorious?* . . . g'night . . . here goes . . . I'm in . . . only four bucks did you say, each? . . . they tell that . . . these beds . . . soft . . . sleepy as . . . winter's . . . night . . . wonderful! *Good night.* See you soon.

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL
Carl M. Snyder, Managing Director
DETROIT



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(*Continued from page 51*)

the floor and for an instant there was utter silence. Out of it York's voice spoke mildly to the girl.

"I didn't think," it said, "that you'd come yourself." He added, as Tarleton stepped forward: "I seem to have done something to Skeen."

He jerked and cried out as Tarleton lifted him from the unconscious body of his victim.

"And to York," he added unsteadily. "My ankle—isn't any good—to stand on."

He hopped with the corporal's aid to the doorway and collapsed upon the threshold. Desire bent over him.

"After running all day," he said unsteadily, "I send for a trooper to come and get me. I'm still an amateur crook. I—"

He leaned back, faint, against the doorjamb. Her hand pressed his shoulder. He laid his cheek against it. It was not withdrawn.

WITHIN the room, Tarleton struck a match and cursed.

"Dead?" Desire asked unsteadily. The corporal found his voice at last.

"No," he replied. "Only, I used to know him. I rather wish he was." He stooped and lifted the unconscious body.

Skeen lay sprawled before the doorstep, his sharp, vacant face turned skyward and Tarleton, returning from the dam with a dripping hat, emptied its contents thereon. The stunned man gasped and sputtered. His eyelids twitched. The corporal looked from him to York, pale and composed, nursing his injured ankle on the threshold, and at the girl who stood behind him.

"Can you ride a motorcycle?" he asked abruptly. She shook her head.

"I can," York contributed. Tarleton's lips twitched.

"So I hear," he agreed. "Only, you can't very well walk to it, even if—" He paused and his frowning eyes strayed over the clearing.

"If I could get to a phone," he muttered.

"You see," York apologized, "I've just moved in."

"It's moving you out again that worries me," the corporal confessed, and stared moodily at the recumbent Skeen, who blinked and coughed thinly.

"If you wait long enough," York offered. "They'll come back for the rest of the load. Then we'll have a team—or a war."

Tarleton shook his head decidedly. "No. They saw me start up here. I heard them running those horses and was too dumb to get it. They know the game is spiked and they'll crawl into a hole somewhere, or else blow. And here I'm tied and no way to stop them!"

Skeen coughed, pushed himself up and sat, staring blankly at Desire and York. The corporal, turning, looked down at him grimly.

"Well, Bill?" he asked, and his face was hard. Something in his eyes seemed to spur the dazed man. He lurched to his feet and backed away, retreating from the cold stare. With his shoulders against the cottage wall, he wiped his dripping face, shook his head drearily, and his abject, shabby figure with the open, shameless humility of a thrashed dog stirred the girl's sympathy. Skeen tried twice to speak before he offered:

"I—didn't know it was you, Johnny. I guess I couldn't have done it."

"Can you walk?" Tarleton asked stonily.

"I guess so," Skeen conceded, surveying the gray-uniformed figure with humble eyes. "I'm—sorry, Johnny." He rubbed his mouth on the back of his hand with an aimless gesture. Ignoring him, Tarleton turned to York again, scowling with a strange embarrassment.

"I've got to get out of here," he exclaimed. "I've got a lead at last. We can smash that gang, if we work fast, after what I've found here."

"What I've found here," York corrected quietly. The corporal stared an instant before replying.

"Yes," he admitted. "You're right. You did it. I shan't forget. Only—" He paused and asked with a rueful grin, "Ever hear about the man with the fox, the goose and the cabbage?"

"Eh?" York queried, puzzled. The corporal went on rapidly: "He had to get over a river and the boat would only hold himself and one other. If he left two of them on either bank, one was pretty sure to be eaten. I wish I could remember how he settled it. I'm caught in the same jam. And what's worse, I've finally got a clear trail on the racket we were sent in here to break up. Can you walk at all?"

"I—hardly think so," the other answered, wincing as he rose.

"If I cut you a crutch," Tarleton pursued, "do you suppose you can make it down to my motorcycle? It's at the bottom of the wood road."

"I can try," York acknowledged.

"But I can't," the corporal exclaimed, jerking his thumb toward Skeen as though he were an inanimate obstacle, "leave him here. I need him and that cycle will only hold one passenger." He blinked at the westering sun and swore beneath his breath, fretting under the remorseless drift of time.

"And that liquor in there," he added violently, "I want that. It's evidence."

"It's important to me too," York drawled. Tarleton with quickened interest considered the long body leaning against the door. "It's the same brand," York went on, "that I saw in my uncle's summer house, and everyone said I didn't. Hooch seems to fly fast in this county. I'd rather someone watched it."

From behind him Desire spoke. Her eyes were bright with appeal.

"Why not," she asked, "let Mr. York stay and watch it?"

"Mr. York," the corporal returned dryly, "is wanted for murder." She tossed her head in exasperation.

"A murder he didn't do," she insisted. "Doesn't this help prove it?"

"Skeen knows I didn't," York endorsed quickly, and prompted by the corporal's stare told of the conversation in the garage that morning. The withered man who leaned against the cottage's side flinched under the stares of three pairs of eyes, shook his head, mumbled and was silent, nor could Tarleton's questioning prod answer from him. The girl intervened.

"It's important, isn't it," she asked, nodding toward Skeen, "that you keep him? Let Mr. York and me wait here while you take him in. You can do it and be back in an hour and a half. Mr. York can't get away."

TARLETON hesitated, biting his lip, eyes shifting from the tense girl to the man who stood on one leg in the doorway.

"Yes," he conceded. "That may be best, if—"

"If I give you my word to wait for you," York completed gravely. "I do."

"Good," Tarleton decided, and turned upon Skeen's apathetic figure.

"You," he commanded. "March ahead of me. And fast."

With Skeen shambling before him, he crossed the clearing and hurried down the wood road. The sad, spirit-broken air that had stirred Desire's pity was affront to the corporal. The very fashion in which Skeen stumbled over the ruts, slack, dreary, uncomplaining, quickened his wrath. Once the prisoner tripped and almost fell. Recovering, he glanced over his shoulder with a shame-faced, half-appealing smile.

"Get ahead," Tarleton said remorselessly. Memories marched along with him and his prisoner, keeping the corporal's face stiff and grim. He was glad he had said no more to York and the girl. He regretted he had been trapped into admitting foreknowledge of the dismal echo of a man he had known.

This scarecrow with the ravaged face was what Bill Skeen had come to—Bill Skeen, the horseman, the keen policeman, the top sergeant of H Troop when Tarleton had been a rookie. It had been Skeen who had hammered him into the first faint semblance of a trooper, had taught him to ride. None had loved the service more than Skeen, top sergeant of H. And then, through an unfortunate transfer they had been afflicted with a new lieutenant. They had seen Skeen after it was over, with the diamond chevrons gone from his arms and a hurt, bewildered look in his eyes.

A little later he had vanished, telling no one, leaving his resignation on Captain Dover's desk. Thereafter Sergeant England of H had seen him once, wickedly drunk at a county fair; and when England, unwilling to arrest him, had led him away, Skeen had cursed him.

The smart of betrayed admiration, the shame of a smear on the record of the service rankled in Tarleton, following down-hill this squalid ending of Bill Skeen, this worn-out hanger-on of bootlegging racketeers.

"Get in that sidecar," he ordered as they reached the highway. For an instant, his prisoner hesitated. His eyes were tragic.

"Johnny," he begged. "Watch your step. They—"

"Get in," Tarleton commanded. The other faltered and obeyed with a gesture, half shrug, half shudder.

DESIRE and York watched trooper and prisoner pass out of the sunlit clearing and vanish long before either of them spoke. Shyness, heavy and painful, grew between them. He felt her eyes upon him, looked up and she turned hastily away. He regarded the wide glade and the timber piles, bright gold in the low westering light, and reflected aloud with a brief bitter laugh, as he reseated himself on the doorsill.

"Castle in Spain!"

"What?" she asked.

"They come to that, don't they?" he pursued. "Castles in Spain! Do you remember when we were here before?"

"Yes."

"That was a silly question," he acknowledged after a lengthy pause. "Of course you remember. You named this place. And now the Castle in Spain is a bootlegger's warehouse and I'm an outlaw waiting for the police to come and get me and you—"

She sat just inside the doorway, her back against the wall, and turned her face toward him.

"And I?" she prompted with an unsteady smile. Again his grave gaze beat down her eyes.

"—and you," he completed, "absolute, eternal, utterly desirable."

"Please," she said automatically. His laugh mocked her.

"You asked for it," he replied, faint unsteadiness in his voice. "I shall try not to tell you again. I owe you too much to—annoy you."

He looked out across the golden glamorous clearing, ignoring her provocative eyes, the wistful softness of her brilliant mouth.

"You owe me nothing," she said suddenly.

He nodded.

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"I know," he admitted. "You would do as much for a dog falsely accused. You said that this morning."

"And you'll never forget it, will you?" she asked with passion.

"How could I?" he demanded. "That was what my mind was made for, Desire; to trap and keep forever each particle of you, each lovely, valiant, gallant bit of you."

She had turned her head so that the dusk of the room hid her features. He looked from her back to the glade again.

"Adversity isn't bad medicine," he offered awkwardly at last. "It—it does things to you. All day today, I've been wishing that Adrian might live again. No," he said, contradicting her sympathetic assent, "I don't mean that. I shall always grieve for him, for we were closer, I think, than most sons are to fathers. I mean I wish he might have lived to see what I'll make of myself, once I have shaken free of this hellish thing. I think he would have been pleased."

"You mean?" she asked. He surveyed her with a grave friendliness.

"I'm not talking crookedly on purpose," he apologized. "It's hard to say, that's all, and it sounds so very much like the squeal of the pig under the gate: 'If only I can get out of here, I'll be a better and a finer and nobler pig.' It isn't quite that, I think. It's just—that I've grown up. When you get as far away from normality as I have, you see it more clearly, in perspective. I've been watching myself—the self I used to be—from a distance all day. It hasn't been an inspiring spectacle."

He saw only the smooth curve of her cheek, running down to her neck's clear line. A breeze rustled the maple momentarily and the shadows of the woodpiles stretched far across the clearing. In the quiet forest a thrush called and suddenly was stilled. A humble, pleading note crept into his voice:

"No one could go through what I've been through and be quite the same afterward, could he? I've learned a little, Desire. I've found that a grown man can't always look for kick and thrill as the chief end in life. That's all."

"What are you going to do?" she asked, suddenly facing him, and the gentleness of her question made it difficult for him to speak. He gave an awkward, brief gesture of relinquishment.

"Face it," he said at last. "Stop running away from life. Wait here till Tarleton returns, fight it out thereafter. If—if I can trample on this horror, I'm going to work, Desire. In the bank Adrian made. It's a delayed recompense. Maybe I'll never be able to, but if I can, I'm going to turn my life into what he would have liked it to be. A memorial to the best man I ever knew."

So deep was the silence that he could hear her quick breathing. His lips twitched reluctantly, fearful to utter what he compelled himself to ask.

"Would—would that make any difference to you? No, I don't mean that, quite. I'm waiting to be taken into custody for my uncle's murder. Only if—when that is cleared up and the real murderer is found—I mean, would you watch me, then, Desire? Would you watch and see if I mean what I say?"

THE meek appeal in his voice, his face more earnest and thoughtful than she had ever seen it, overwhelmed her.

"I—" she began and, because sudden tears dazzled her eyes, shook her head. He mistook her gesture.

"I don't blame you," he said quietly. "I shan't bother you again—after Tarleton comes. Only, will you do this: You said this morning that you would leave a light burning in your window if you had anything to tell me. If, sometime, you feel that I am proving myself—worthy; if you want to, care to—see me again, will you make that signal? Desire, I— No, that's all."

He looked out across the glade, aglow with the last loyal beams of sunlight. He did not turn when she laid a hand on his arm, but continued to stare with a strange stiff intensity.

"Dick," she said unsteadily. "Dick, we—"

He caught her arm tight, though neither his face nor his eyes stirred.

"Men," he muttered from a corner of his mouth, "are coming out of the woods."

(To be continued next week)

Tee Time

Continued from page 15

he complies, you can claim the hole if it is a match play or have him disqualified if it is a medal play. If he attempts to defend himself by asserting he only committed the foul because you asked him to, you can pretend he misunderstood, that what you actually said was, "We move this fall."

Legitimate Methods

Three or four years ago I inadvertently got into a match with the late Walter Travis at Belleair, Fla. I was on the edge of the eighth green, about forty feet from the hole, in so many strokes. Mr. Travis was fifty yards behind me in one. "Please move your ball," he said. I did so in a spirit of levity. Mr. Travis then played a round-up shot which would have struck my ball if I hadn't moved it. As it was the ball stopped four inches from the cup. This was not an attempt at fraud on Mr. Travis' part but it gave him the match, as I picked up and went back to the club-house, conceding him the next eleven holes.

Another thing to remember is that while the ethics of golf forbid coughing, talking, sneezing, snoring, or making any other sort of noise while the opponent addresses the ball, it is not illegal to use mustard gas or throw flares or tickle his ears with a wisp of straw.

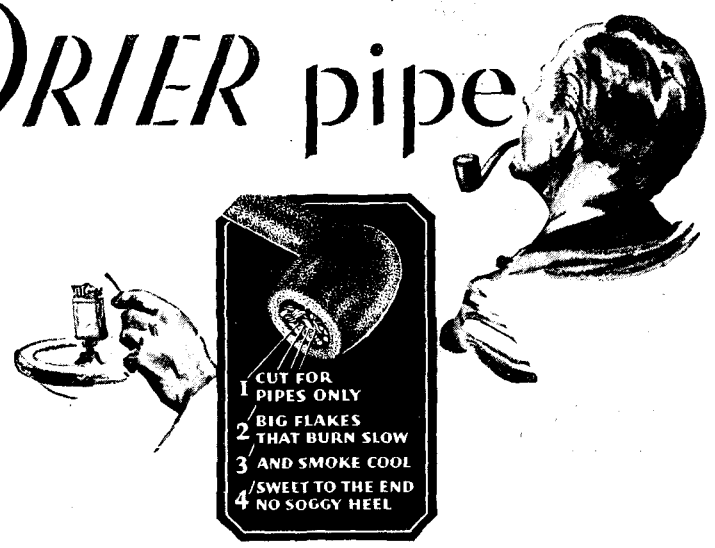
Mr. Alex J. Morrison (The American Golfer once more) writes that a man is most successful in negotiating golf shots when he is tired and therefore relaxed. It would seem, then, that a golfer facing an important match should first tire himself out. The individual probably knows best how to accomplish this in his own case. Personally I have found the following methods almost equally effective: Crawling on hands and knees from your office or home to the golf club; dancing all night with Aunt Jemima; moving the piano into the bathroom and the bathtub into the garage; arguing with a football coach.

Which reminds me of the story of the countless Scotchmen, most of them named Sandy. They were playing at St. Andrews for the first time.

"Weel," said Sandy, "gin ye swing mair hooly, Sandy, ye'll nae rax the sheugh."

"Weel," was Sandy's reply, "gin ye hae ane bittle, ye mecht misken yon clatch."

A cooler smoke in a DRIER pipe



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(If you live in Canada, address 2155 Pius IX Ave., Montreal)

April Escapade

Continued from page 13

looked amazement at Mary Kate. "Cass Keating, hey?" he asked.

"Mother," Mary Kate said bitterly, "all but threw him out of the kitchen! I never saw anything like it! What he'll think we are is more than I'll ever know."

"It's the greatest nonsense ever was in it, and you nineteen," the older woman persisted sternly.

Martin's look moved through puzzlement to amusement, and finally became businesslike.

"What have you got against him, Ma?"

"Nothing, because nobody could have!" Mary Kate interpolated passionately.

"He wouldn't have to be a murderer for me not to want him to run off with Mary Kate," Teresa O'Hara said with dignity.

"Well, don't worry," the girl said acidly, "for he'll never come back to *this* house!"

"The roof'll stay on," her mother predicted calmly.

MARTIN looked uneasily at his sister, who had seated herself at the end of the table opposite him. She had planted her bare elbows on the dark red oilcloth, her chin was in her hands, her expression was angry. But down her cheeks the swift, unwelcome tears were beginning to roll. Mrs. O'Hara cast one glance at her, raised her chin, continued her stony contemplation of distant spheres.

"Maybe Mother's right," Martin began craftily.

"That's right, side against me!" his sister said hotly.

The boy leaned back in his chair; her hard eyes met his. Only for the fraction of a second their looks crossed, then Mary Kate continued her interrupted staring into space. But her tears were dried as if by magic.

"Now you hear your brother!" Mrs. O'Hara said, gratified.

"Here's what I think, Ma," Martin said, gulping down flat ginger ale: "Mary Kate'd be a fool to marry a fellow like Cass Keating."

"Well, now you see," his mother said nodding, with a shrewd triumphant glance for the girl.

"Even if he was in love with her—" Martin pursued.

Mary Kate was regarding him with a placidity that secretly surprised her mother. But then the child had always taken everything from Mart!

"A fellow like that doesn't know his own mind," Mart added.

"Well, now you see?" Mrs. O'Hara put in a kindly, triumphant aside for Mary Kate.

"He'd break her heart," the boy continued.

"He would, Mart. He would that!"

"What do you like about him, Mary Kate?"

Mary Kate deigned no reply. She was sitting at the end of the kitchen table, her elbows on the red oilcloth, her chin cupped in her palms. She cast a glance of bored, magnificent disdain at her interlocutors.

"I like him," Mart confessed cordially, taking an enormous mouthful of bread and honey. "But not for Mary Kate."

"Well!" Mrs. O'Hara said, in satisfaction.

"Settle it between you," Mary Kate urged them. And her look at her brother was a little puzzled, and a little reproachful.

"He's making good, he's going to be rich," Mart went on, with enthusiasm, "and it'd be a constant reproach to her that we'd hold him down."

His mother's complacent, dreaming expression suddenly altered; a slightly disturbed expression clouded her fine eyes.

"How would we hold him down, Mart?"

"Well, a man doesn't marry his wife's family, Mother."

"How do you mean he doesn't marry his wife's family? Who wants him to marry his wife's family?"

"I mean that what with the children to raise and educate, and me with years of schooling ahead—and Tom to settle in something—"

Mrs. O'Hara's eyes came about at her son with a flash of white, like a horse's eye.

"You mean I'd settle down and be a bur'n on him, is that it?" she demanded mildly—too mildly.

"Oh, not a burden, exactly," Martin apologized politely, perfunctorily.

There was another silence, during which Mary Kate, her eyes deep in thought, her mouth occasionally twitching slightly, looked straight ahead of her, and Mrs. O'Hara mixed a cereal in a blue saucer-pan.

"The way you talk, Mart, you'd think Cass Keating was too good for Mary Kate," the woman presently said, resentfully.

"Nobody's too good for Mary Kate!"

"Well then, you're talkin' very queer, Mart."

"No, it's like this, Mother. Cass Keating is terrible popular, see? And all the girls—girls of twenty-five, older girls, girls with rich fathers, are after him, see?

"Now I don't say Mary Kate couldn't hold him, but I do say that he's going to make money, he'll have an automobile—he'll buy a place out in St. Francis Wood or somewhere—"

Mrs. O'Hara stirred the mixture in the pot, salted it, tasted it.

"And Mary Kate couldn't keep up with him?" she asked gently.

"Well, I only mean that it would put her at a disadvantage, Ma."

"Mary Kate O'Hara, is that it?"

"Well, Mother, don't get on your high horse! I'm not knocking Molly. I simply say that here's a fellow that's going to make millions, like O'Grady Brothers, or Cunningham and Company—"

THE rough, expert hands that were manipulating the blue saucepan trembled visibly. Mrs. O'Hara poured hot water into the lower casserole gently, fitted the upper one in place, pressed down the cover. She set the pan back on the stove.

"I suppose I'm surprised that you don't stand up for your sister, Mart." Her voice was level, dead.

"Mary Kate understands me!" Martin glanced at his sister; their unsmiling, faintly significant looks met in a steady stare. Then Mary Kate dropped her eyes again.

The mother sat down at the table, a strong needle, threaded with black thread, and a child's strap slipper suddenly in her hands.

"In Mary Kate's place I wouldn't know what to think of you," said Mrs. O'Hara.

Martin was stuffing his pipe; he made no reply.

"Are the Keatings so well thought of, Mart?" the older woman demanded, surprisedly, in a forcibly restrained voice.

"Cass is," the boy said briefly.

"Is he so? It's a pity then, that he wouldn't go after one of those millionaires' daughters, Mart," Mrs. O'Hara observed, dryly.

"He will," Mary Kate said bitterly.

"I never said anything against him by word or look, all I'd ask is that a daughter of mine would know her own mind, and be said by her mother and brother, that would love her more than a thousand men, however rich they'd be!" Mrs. O'Hara presently said sententiously and a little uneasily.

"That's kind of an old-country idea, Mother," Mart reminded her, pulling on his pipe.

"What's an old-country idea?"

"That a girl would let her mother and brother pick her husband for her."

"I don't know who'd love her more, that'd do it for her," the woman said.

"You and my father, now. Did your brother pick him?"

"He did not. My brother hated the very step of Tom O'Hara in the dust!" Mrs. O'Hara admitted honestly. "But them was very different days, Mart. No, we run away, Papa and I did—"

"Well, there's your clue, Mary Kate!" Mart reminded his sister cheerfully, in a silence.

"That'd be fine advice to give her!" the mother said, roused to uneasiness; carried beyond her depth.

"I'd always thought I'd have a church wedding," Mary Kate observed dispassionately. Her eyes, with a dancing flicker in them, rested for a moment upon her brother.

"If you can pin that feller down to a wedding at all, Mary Kate—" Mart began.

HIS mother indignantly interrupted him. "Mart, don't talk that way to your sister! It's disgusting. A body wouldn't know"—Mrs. O'Hara continued, with a sharply suspicious glance at her son, "whether you liked him or not. Why would she run off like a bad girl, and be marri'd by a Justice of the Peace in Colma or Vallejo or God knows where, with her own mother and sisters and brothers all at home, lovin' her? She may be poor, but there's no shame to that, and however rich he'd be, come ten years from now, she'd be as fit to stand beside him as anyone he'd ever find, and too good for him, too, if you ask me!

"Why Cass Keating," she went on, warming, "whose grandfather ran the 'Eleven Mile Tavern' down the Peninsula—"

"Listen, Mother—"

"I'll not listen to you, Mart, that ought to be makin' it easy for your sister, askin' the man to the house, and makin' him welcome, and her with all those rich girls pullin' against her! It's not right of you, Mart, and it does pierce me very cruel that it'd be her own blood-brother—"

"Now, listen, Mother! If you say so, I'll phone Cass tomorrow, and tell him you want him to come out to dinner—"

"Give me until—well, that's all right," Mrs. O'Hara said, suddenly, restored to normal avenues of thinking and feeling, the old black frying-pan and tender split chickens sizzling within it clear in her mind. "Do that now, Mart," she urged. "I can get me dinner in tomorrow mornin'! I'll have him send me a good order. And as for tonight," Mrs. O'Hara continued loftily, "well, I don't know that it'll do him any harm to know that we're in no hurry to get rid of Mary Kate!"

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"Oh, Mother!" said Mary Kate, unable to continue the make-believe longer, and rising to fall upon her knees at her mother's feet and push the sewing aside, "you *do* like him?"

"If you like him, Baby," the mother said gently.

"Oh, I adore you!" the girl said, laughing and crying. She jumped to her feet, ashamed of her own emotion, and ran out of the kitchen.

Mrs. O'Hara looked appealingly, pathetically, at her son.

"The way you all have me bedeviled," she complained, "I don't know whether you like him or not, or whether I want her to marry him, or to have you boot him out of me house!"

"Poor Ma!" was all the comfort Mart could give her, as he knocked his pipe free of ashes, folded the strip of newspaper that contained them into a careful bundle, deposited it in the garbage can under the sink, and kissed his mother's daisy-white forehead, where the rich dark hair sprang away in a smooth, youthful wave. He laughed as he spoke, but his mother only looked at him darkly, half-suspecting, perhaps, that these too-clever children of hers were manipulating her again.

"The whole lot of you's a heartscald to me," she said, gloomily. But when her first-born kissed her she drew his dark cheek hungrily against her own. The day's work was done now; it was bedtime.

Mary Kate's last thought, dropping off to sleep, veered suddenly from Cass to her mother. Mother would be mollifying and mild in the morning, and it behooved Mary Kate to be stiff. This was the only way to manage Mother, when she got into one of those glazed, remote, superior moods. Mother, who could be the simplest, most hospitable, most generously self-sacrificing of all the saints, could also rise to heights of unreasonableness whereon her natural affections, her sense of humor, her sense of duty, were alike forgotten. But of late years her older children had found themselves more than a match for her.

So the next morning Mary Kate presented a cold, passive exterior to her mother's anxiously affectionate eye, and departed for the office after an elaborately slighted breakfast, and a few grudging but exquisitely polite monosyllables. The O'Hara household was in its usual uproar, but the confusion was not so great but what Mrs. O'Hara was keenly conscious of her daughter's mood.

The front room upstairs was rented to Gertrude and Fanny Lahey, trained nurses, who only occasionally used it, being popular in their profession, and hard workers. Both the Laheys were away now, and the room locked. In the back room slept Regina and Tess, on a flat double bed, and Mary Kate on a couch. Mart had the hall room; the only other room on the upper floor was a bathroom, smelling of wet wood and plumbing and strong soaps. Mrs. O'Hara, Pat and Tom slept downstairs.

MARY KATE had to leave the breakfast hubbub only half spent. She departed with several warnings to her small sisters regarding the dishes and the parlor's Saturday cleaning, and walked downtown in mild March weather, Martin beside her.

They noted with satisfaction the clearing of ground for a big apartment house at the corner.

"Two-, three- and four-room suites, Mart. Maybe they'll be cheap enough for Cass and me!"

"One of the fellows here last night was telling me that they'll begin at seventy. Electric refrigeration, you know, and elevators—"

"Oh, help!" But she found instant consolation. "But, Mart, doesn't that make Mother's property much more valuable?"

"It ought to!"

They parted, as usual, at the big cool doorway of her office building. Mary Kate nodded and bowed to two or three other girls, in the elevator. She knew them, but not intimately. She was Gordon Rountree's personal and private clerk, and did not associate, except casually and accidentally, with the other girls in the Rountree employ.

Gordon Rountree, one of three brothers, was not in the family firm. He was an elegant idler, a bachelor, approaching sixty. He played golf, he traveled all over the world, he had an apartment in Paris. Sometimes he did not come into the single room that was his office, in the big business building, for weeks at a time.

Two men clerks, old Joseph Delaney and young Joseph Delaney, whose wives, children and grandchildren Mary Kate knew well, took care of Mr. Gordon Rountree's interests, and Mary Kate O'Hara helped them. Honoria Malloy, in charge of the general office of Rountree Brothers, outside of the big office loft, kept a general eye on Mary Kate.

THIS morning there was nobody in the office, not an unusual situation on a Saturday morning, for young Mr. Delaney was often busy then, down at the Rountree estate in the neighborhood of San Jose, and old Mr. Delaney did not always come into town for the half-day.

Mary Kate had put away her hat and coat, and powdered her nose, and pinned on her cuffs, and was busy with the mail, when the door opened without ceremony, and Mr. Christopher Steynes came in.

Big, fair-headed, about thirty, too well dressed, he repeated this morning the vaguely unpleasing impression she had had of him yesterday.

"Miss O'Meara," he said.

"O'Hara," substituted Mary Kate, instantly.

"I'm sorry." He did seem disturbed. "Was it O'Hara yesterday?" he asked.

Her lips went up at the corners.

"It's always been."

"I must try to remember it," said Mr. Steynes.

He sat down, at an angle, close to Mary Kate's typewriter table, and she turned about slightly in her chair and faced him. "O'Hara me back to old Kentucky," he hummed. "I wanted to ask you, before any of the men come in," he began without preamble. "Have you thought over what we were talking about yesterday?"

"There was nothing to think over," said Mary Kate.

"Oh, yes, there was! It was a question of telling your mother, do you remember?"

Mary Kate's proud, suspicious face wore a slightly worried expression. Her blue eyes were bright; there was apricot color beginning to creep up under her creamy skin.

"I tell my mother everything!" she said firmly.

"Naturally. But couldn't you tell her afterward?"

"After what?"

They both laughed, and were the better friends.

"I'm going to tell you the whole story," said Christopher Steynes, after a moment of consideration.

"I wish you would!" said Mary Kate, heartily tired of mystery.

"Well, here it is, do you see?" the man began. "By the way, what is your first name?" he diverged suddenly.

"My first name!"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Why, it's—it's Mary."

"*Mary!*" (*Continued on page 56*)

Start your daily fight against *Acidosis*

Early in the morning

AUTHORITIES high in Medical Councils estimate that a large percentage of people in this country unknowingly suffer from Acidosis in one form or another, due entirely to faulty diet. Acidosis is prevalent today in all walks of life. Good health may only be expected when the principles of a balanced diet are observed—particularly the acid-base balance of the diet.

Acidosis must not be considered lightly as the origination of faddists. Acidosis is a malady confronting every physician in his everyday practice. Acidosis is usually the cause of most types of headache, sleeplessness, "biliousness," sour stomach, acid-perspiration, nervousness, and loss of appetite. A chronic condition of Acidosis is thought to be the cause of "high blood pressure" and other serious conditions such as kidney trouble and heart disease. Diabetic specialists are finding "high blood pressure" to be the most common complication of diabetes.

Medical Science lays the blame for Acidosis to the average faulty American diet. We eat entirely *too much* of such good and necessary but acid-forming foods as meats, fish, eggs, bread and cereals and too little alkaline-reaction foods such as Oranges, Lemons, and other fresh fruits, vegetables and milk. The necessary acid-base balance is thus upset and Acidosis gets a foothold.

By following simple diet rules, which permit ample, appetizing food, and with consistent use of citrus fruit juices, the alkaline reserve of the body may be built up and maintained. In fact, the Medical Profession advises you that fresh Orange Juice and fresh Lemon Juice are among the more potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis. If your case is in any way abnormal, see your doctor.

Your fight to restore good health or to maintain it should begin early in the morning. On arising, the fresh juice of one California Sunkist Lemon in water, sweetened or unsweetened, is effective. Drink a glass of California Sunkist Orange Juice with breakfast in addition to other breakfast fruit. (Science has proved it richer in fruit-sugars and healthful fruit acids.) Have a fruit salad for lunch—a fruit cocktail or a fruit dessert for dinner. A glass of Orange Juice or *fresh* Lemonade between meals is a popular and healthful habit.

One of America's most noted diet authorities has approved "Telling Fortunes with Foods," a free booklet on Acidosis, its correction and prevention. In it are included normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets together with a list of acid and alkaline foods. The book is written in *your* language and is materially helpful to everyone who really appreciates good health. Will you please mark and mail the coupon for your copy?

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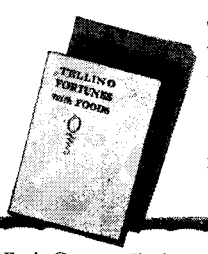

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(*Continued from page 55*)

"Yes. But what—what has that to do—"

"It couldn't be better!" he said enthusiastically.

"But what has that to do—why should you say—"

"Mary," he said, "is a name you can't forget. Lydia, now, or Denise, or Olive—you could get those mixed up. But Mary! Oh, marvelous."

Mary Kate looked at him suspiciously. She did not speak. She glanced significantly at her unfinished mail.

"Here's the situation," Christopher Steynes said hurriedly, recalled. "I simply want some fine, lovely looking girl to—well, frankly, to pretend to be my wife for a"—his eye caught Mary Kate's eyes—"for the briefest imaginable period," he finished hastily.

"I hope you keep your good health and spirits until you get me to do that," the girl said, simply. Again they both laughed.

"Listen, it isn't as bad as it sounds!" Steynes assured her placatingly.

"Well, I should hope—"

"I wouldn't come to you with anything as raw as that," the man protested. "No, it's simply this. There's a woman and her daughter coming to town next Thursday, that's the last day of March, and—for various reasons into which I won't go, Miss—Miss Mary—I want them to think that I was married about a month ago."

SUDDENLY, from rather disliking him, she rather liked him. There was something disarming about the simple, yellow-headed creature. The thought of money was inseparable from him—golf, ponies, tutors, travel, privilege spoke all over him. But he was nice, too.

"Why can't you just tell them you're married?"

"They wouldn't believe it for one second. I tell you they're Russian aristocrats—they're desperate," said Christopher Steynes.

"Oh! And which"—her eyes danced—"which wants to marry you?"

"Both, I imagine," he confessed disconsolately. "Now you see, I'm sailing for Europe on Sunday, a week from tomorrow," he pursued. "That is, I was. I have my passage engaged. Day before yesterday I was informed from New York—I'm a New Yorker—that Madame Yarnowska and Marka are on my trail; they are crossing the continent now, and have engaged passage on the same ship."

"Then it wouldn't do any good if you did spring a wife on them, for they'd find out immediately that she wasn't going along. I don't suppose," Mary Kate asked, with a swift lifting of amused blue eyes, "that your contract would call for the wife to go along?"

"You completely misunderstand me. I want someone that I can introduce as my wife. I then move my sailing to the next boat, which leaves eleven days later. They *don't* change their sailing, for there's nothing to gain by it. Once thoroughly convinced that I am married, I don't suppose even a Russian countess would bother me. Do you? Do you know anything about them?"

"There are only four on our block," the girl explained.

He had a wild fresh laugh; she described it in her secret soul as an idiot laugh, but she rather liked it. He loosed it suddenly now, and gave himself and his chair a little jerk nearer her, and settled down with a fresh access of confidence and affability.

"Now, listen, here's what I'd want you to do. Gordon Rountree is a prince. You can trust him. Will you concede that?"

She laughed. And remembering how her employer had acted when Mother was ill last summer, and his polite thanks whenever anyone stayed ten minutes late to do anything for him, and the half-salary gift at Christmas time, so tactfully presented in a book, or with a handkerchief, she nodded willingly.

"Agreed. All right then! Gordon Rountree has a place down in Burlingame, right near the one I rented for the polo. You're acquainted with Burlingame? It's some twelve or fifteen miles down the Peninsula, south of the city. You know it, of course. Now I'm a stranger down there, nobody knows much about me—they're all terribly decent to me, and all that, but I mean that none of them would be very much surprised to hear I was married, do you see?

"Gordon Rountree gives the Countess and Marka a dinner next Friday night, do you get me? And the next day I give them a luncheon at my house. The day after that they take the Overland for New York, and then Russia, and it's all over.

"All I ask you—I mean, all I ask anyone to do, is to come to that dinner, sleep overnight at my house—I rented a swell old Danish housekeeper and her husband with the place, and she'll keep her mouth shut—and then play wife again at luncheon the next day."

"Were you engaged to this Russian woman?" Mary Kate asked, thinking.

"She thinks I was."

"Has she"—Mary Kate was a movie fan—"has she letters?"

"Some."

"Are they—incriminating?"

"No. Oh, Lord, no!" said Christopher Steynes. "But they're affectionate.

"You see, I really did take a terrible fall for this girl—by the way, she speaks perfect English," he interpolated. "So we couldn't get away with any asides!"

"We—? I don't get you."

"I mean that whoever entered into this little masquerade with me," he said succinctly, "couldn't take a chance on their not understanding anything, for they understand everything! To go back. I met Marka in London, at a sort of theatrical party. There are lots of Russians on the loose all over Europe, and everyone is decent to them—buying their jewels, and jollying them along, and all that. So when I met this girl, and really she is stunning—I began to lay it on pretty thick. In the first place, I didn't imagine she'd understand American slang, do you see?—So I'd call out to Fox-Curran—it was at his place—I'd call out to him, 'I'm crazy about her! Where has she been all my life! I'm getting on gloriously with Miss Romanoff!' and so on.

"Well, of course she took it—darned seriously," he said, looking at Mary Kate, widening his eyes. "In the first place, she *was* distantly connected with the Imperial family, and she wanted to get that all straightened out. Then she asked me if I would come the next day and have tea with her mother and herself—tea, at twelve o'clock. It seems they have sort of betrothal teas—can you tie it?"

"Heavens!" said Mary Kate, her face whitening with sympathy.

"WELL, you can imagine. You see a girl like that—she's about twenty-seven, she was seventeen at the time of the war, a girl like that doesn't expect to know her young man very well. It's just got to be a suitable arrangement, with plenty of money. She's been banging about the world for ten years now, looking for something soft, and she thinks she's found it."

"But do you like her?"

"I loathe her! However, I didn't tell you the worst. I went to their place next morning, thinking there'd be a regular gang there, and I was the whole party! There were some elderly relatives, and cakes, and some old servant kissed my hands—I tell you, I was stampeded! So I got out of there—this was last December, and I shipped on the Adriatic two days later."

"And now they follow you?"

"Now? They followed me *then*. They were on the ship. I don't know how they knew, or how they made the grade. I was deathly ill, I always am, and the Countess would get into my room, and play bezique with me—she plays darned well—she made something that way, but she was welcome to that! And when we parted in New York, she asked me when we should give the glad tidings to the papers."

"Give it a stick and a tall hat while you're about it," said Mary Kate dryly.

"I give you my word it's every syllable true! On my honor."

"Why, that's horrible!" the girl said indignantly.

"I'm glad you see it that way. Well, I stalled her off in New York," Christopher Steynes resumed, "by telling her that there was a girl down South my mother wanted me to marry. There was, too. You know Russians will take a lot of that, because everything with them is formal—arranged by the higher ups. So I cut away again, now—I want you to play that girl."

SHE had laughed out, two or three times, during the recital, had frowned, shaken her head. Her eyes had flashed anger and interest. Now she said inflexibly, but in a much gentler tone, "I'd have to ask my mother."

"Then it's all off, isn't it?" the man said, despairingly.

Mary Kate considered.

"Well, yes, I suppose it is."

"I tell you it's a perfectly cold-blooded proposition," he said. "I know you'll understand when I say that I'm not in the least interested in you. I'm not in any girl. I've never been in love—I get a case occasionally—I never follow them up. You don't believe that. It's true."

"I don't—suppose—there's a chance with my mother," Mary Kate, said, considering.

"Of course there isn't! But in the first place, you'd do me a perfectly inestimable favor, it'd be a work of holy Christian charity," he pleaded. "And—are you engaged? Would you have any use for a little extra money?"

Her happy color rushed up. She sat regarding him doubtfully, daringly.

"Look here," he said. He caught up a pencil, on her desk, and wrote some figures on a scrap of paper. Her eyes followed his hand.

"What's that?" asked Mary Kate blankly.

"That's what it's worth to me."

Her incredulous, suspicious look deepened.

"You're crazy!"

"I'm not crazy. I'm in a tight corner. I asked Gordon Rountree if he knew any girl who looked the part who would help me out. If you'll do it I swear to you that I'll treat you as I would my own sister—I'll swear it. You'll be sent to Sacramento Friday night—that's what the office will think, and you'll come back Saturday. That's all anyone'll know. And that check will go into your bank account tomorrow, if you say the word."

"What, before I even go?" She laughed; her cheeks were burning.

"Well," he said, "aren't *you* trusting *me?*"

"Yes, I do trust you!" she said quickly. She paused.

"Call it a lark, a practical joke," he pleaded. "It'd be the greatest fun in the world. Say you'll do it."

Mary Kate hesitated for a long minute.

"I'll think about it!" she said slowly.

(*To be continued next week*)

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A Dress for Cinderella

Continued from page 23

persons in her repertoire, can you picture Madge Kennedy in heavy tweeds?

When I suddenly decided to open in Our Betters last season, there was no time to go to Paris for clothes and I was looking hastily for things here in New York. One night in a café I saw a woman cross the floor and I said to myself, "There's the dress for the first act!" I pursued her—fortunately she happened to be a friend—and asked if I might have the dress copied. But, while it had the life and vigor of line, the coloring was too soft for the woman in the play—quite beautiful for my friend, but the woman in Our Betters was not a lady of appealing softness. We copied the dress in black ciré satin and got the harder effect desired.

Clothes as Symbols

I put that character through a sort of chemical analysis, as I do every one that I play, and then I bought the clothes that would give the necessary impression.

I knew I had to make her shine with a metallic brilliance. So, in one act I put on her a gown with dazzling sequins. In another scene, an effect was achieved through contrast. I gave her the nerve to come forth impertinently in white—the symbol of purity—just after she had done a terrible and unforgivable thing.

Now, as I look back, I realize that when I dressed the girl in The Gold Diggers I made a mistake. She wasn't really such a bad person inside and, instead of making her appear quite so tough as far as costume was concerned, I should have dressed her in dark blue with demure white turndown collar and cuffs. What she did would have been emphasized by contrast and what she was basically would have come through better.

But to get back to the more ordinary type of clothes that most of us wear either in our own lives or in the majority of modern plays—they are not always easy to find. That is why costumes are often changed at the last minute as they were for me in The Awful Truth. Husbands who are weary of hearing of their wives' long hunt for clothes should take heart. I bought three evening dresses for one scene and two negligees for another before the right things were decided upon, and it was the audiences that did the deciding.

The difference in response of the public to the same scenes in the different dresses was amazing. If I ever needed anything to convince me of the emotional effect of clothes, that did it. The same principles hold true with your own private circle of friends.

One thing is certain and that is that it is safer to keep everything—hat, dress, shoes and accessories—in varying shades of one color, and not too varying at that. Few women can combine contrasting colors to look like anything but an effort. To see the dress first and the woman afterward induces a mental shock that is bad for the acquaintanceship. Frequently the woman never gets through the barrier at all. But subtly to be made aware of a woman through the dress, without realizing it, is another thing.

Perhaps the word "smart" is the most misused word in the present lexicon of fashion. It has come to denote a straining after the latest thing rather than a careful selection of the most becoming.

The well-dressed woman doesn't aim for smartness: she tries for the best combination of the beautiful, the appropriate, and the practical. She may achieve "smartness" if she is the type of woman that is meant to be "smart"—some women are not—but she is sure to achieve good taste.

There are people who need a tremendous jolt before they will learn what they should *not* wear. To be able to afford the right things and always buy the wrong ones is sheer tragedy.

I remember the story of an ambitious actress who yearned for stardom of a higher rank than she had reached. She was told that not only on the stage but in private life she would have to dress in better taste, but no one was able to persuade her. She dressed expensively but conspicuously and flamboyantly.

One night, attired in a street suit of bright burnt orange and of a bizarre cut, she arrived at the theater to find that the cleaner had failed to return her second-act costume and frantic telephone calls were useless. The second act took place in a brothel and she played a lady of doubtful reputation. That evening she went on in her own suit. It fitted the part so much better than the usual costume that the comment of the audience was unmistakable. When last seen on the street, she was wearing dove gray.

Last summer in Paris I had great fun getting costumes for the musical play Nell Gwinn. You may remember that a musical version of her life was announced for fall production. So far the playwright who was to write the libretto hasn't finished the script and I am beginning to wonder if I shall ever wear the clothes of that woman who rose from a poor little orange girl to the position of the most cherished mistress of one of Britain's greatest monarchs, Charles II, and who was very deeply and sincerely beloved by all England. Perhaps she merited such devotion since she truly loved her lord because he was himself and not because he was a king. It was interesting providing a wardrobe for her struggles, her ambitions, and her triumphs.

After the plainness of her orange girl's dress, when she had just reached the first stages of her glory and was revelling in her power and dressing to give herself the flaming assurance of her own success, I visualized her sweeping in, gowned in a gorgeous costume of pink-orange velvet and feathers with a fine head-dress.

Fitting into the Scene

But later when she had become more certain of herself and had developed the poise, the dignity and the richness of character that made her really worth a monarch's adoration, she no longer needed the stimulant of such clothes. Instead, she was to enter quietly in a white robe of extreme simplicity.

Just as stage dresses are frequently chosen to blend with the settings and also with the costumes of other women in the same scenes, so can any woman select her clothes to go with the setting of her own home. If she is going elsewhere and has seen the place before, she can be careful to wear things that do not go too badly with the colors and mode of decoration.

It is not a matter of exaggerated vanity if she does this; it is really a most kind consideration for those who have to look at her and listen to her against that background, for no woman is at her best unless she feels that she looks as well as she possibly can. Clothes may not make the man, but they certainly do make the woman.

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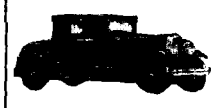

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Old-Fashioned Pete

Continued from page 7

when they retired to their hotel both were madly, hopelessly in love with her. Pete surveyed his somewhat plain face in the mirror. Then he said: "Mart, you win." Thus did he abdicate, generously, without heroics.

"Thanks," said Mart indifferently. "I met her father today an' had quite a talk with him. I've engaged to go to work for him at his ranch this winter, breaking horses. He offered a hundred a month and found. . . . Better than lying idle and I can practice a little roping and bull-dogging between times."

"I met him and talked to him, too," Pete replied. "Got asking him if he knew where we could place forty thousand dollars on a good, sound cattle loan, at eight per cent, for three years. He said he could handle it himself and give ample security. I got an idea we'd better go down to his place as soon as we come back from New York and look his cattle over."

Mart glanced at his partner, sharply, but nodded assent, and when the season closed that year they had another ten thousand dollars for investment. So they went down to the Banning ranch together and looked over the security.

Both were earnestly desirous of playing fair with the old man and themselves, so their investigation was thorough. They discovered his ranch was mortgaged to the limit and that he was a year behind with his interest; his range was not particularly good and in the event of a dry year he would be overstocked and would have to ship out to leased pasture. Nor were his cattle good stock stuff. Where the partners had expected good, smooth, grade Herefords they found an admixture of interbred, undersized cattle. Counterfeit cattle!

"He ain't a good cow-man," Pete decided. "Mart, I ain't in favor of making the loan. It's risky."

"Well, I am," Mart replied with a certain hard note of finality in his voice. "The old man'll win out all right."

"I'm dead against it, Mart."

Mart commenced to argue, but Pete cut him short: "Remember our partnership agreement, Mart. Any time we can't agree on an investment we let the money ride in bank—in this case in good, safe six per cent bonds."

"Very well, I'll take the loan myself, Pete, so you send me down an accounting and my half of the entire kitty. Now that we've reached the point where we can't seem to agree on our investments, we'd better disagree."

"Our partnership contract stipulated that when we failed to agree we left the bank roll where it was. You got a quick forgettery, Mart, where a girl's concerned."

"We won't discuss that, Pete. I'm going to stay here all winter and break horses for the old man. Besides, I'm quitting the rodeo game before I get busted up for fair."

PETE made no reply. He was too deeply hurt for words. However, he was not deceived. He knew Mart Gandy was making a good fellow of himself with the Bannings, at the expense of their joint interests and Pete thought it a cheap way to win a girl.

Marcia drove him to the railroad in her father's somewhat battered car; and, now that he was seeing her for the last time, Pete found her more desirable than ever. However, he knew he didn't have a chance . . . his bowed legs, his long, plain face, his silent ways. . . .

Marcia broke the silence. "It's very kind of you and Mr. Gandy to make my father that loan, Mr. Ballantyne."

"I *ain't making none of it, Miss Marcy.* It's all Mart's game."

"You—you weren't interested, Mr. Ballantyne?"

He shook his head. "I can find better investments, Miss Marcy."

"Well, of course, a chattel mortgage isn't desirable, as a rule, but then ten per cent renders it more attractive to certain types of investors."

So Mart was going to get ten per cent. Pete knew he'd never have been sufficient of a pawnbroker to ask that rate. Old Banning must have offered it. Must be pretty anxious to cinch the loan, when he offered ten per cent. His business wouldn't stand it . . . the hair was bound to slip somewhere.

"Miss Marcy, money don't come as easy to Mart and me as some folks think; the older we get the harder it comes . . . we'll be through at thirty, and if we haven't won our money and saved it we'll be just a pair of busted-up cowboys, glad to earn forty or fifty a month and board. Never no chance for a home an' wife an' kids at that rate. I ain't naturally selfish nor stingy, but I know humans. And," he added bitterly, "I know one human better today than I did yesterday—and we been 'most brothers the past five years."

SHE *nodded. Then:* "Have you and Mart quarreled, Pete?"

"Not quarreled, Miss Marcy. He's just quit me as a partner, that's all."

"Is it permitted to ask why?"

"We couldn't agree on the wisdom of this loan. Our partnership agreement from the first was this: Whenever we couldn't agree on the wisdom of an investment the firm's funds was to remain in the bank, or in good bonds, like we have our money invested in now. Mart wanted to change that agreement and in order to do it he had to dissolve partnership."

He looked away toward the blue Sierra foothills.

"That's bad business for both of us, Miss Marcy. Neither is ever going to find another rodeo partner half as good as the one he's lost!"

Marcia's hand came over and rested a moment on his. "You're pretty much of an old-fashioned man, aren't you, Peter? Your promise, your friendship . . . not lightly given, I think. I'm sorry."

He raised his troubled glance from the floor of the car and met hers; she saw the pain in his blue eyes, the wistfulness; she read him better than he dreamed.

"Would you loan me some money, Peter?" she queried, and added: "Without security—just on my honor?"

"I'll tie to a friend, but I want you should know I wouldn't do it to—to—well, to make a good fellow of myself—with you. That being understood, how much do you want, Miss Marcy?"

"I want a thousand dollars, for three years, at seven per cent. I'll protect you with life insurance. I have nothing else but I can buy that. I want to escape from my environment. I'm buried on this lonely ranch, no hope, no chance in life. The Salinas Rodeo is a big social event in my life. I want to go up to San Francisco and learn to be a stenographer, so I can make my own way."

"I understand. I know all about environment, I've known what it means to want to escape. And I'm escaping—slowly. I'll be free in a few years if I don't get broke up in the meantime. Schoolin', eh? I never had much. . . . Gosh, that wantin' to escape—to be free *and independent—to enjoy life.*" Pete's voice grew husky. "I'll send you a draft tomorrow. Better'n a check. Then the bank won't know I loaned it to you. No talk. . . ."

She patted his hard hand. That was all. And when she dropped him at the railroad station and he walked away, he was acutely conscious of those parenthetical legs of his.

"Poor Marcy," he soliloquized. "She sees the handwritin' on the wall; she knows the old man's goin' bust, that God A'mighty intended him for a failure the day He created him. I'm only hopin' he ain't a crook to boot. If he disgraces Marcy—"

Pete Ballantyne could think fast and accurately, even if, at times, he appeared a bit inarticulate. So he did not board the train. Instead he hired an automobile, motored to the county seat and spent a half hour in the recorder's office looking over the records. And there he found what he feared he might find—a first chattel mortgage on the Banning cattle and their increase, dated two years previous and duly recorded then by the lender, which in this case was a local bank.

"So doggone hard up he's gamblin' with his liberty an' honor, eh?" Pete reflected. "He didn't tell us anything about this other loan on the same security he's offerin' us; figured us a pair of innocent cow waddies that'd take his word for anything or fail to ask questions; and when I made a critical investigation he picked on Mart and offered ten per cent to hurry the matter along. Wouldn't be surprised if he tipped Mart off he'd like him for a son-in-law . . . well, at any rate, Mart's been sold.

"I could save him now, but—I'll not. He dumped me. He ain't my partner no more. Let him make the loan; let him take old Banning's *second first mortgage* and find out what's it worth when the bank forecloses on Banning's first mortgage. There won't be no foreclosure suit; they'll just tell Brother Banning to give them a bill of sale to the cattle or face a felony charge—procuring money under false pretenses."

HE SAT down on the court-house steps, smoked one cigarette and saw the entire scheme as in a glass darkly. For reasons best known to himself Old Banning had gone bad. However, knowing he was bound to be discovered, he would do his best to effect a marriage between Mart and Marcia first, hoping Mart's love for Marcia would prevent his victim from prosecuting him.

Unfortunately for Old Banning, Marcia had no intention of playing safe against the world by marrying Mart—she was going up to the big city to be self-supporting. There was a girl for you. Lonely, desperate. Pete's heart ached for her because he understood her so well. Direct girl, code like a man's. Not the kind to make idle promises. Gave her honor as collateral for a loan. And after she had refused Mart and he had discovered the swindle her father had perpetrated, what would happen? Mart might shoot the old skunk; certainly he would prosecute him and put him in the pen. And *that* would be hard on Marcia!

"Nope," Pete decided aloud, "I can't let that happen to Marcy. What you need, Mr. Ballantyne, *is a high-class* lawyer. No shyster on this deal. He might double-cross us all. Mart's a jackass and deserves a hard licking, so he's going to get it, although at that,

(*Continued on page 60*)

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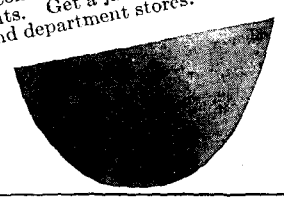

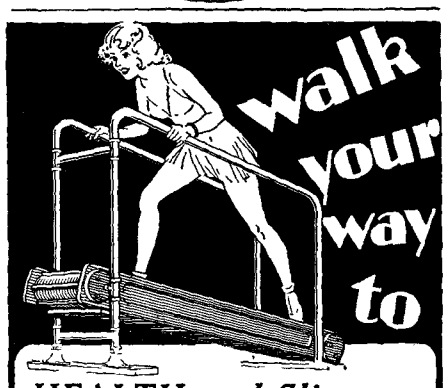

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The Major Prophet

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THIS promises to be a great year for Senator William E. Borah. In the first place naval disarmament is his baby. In the hands of President Coolidge and his advisers it had become a conflict of naval experts quarreling about "measuring sticks" by which to establish "parity" between the navies of Great Britain and the United States. The last conference between this country, Great Britain and Japan reduced the whole question to an absurdity by proceeding to disarm upward by increasing the cruiser force of all three nations, and it really split on the question of how much navies should be increased in the process of disarming!

Only Japan, "warlike" Japan, protested against the incongruity of disarming by adding to a nation's armed forces.

When the conference broke in mutual recrimination, Mr. Coolidge adopted its principles by recommending the building of a whole lot of new cruisers by the United States.

That conference emitted a smoke screen of words, about "global" tonnage, tonnage "by classes," "principles of the Washington conference," "ten-thousand-ton cruisers," "ten-inch guns," and a lot more of the new language of peace.

Every night a spokesman for England and a spokesman for the United States belched forth a broadside of words, each calculated to put the other in the wrong. The American newspapers printed both statements religiously while the English newspapers suppressed the American statements, which was felt to be a monstrous wrong by their authors, their pride of authorship being wounded.

Each side schemed for a parity between the two fleets which would leave its fleet able to lick the daylights out of the other fleet in the Unthinkable War. Then when it all drew to a close each side passed splendid resolutions saying that the other side consisted of the most noble and patient advocates of peace since the Star of Bethlehem had shone in the skies.

The Freedom of the Seas

Now it was Mr. Borah who first saw that the "unthinkableness" of war and all the noble morality of the Kellogg treaty wouldn't stop the armament experts of one nation from looking at the armament of another nation and saying, "We're going to have something that will lick that, anyway."

He perceived that the way to reduce navies was to reduce the use to which navies should be put in time of war. So he proposed—and the Senate unanimously, I think, adopted—a resolution favoring an international declaration that neutrals in war should have the same rights on the high seas as in time of peace; the century-old American idea that the seas were free and that the mere possession of naval supremacy did not give any power the right to take away that freedom.

President Hoover bestowed a certain academic sympathy upon Mr. Borah's formula for disarmament. But the indications are that he did not regard it as practical.

But along comes Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Great Britain's new premier, one of Mr. Borah's international friends, and he says Mr. Borah is right, that the only way to reduce navies is to diminish their importance in time of war.

A Conscience in Washington

So the next naval conference, thanks to Mr. Borah, ceases to be a squabble of experts over technicalities and will turn on a question of justice and morals. It is when Mr. Borah does something like this that one realizes that he is, at his best, the most valuable public man in Washington.

And that is not the only way in which the Idaho senator will shine this year. He is the conscience of the Republican party. There is no man in public life who has a keener sense of the moral implications of what is done in Washington.

His conscience was revolted by the last disarmament conference which revealed a race in armaments between two powers professing the utmost friendship and declaring war between two such blood brothers to be unthinkable. Equally, it is revolted by the fraud being practiced by his own party in Washington under the pretense of equalizing the advantages which industry and agriculture enjoy under the protective tariff.

When he gets through with his speeches in the present special session of Congress it will be pretty nearly impossible for Mr. Hoover to sign the new tariff bill which Congress will send him.

It is generally believed that Mr. Hoover dislikes the tariff bill that is being made on the hill. Well, Mr. Borah will bring about such a state of the public mind that Mr. Hoover can veto it amid loud huzzas.

Mr. Borah is one of the major prophets. One's quarrel with him is that with all his qualities of mind and heart he has not taken his political fate in his hands and risked it on being a great leader of the forces that make for righteousness.

No Mother to guide them

PUPPIES' lives are not made up altogether of joyful yelps and the ecstatic chewing up of hats and overshoes. Puppies have their troubles.

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Old-Fashioned Pete

Continued from page 58

knowing humans the way I do, maybe I'd ought to make allowances for him. Anyhow, I can't risk making a murderer out of him—not after what we've been through together."

Within a week a San Francisco attorney had purchased from the bank that held it the first chattel mortgage old man Banning had given to secure his note for twenty-five thousand dollars. Then he recorded the assignment and, as soon as Pete Ballantyne had adjusted his accounts with Mart Gandy, made a peremptory demand upon Banning for payment of the delinquent interest for one year and a year's interest in advance, otherwise he would foreclose, since the mortgage provided that, unless the interest was paid when due the lender could, at his option, declare the principal due also. It took Banning a week to make good, but he did it without protest; wherefore the astute Mr. Ballantyne knew Mart Gandy had loaned him twenty-five thousand dollars. So Pete did some more thinking.

"Old Banning will give Mart some cock and bull story to keep him from recording his chattel mortgage, because he knows the banks get a daily list of all recorded documents. If they see where he's made another cattle loan, and on a first chattel mortgage at that, they'll know he's crooked, and, as his ranch mortgage is long overdue, they'll close in on him. Well, sic 'em, Tige!"

HE WROTE Mart Gandy a brief letter, as follows:

Dear Mart:

If Banning tried to get me to defer recording my chattel mortgage I would get hostile right off and record it. Remember, an unrecorded mortgage ain't got no standing in court so don't be a sucker all your life. I hear Marcy has left the ranch against the old man's will, so I suppose you will leave, too, after you have broke them horses for Banning. If you ever get into trouble with the old skunk, save your cartridges for heavier game and see me. I don't trust him. When you play poker, never bet them unless you have them.

Yours, PETE

When Mart Gandy received that letter the cold snakes of suspicion promptly crawled into his heart. How had Pete discovered Banning had requested him not to record his chattel mortgage for sixty days, in order that a renewal of the ranch mortgage might in the interim be effected? And how had he discovered Marcia had, after a violent quarrel with her father, left his roof?

The upshot of his cogitations was that Mr. Gandy suddenly decided he had never lost any money through following Mr. Ballantyne's advice, so, because he had promised Banning not to record the document for sixty days, he suffered greatly until that period had expired; then, without taking Banning into his confidence, he mailed the mortgage to the county recorder, who, when returning it, saw fit to write Mr. Gandy, informing him that the county records showed a prior first chattel mortgage on twenty-five hundred head of cattle on the Banning ranch, and that no satisfaction of this first mortgage had been filed with him for record.

Mart Gandy did not have to count the cattle on Banning's ranch. He and Pete Ballantyne had already made a rough "corral" count and had placed the number at twenty-two hundred.

"I reckon I'd better see a lawyer," Mart decided, although remembering he might save a lawyer's fee by consulting Pete Ballantyne! He shrank from meeting Pete, however, discussing the matter with him frankly and admitting that, because he had disregarded the latter's advice, he had been swindled as adroitly as any boob had ever been. Also, he had proposed to Marcia and had been gently but firmly refused. . . . It was worth twenty-five thousand dollars not to admit either of these casualties to Pete Ballantyne!

Within a week his lawyer confirmed his worst suspicions! However, Mart Gandy did deign to accept a modicum of Pete Ballantyne's disinterested advice. He refrained from killing old man Banning, contenting himself, instead, with calling the old wretch all the names he could think of and giving him a year in which to get that twenty-five thousand dollars back to him or take the consequence. This, he added, he did for Marcia's sake. Even as a drowning man grasps at a straw, old Banning grasped eagerly and gratefully at this commutation of sentence and promised restitution.

THAT summer, with a heavy heart, Mart Gandy went down the rodeo circuit alone. Of course he met Pete Ballantyne and, for the first time they competed against each other in deadly earnest for first money. En route to The Stampede at Calgary Mart's horse fell in the express car, broke a leg and had to be destroyed. This was a heavy handicap to Mart, so he called upon Pete and asked the latter to rent him his horse, Moocher, on the customary rodeo terms.

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P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2 Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck, *President* — George J. Kennedy, *Vice President* — William P. Larkin, *Vice President* — Albert E. Winger, *Treasurer*

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. But the publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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"No, thanks," Pete replied coldly. "Baldy's death put you out of competition with me, so stay out. I'm not fool enough to compete with myself!"

Marty barely made his expenses at Calgary. He made more than Pete at Cheyenne, where good roping horses are plentiful, but broke an ankle at Cedar Rapids and had to retire, while Pete completed the circuit with his customary high quota of winnings and came home with seven thousand dollars net.

The following June, when the majority of the calves on the Banning ranch had been dropped, Pete's lawyer had an interview with old man Banning, and returned from it with a bill of sale in his favor covering every head of cattle, all sexes and all ages, on the ranch. Then Pete Ballantyne rented the ranch from the bank, which now held a sheriff's deed to it, abandoned the rodeo circuit forever and got into the cattle business on his own. The day he took possession he had an interview with old man Banning.

"You look peaked, Mr. Banning," he declared kindly. "Worrying over what's going to happen to you when Mart Gandy shows up, I s'pose. Well, he ain't goin' to show up. I've told him I'm going to take over this outfit and grow it out and pay it out, and when I do he'll get his money back, with interest, even if he ain't got a legal leg to stand on. Mart knows my word's good, so he ain't worryin' none. I've loaned him my horse Moocher and he's gone out on the rodeo circuit to see if he can't win some more big money and broken bones.

"Mr. Banning, you were glad to borrow ten dollars a head on a lot of cow-brutes worth twenty on an average, after the cattle business went hay-wire in 1920. The bank let you sell your increase in order to keep operating, but you went a mite farther. You sold off about two hundred and fifty head of the collateral you'd promised to keep intact. Then you swindled Mart. Me and Mart and the county recorder and your bank and my lawyer are the only ones that know that, however. Marcy don't suspicion nothing and she ain't liable to be told.

"Now, hombre, this is the program. You can live quietly at this ranch and I'll give you cow-puncher's wages for doing chores until I can clean up this outfit and get out from under. When I do there'll be something left, but you'll not get it and you can't collect it in law. You could if you'd let me foreclose instead of getting buck fever and giving a bill of sale for everything to save you from the rockpile. But I'm not going to give you anything that's left after Mart and me have got ours. That all goes to your daughter, and after she gets it it'll be up to her how she spends it. It's none of my business if she throws it all away on you."

TWO years passed. Pete Ballantyne borrowed money on his cattle to carry his operating expenses after his ready cash was gone, and in the meantime the price of beef slowly mounted. When he had an offer of nine cents on the ranch for everything, straight through, he sold, settled with Mart Gandy and himself and sent a draft for seventy-eight thousand dollars to Marcia Banning, sans any explanatory note enclosed.

"Well, that's finished," he declared. He was in error, however. Before he could drift forth into the world again and be swallowed, Marcia Banning appeared at the ranch. She found Pete Ballantyne on the front porch braiding a rawhide calf-rope, and without a moment's hesitation walked up and kissed him.

Blushing deeply and embarrassed into dumbness, Mr. Ballantyne stood staring at her and trembling with excitement.

"What a shy man you are, Pete," the girl continued, seating herself beside him and helping herself to one of his calloused hands. "So you're Old Pete, The Mystery Man, aren't you? You should have done your business in person with your lawyer, however, rather than write him what you wanted done. If you'd only dropped into his office occasionally you'd have met me. I've been his secretary for more than a year and the day he dictated my first letter, lo, it was to you! So I looked into the Pete Ballantyne file and got the story; I've been adding to it ever since."

"I didn't want you should know. There wasn't no sense in making you feel bad, Marcy," Pete mumbled.

"I always had an idea you were an old-fashioned boy, Pete. Mighty few of them left nowadays. You dear old simpleton, haven't you anything to say to me?"

"In a matter like this the least said the better, Marcy. Let's forget it."

"And you aren't even going to tell me you love me, Pete?"

Mr. Ballantyne started as if stung by a bee. He blushed horribly. "Where I come from, miss," he faltered, "we never make a break like that until we're mighty sure of our ground."

"Fine. Let's make certain. I love you, Pete. I love you to death and I never thought I'd be the sort of girl to make such a statement to any man. But you're such a shy, self-sacrificing, kindly, understanding, loyal, forgiving, faithful old idiot I can't help it, and I've been afraid that unless I helped you out you'd never find the courage to declare yourself."

"THIS is remarkable," Mr. Ballantyne murmured. "I never have thought of discussing the matter with you."

"For heaven's sake—why?" There was a slight note of irritation in Marcia's voice, for no woman relishes being ignored.

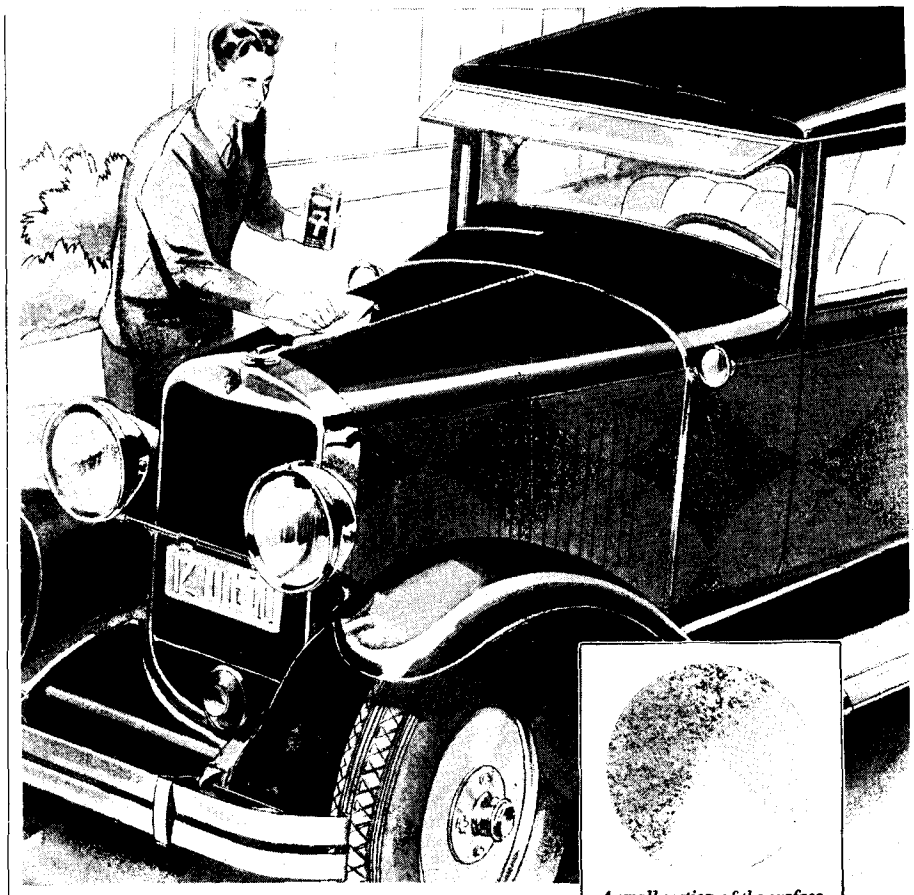
"How could I, Marcia? You'd asked me to do you a favor an' I was glad to do it. Then I discover a situation where I had to do something else for you—an' I done it. After that, if I'd come pestering around, you might have figured I'd come to collect! Besides, I got a face like a mule an' legs like two oxbows, so I figured you'd have to refuse me, which would hurt you, because I'd been your friend when you needed one. I reckoned I'd better forget it."

"Never mind the tale of your inhibitions, Pete Ballantyne. What I want to know—and no equivocating—is this: Do you love me?"

"Hell, yes," the unhappy man almost yelled. "Of course I do. Ever since I met you I been one big ache inside."

"You have, eh? Well, so have I. Now look here, old-timer. Are you looking for a partner to start a little old cow-outfit with in a modest way? If so, consider that I am presenting my application. I happen to have a little idle money on hand just now, and I believe you have too, so let's pool it in a joint account and fly at our future. I'm not happy in the city, Pete. I can never be anything but a country girl—and I can keep the firm's books and handle the firm's correspondence and help on the round-up and cook. Yes, Peter darling, I yearn for green fields and kind-faced cows. Think I might make good as your partner, Pete?"

"Sweetheart," said Pete Ballantyne rapturously, "my legs might be bowed a mite but they sure furnish solid support for a pair of knees." And he drew her up into his lap and kissed her and held her close to his famished heart, nor even paused to consider what they were going to do with her scalawag of a father, for that, to a man of Pete Ballantyne's liberal views, was a matter of no importance.



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The Power of Persuasion

THERE is no greater force among men than the power of persuasion. Wise men have always known this truth. It is crystallized in homely proverbs. You can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink. You can lead men's minds to agreement by gracious reason when you cannot compel surrender.

Because Owen D. Young understands this power of persuasion all the world is his debtor. He had no legal authority at Paris. He was not even an official delegate from the United States. Privately, it is said, President Coolidge opposed his going last February. He went because the invitation from the great nations was irresistible to such a man of good will. He was wanted because of his known skill in reconciling the conflicting views of divergent men.

It is a great thing to have demonstrated on such a spectacular stage the potency of this ancient art.

Many of the most useful men in all history have been great persuaders. The best of all was Socrates, the ancient Athenian, whose conversations with his friends were so marvelously preserved by Plato.

Socrates was the gentlest of men. He conceded all that he believed to be true. By the very simplicity of his questions he won acceptance for his premises. His opponents in argument were led by the logic of the human mind irresistibly to his conclusions.

There is no more useful book in secular literature than the Dialogues of Plato. Any man who wants to get along with his fellow creatures can get very practical suggestions from the talk of that old man who so bravely faced the realities of life even though in consequence he had to give up his own life.

Benjamin Franklin early learned the force of persuasion. In his Autobiography he naïvely described his custom. Franklin never used such words as certainly or undoubtedly, but rather would say "it is so, if I am not mistaken" or "I should think it is so and so." This doubt, he modestly said, was of great advantage in promoting his opinions and proposals during the tumultuous years within which our republic was being formed.

We all know the value of modest statement in the common affairs of home and business. Between wife and husband, parents and children, nothing is more effective than persuasion. Force has been abandoned in domestic matters, as a relic of barbarism. Obedience, even from the very young, is won by persuasion if at all.

In business, persuasion is the only dominating force.

International affairs are barbarous and uncivilized to the extent that we rely upon force rather than upon persuasion. War is the denial of all reason and for this reason war has formally been renounced by all nations which call themselves civilized.

But even though we have known this truth during so many centuries, we forever tend to forget the reality.

Persuasion is ignored because thinking is hard work and most of us are lazy. Owen D. Young succeeded where others failed because he has the energy to learn and the patience to understand and to help other men reach an understanding.

At Paris he never lost courage. If one proposal were rejected, he would consider something else. He had no pride of opinion. He was willing to take suggestions wherever he found them.

If one form of statement did not win approval, he would try another. When other men were at the end of their resources and when failure had all but been proclaimed, he was still undaunted and still willing to make fresh attempts.

All the time, however, he was driving toward the great goal, a voluntary agreement concerning the terms of a permanent peace.

Persuasion worked because the facts were on his side. When the conference temporarily broke down men had the chance to consider the results of failure. The prospect was not pleasant. Agreement seemed better.

You cannot really persuade unless your cause is sound. You have to have the facts and you have to think honestly. To get the facts in hand, moreover, you have to be able to consider sympathetically the other fellow's point of view.

Nearly three hundred years ago Blaise Pascal remarked: "People are generally better persuaded by reasons which they have themselves discovered than by those which have come into the minds of others."

Owen D. Young induced the statesmen of nations traditionally hostile to come to a voluntary agreement because he understood their difficulties. The treaty left no stings of disappointment. Everyone felt that the best of a situation intrinsically bad had been made. Consequently, while Utopia is not in sight, peace is now on a surer basis than at any time during the last seventy-five years.

It is a great thing for a private citizen to have accomplished. Hardly less important is the example of his leadership.

The biggest task which any man could undertake was accomplished in a civilized manner. Owen D. Young showed on a magnificent scale that clear thinking, wide sympathy, coupled with zeal to serve, can persuade men to agree when the force of arms is impotent.

It is a great demonstration. We will be happier and more productive in all our relationships of life as we are able to apply it.

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